JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 28, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1428.

BAD PARENTS—by George Lansbury SEE PAGE 11

JOHN BULL

Is it 'nerves' that are ruining *your* looks?

Is there anything ages a woman so rapidly as nerves? Nerves that make you irritable and restless, that ruin your pleasure and the pleasures of those about you. Nerves that in time will bring you to the brink of neurasthenia and complete breakdown.

Yet nerves are almost inevitable these days, unless you do something to repair the ravages of all the worry and care you have to put up with. It is simple enough. Doctors have known for over 50 years of one delicious way to avoid and to cure nerves. It is simply to take three glasses of Wincarnis a day, one at 11, another in the afternoon and a third before you go to bed.

The moment you taste your first glass of this delicious wine you will realise you are on the right road. You will actually feel new vitality running through your veins. And the very first night you will begin to feel the benefit because you will sleep better than you have for months, to wake up really refreshed and invigorated. Very soon, too, you will notice how much better your nerves are growing, how you no longer get irritated by the things which used to upset you. In a few weeks you will find all your old vitality and zest have come back to you.

Besides, the great thing about Wincarnis is that the good it does is permanent good. There are no drugs in Wincarnis. It is simply the purest of wine with all the valuable elements of 2½ lbs. of grapes in every bottle and the great added advantage of the highest-grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It is delicious to drink and its bouquet and aroma have an irresistible appeal.

Wincarnis has actually over 20,000 recommendations from doctors who have proved its immense value in cases of neurasthenia, insomnia, anæmia, weakness, debility and all sorts of run-down conditions. It soothes troubled nerves, creates rich, new blood, builds up and restores fresh vigour and vitality. Try Wincarnis to-day. See how much better you feel after your very first glass.

From any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist, 5/6 and 3/3 the bottle.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 61, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS
THE WINE OF LIFE

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly? Ask your grocer. It's delicious!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & Sons help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Ladies' Apron Overalls, 4/11 doz. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. Boys' Sports Hose, 4's to 8's, 4/9 doz. Quarter dozens supplied. Good profits can be made. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits; 176-page Catalogue free. MAY (153), George St., Birmingham.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Drapery, Frocks, etc. Factory prices. 50% profit. No risk. Any quantity. Catal. and partics. free.—London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, Hammersmith, W.6.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots. Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners post free; keenest prices (wholesale only). — M. Morris, 110-113, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

NEW 80-page Autumn and Winter Wholesale Drapery Catlgs. post free. Perfect and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household, Boots & Shoes. Satis. gntd. W'sale only to trade. Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

START FISH TRADE. BEST QUALITY KITS OF FISH CHEAP. WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.—REG. HURST, FISH DOCKS, GRIMSBY.

LADIES' U'wear, Hosiery, &c. 50% profit. No risk. Any quant. Illus. Cat. free. Beginners instructed.—Rayon Silk Co. (J), 9, Friday St., E.C.4.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

JUST Published! John Noble's latest and greatest Book has set everybody talking. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club leads! Generous commission for Organisers. Unbeatable Bargains for Members. Established over 60 years. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers. Don't hesitate, send P.C. NOW for 396-page FREE MONSTER BOOK. JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A.7) MANCHESTER.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell Private Christmas Cards. No outlay. Magnificent New Designs. Sample Book Free. A real, live, money-making book miles ahead of all competitors, filled from cover to cover with cards to suit all tastes. Maximum Commission. Valuable prizes.—Apply, Denton, Ltd., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 1/- weekly Clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send p.c. for partics. and catlg. 236 pages all classes of goods.—Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), Cheetwood Rd., Manchester, 8.

AGENTS wanted to sell the CASTLE SERIES XMAS CARDS and CALENDARS. Sample Book containing Coloured Pictures, Old English Cathedrals, Choice Notepapers, Animal Studies, Calendar on Wood Stand, etc. SENT FREE: HIGHEST COMMISSION: Valuable Prizes.—Apply Castle Publg. Co., 99, Anchor Ct. Preston.

CLUB AGENTS.—Earn £5 cash on a 20-week 1s. club. Everything supplied. Also Xmas Clubs. Write for catlgs. and terms.—Valco Supply Co., Dept. J., 156B, Briggate, Leeds.

£1 to £2 A WEEK MADE IN SPARE TIME. Write for details.—Seaton Tea Co., Dept. J.B., 71, Milton Street, London, E.C.2.

AGENTS (either sex) WANTED for PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Britain's largest manufacturers offer FREE Sample Book. NOVEL AND ORIGINAL DESIGNS, including SIXTEEN CALENDARS, HAND - MADE CARDS and NOTEPAPERS, BLOTTER, BOOKMARK, POCKET CELLULOID CALENDAR; lovely Designs appealing to ANIMAL LOVERS; FLOWERS, METAL ORNAMENTS, MAJOLICA PLAQUE, IMITATION IVORY MINIATURE, and SPECIAL EXCLUSIVE 52-PAGE ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR. Maximum commission and prizes for all. Unsolicited testimonials daily from thousands of delighted agents.—British Christmas Card Co., Dept. 725, Blackburn.

A 27 YEARS' RECORD OF SUPREMACY HAS MADE THE BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS THE LEADING COLLECTION. 1933 EDITION IS A REVELATION IN NOVELTIES, CONTAINING ANTIQUE METAL, MAJOLICA AND OLD ENGLISH DESIGNS, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, CELLO, TINSEL, PURSE CALENDARS, IMITATION OIL PAINTINGS, DESIGNS AND CARDS FOR EVERY TASTE. DEAL WITH ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS WHO GIVE UNBEATABLE SERVICE AND ATTENTION. HIGHEST COMMISSION and Valuable PRIZES. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK—NO OUTLAY.—STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

SPEND YOUR SPARE TIME
PROFITABLY.

Couldn't you do with extra hard Cash?
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on a generous Commission basis, Clothing, Boots and Shoes of all kinds for Men, Women and Children, also Household Goods, Cycles, Lino, Drapery, etc., etc., etc.

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A BACKING OF £5 and 10s. in every £ com., half profit and many prizes; startling but true; an amazing book of irresistible designs. All new British Book of private Xmas Cards, with full instructions how to make £20 Free and carriage paid.—Dept. J.B., The Cleveland Press, 6, 7 and 8, Sycamore St., Old St., E.C.1.

WANTED, AGENTS for a really wonderful book of private Xmas greeting cards; something good; and we really do give 10s. in every £ com., a straight deal; half profit and prizes. —Dept. J.B., The London Card Co., 5 and 7, Little Sutton Street, E.C.1

OWING to the great success of our last advertisement in this Column we have decided to continue until November 30 our Special offer to ALL Men and Women of 5/- for EVERY NEW ORGANISER introduced for our 20-week Clubs. YOU can run a Club and become eligible for the 5/- for each Organiser you introduce IN ADDITION TO the 36/- Commission we pay on each £20 Club. Don't miss this Opportunity. Write NOW for Details and Special Catalogue.—STAR Mail Order Stores, St. Anne Street, Liverpool, 3.

ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED.
A SPLENDID FREE GIFT and Highest Commission yours Without Outlay: The CARLTON SERIES of XMAS CARDS and CALENDARS has proved itself the Best Selling Collection made: Send for Free Sample Book to C. F. TREBLE, 64, Cheapside, Preston.

EMPLOYMENT.

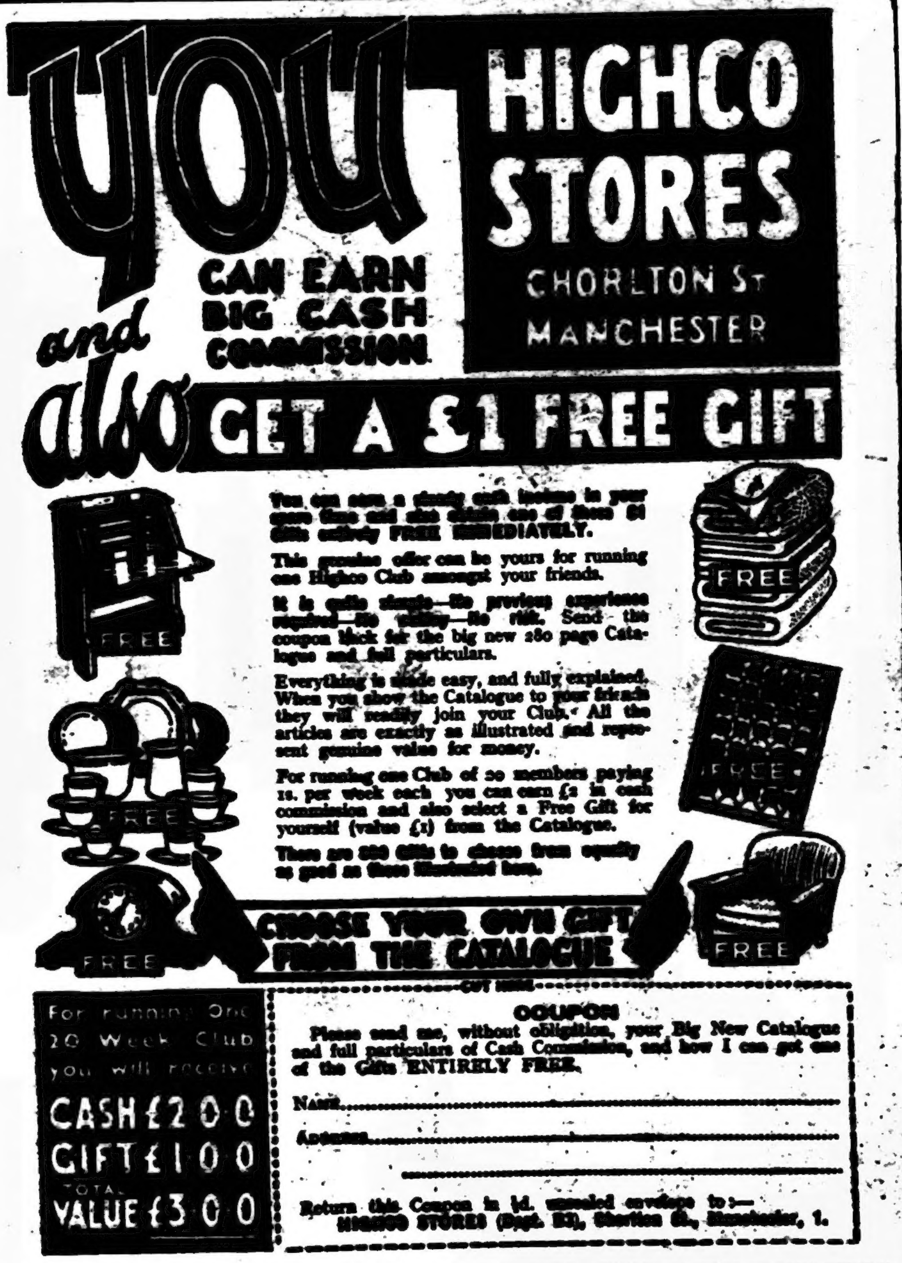
BETTER PROSPECTS FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT, who trains to be a Travelling Salesman. Suitable men accepted by Wallace Attwood for training by post in their spare time. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," now earning their £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a. Write for 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 29T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1 ('Phone: Chancery 7826).

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL AND PRIVATE Positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening Free Employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—age 15 upwards) write for free Civil Service Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1

WANTED BY G.P.O. ENGINEERING DEPT., 8 young men aged 17-23. No experience required. Good commencing salary. Details of entrance examination from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 327), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.



You can earn a steady cash income in your spare time and also obtain one of these £1 Gifts entirely FREE IMMEDIATELY.

This genuine offer can be yours for running one Highco Club amongst your friends.

It is quite simple—No previous experience required—No outlay—No risk. Send the coupon block for the big new 280 page Catalogue and full particulars.

Everything is made easy, and fully explained. When you show the Catalogue to your friends they will readily join your Club. All the articles are exactly as illustrated and represent genuine value for money.

For running one Club of 20 members paying 1s. per week each you can earn £2 in cash commission and also select a Free Gift for yourself (value £1) from the Catalogue.

There are 200 Gifts to choose from equally as good as those illustrated here.

For running One 20 Week Club you will receive

CASH	£2 0 0
GIFT	£1 0 0
TOTAL VALUE	£3 0 0

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COUPON

Please send me, without obligation, your Big New Catalogue and full particulars of Cash Commission, and how I can get one of the Gifts ENTIRELY FREE.

Name..............................

Address..............................

Return this Coupon in ½d. unsealed envelope to:—
HIGHCO STORES (Dept. 83), Chorlton St., Manchester, 1.

MAKE BIG MONEY, states the advt. centre of page 6. See whether it interests you!

AGENTS WANTED. PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Largest manufacturers offer fascinating and profitable AGENCY. FREE SAMPLE BOOK of CALENDARS, HAND-MADE NOTEPAPERS, BLOTTER, BOOKMARK, CELLULOID POCKET CALENDAR, METAL [illegible] and collection of SENSATIONAL NOVELTIES. AMAZING COMMISSION and PRIZES.—Empire Publishing Co., Dept. 14, Blackburn.

MORE MONEY FOR LIVE AGENTS.
JOIN THE FIRM
who pay the highest commission
and cater for every member of
the family.

NO WORRY. NO OUTLAY.
FIRST-CLASS SERVICE.

LARGE CASH BONUSES.
Commission and expenses paid weekly.

Write for our
212 - PAGE WONDER CATALOGUE
(value 5/-)
sent post free to *John Bull* applicants.

Send at once to:
AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD (Dept. J.B.),
AMPRICO HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.10.

THE POLICE FORCE offers attractive careers to keen young men aged 17-24. The entrance exam. is not difficult. Full details on application to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICERS.—Ages 19-21. Commencing pay £3 0s., rising to £10 15s. per week. No experience required. Details of Entrance Exam. from B.T.I. (Dept. 301), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

YOUR child's career. Helpful advice is offered by the Principal of Clark's College on p. 29.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban 7/10. Welsh, 3/2. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus to [illegible] and Dickson, 322, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8112.)

PRINTING (20,000 Handbills, 35/-). Catalogues, Price Lists, Duplicate Books, Memos, etc. Samples 3d.—[illegible], Sandy.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6. Handbills, Cards, Posters Equally as Cheap. Samps. free. Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

PRINTING, Billheads, Handbills, Cards, from 2/6 1,000. Samples free.—Stanley Osborne & Co., Millbrook Street, Gloucester.

FREE.—New List of Printing for Dances, Whist Drives, Socials, Bazaars, etc.—Stafford & Co., Ltd., Netherfield, Nottingham.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers send for free bargain list. —"[illegible]," 70-72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

CHEAP CHINA.—48 Cups and Scrs. 4/-. Shop crates of cups, scrs., plates, jugs, teapots, etc., 10/- to £10. Glass, Hardware, cut prices. Free tessels. Cat., advice free. Direct Pottery, Burslem.

QUALITY Wools.—Knit. 1d., 1¼d., 1½d., 2½d. oz. Rug, 8d., 11d., 1/3 lb. Silky Cable, 1/6½. Samps. Free. NewcastleWoolCo.,Ltd.(Dept.71),Newc'le T.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs. Mus. Inst. etc.—List J.B. 1479 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

SHIRTS (Cotton), Unbeatable value. 3/9 & 5/6. Stocked in Collar sizes 14½-17. Send p.c. for Patterns. All newest designs. No old stock. Commonwealth Sales Co., 10, Hall Ings, Bradford.

MEN'S Heavy Duty Wellingtons at 8/11 per pair is one of the bargains shown in this week's "Shop Window." Messrs. Milwards guarantee every pair. See page 7.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for 2/6 down. See offer foot of page 7.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approval. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 65, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

FILL in coupon in "Berkeley" Chair advt. on p. 29 for illus. Cat., Patterns and partics. of "Superlax" model offered for 10s. down.

FREE.—32-p. brochure describing the G.T.L. Tool Chest. Post the coupon on p. 39.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOS., Motors, Arms, Speakers, Horns, Parts, Springs, Repairs, Radio discounts allowed. List free.—[illegible], 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

A FREE copy of 1s. Chart illustrating the "[illegible]" [illegible]. See p. 29.

A GRAND Piano for 12/6 down. See p. 39. Free Cat. No. 240 brings full partics.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—The best at lowest cost. We blend all our teas and so guarantee quality. Join our band of satisfied customers. Samples free.—Victoria Tea Co., [illegible] Chambers, Reading.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices, large or small quantities, loose or packeted. Agents wanted for packet teas. Samps. free.—Poulters, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—"Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., [illegible], Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps., 4d.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. ([illegible]), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SLEEP.—If you cannot—take a cup of "Allenburys" Diet before retiring. Send 3d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 37, Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

PILES.
CARSKINE, the new and most successful remedy. Does not contain opium or any other dangerous drug. Full-sized Tube with special applicator, 2/6 post free.—CARSKINE CHEMICAL CO., 1, Wellgate, LANARK, N.B. Estd. 1833.

FACTS, NOT FICTION.—Sufferers from Piles and Gravel, take George's renowned Pills. 1/3 all Chemists.—Hirwaun, South Wales.

VARICOSE VEINS, ULCERS, BAD LEGS and all Skin complaints permanently cured as if by magic by "[illegible]" Ointment in record time WITHOUT LEAVING A SCAR. Stops that awful pain and itching for good at first application. [illegible] under written No Cure-No Pay Guarantee. Send for 3/- trial size or call or write TO-DAY for generous FREE SAMPLE, Booklet and Medical Press Opinions. — LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

SUFFERERS from Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc. Fill in coupon on p. 37 for free copy of Dr. Hair's wonderful 64-p. book.

FREE.—Generous sample of Elliman's for muscular stiffness, rheumatism, and relief from ailment or accident pains. See p. 14.

CONSTIPATION cured. Enjoy health and happiness by accepting the special offer on p. 23.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver Antiques Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc. BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No references required. Write for Autumn and Winter Catalogue also Gentlemen's Catalogue, to Dept. W.P.A., SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

STOP brushing teeth by old methods. Turn to the "Pepsodent" advt. on p. 23. Accept the free offer.

FREE!—A choice of any three of the "Har[illegible]" Gifts offered on the Back Cover. Attach coupon with your name and address, state which numbers are required and enclose necessary postage.

FREE.—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. J. 14), Norwich, for a copy of their Egg Register as offered on p. 37.

Accept the Shavex & Doge Cream sample offers on p. 41 and Zee-Kol offer on p. 43.

PERSONAL.

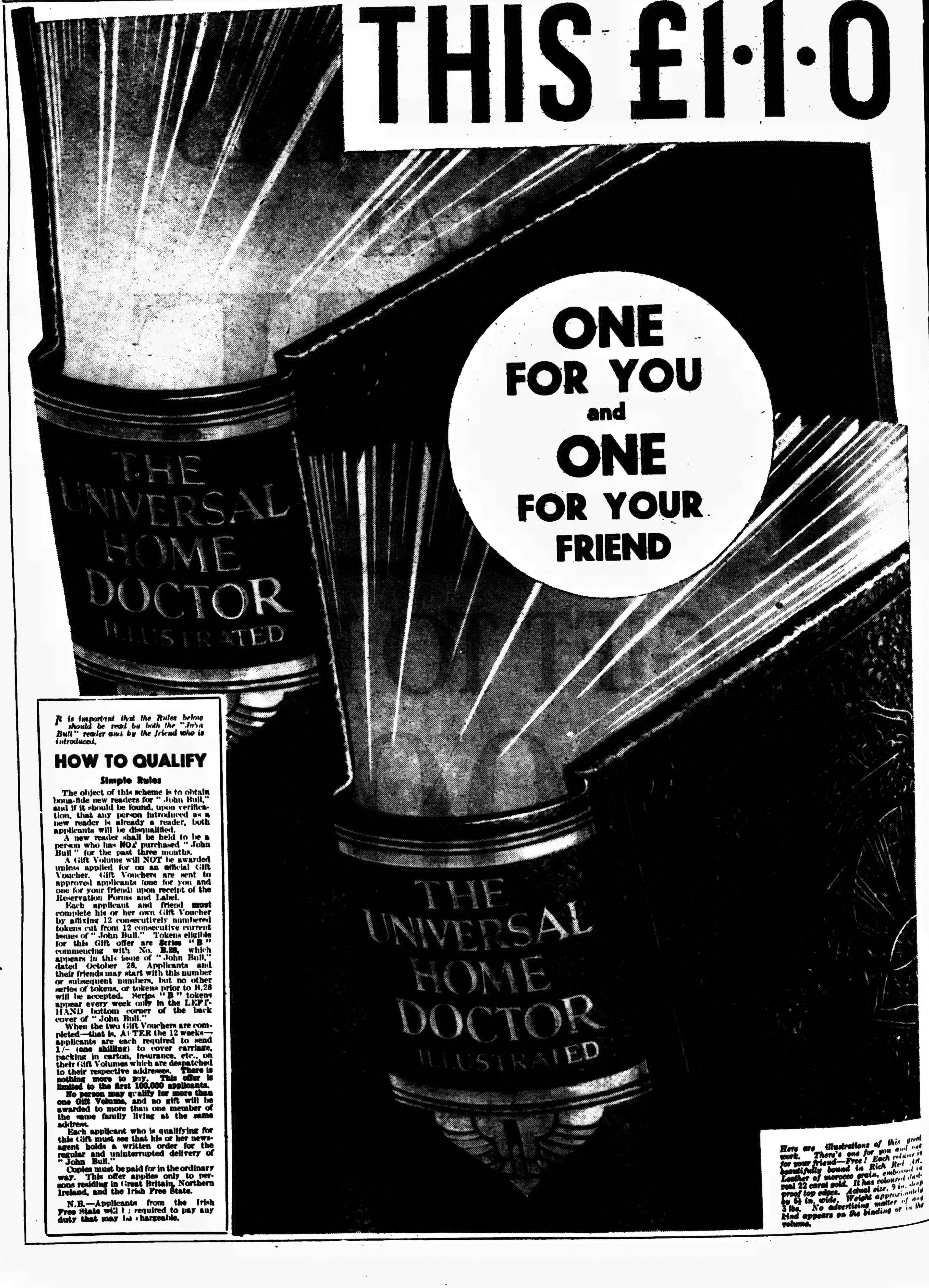
"THRIFTY."—Take my advice. Watch *John Bull's* "Shop Window" every week — "Wise-spender" (see pages 6 and 7).

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE GIFT TO ITS 1,500,000 READERS

The most wonderful contribution ever made by a paper to the health of the Nation

SEE NEXT PAGE

THIS £1·1·0


THE UNIVERSAL HOME DOCTOR ILLUSTRATED
ONE FOR YOU and ONE FOR YOUR FRIEND
THE UNIVERSAL HOME DOCTOR ILLUSTRATED

It is important that the Rules below should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and by the friend who is introduced.

HOW TO QUALIFY

Simple Rules

The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "John Bull," and if it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified.

A new reader shall be held to be a person who has **NOT** purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.

A Gift Volume will **NOT** be awarded unless applied for on an official Gift Voucher. Gift Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label.

Each applicant and friend **must** complete his or her own Gift Voucher by affixing 12 consecutively numbered tokens cut from 12 consecutive current issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this Gift offer are **Series "B"** commencing with No. **B.28**, which appears in this issue of "John Bull," dated October 28. Applicants and their friends may start with this number or subsequent numbers, but no other series of tokens, or tokens prior to B.28 will be accepted. Series "B" tokens appear every week only in the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull."

When the two Gift Vouchers are completed—that is, AFTER the 12 weeks—applicants are each required to send 1/- (one shilling) to cover carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., on their Gift Volumes which are despatched to their respective addresses. **There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants.**

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Volume, and no gift will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Each applicant who is qualifying for this Gift must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull."

Copies must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

Here are illustrations of this great work. There's one for you and one for your friend—Free! Each volume is beautifully bound in Rich Red Art. Leather of morocco grain, embossed in real 22 carat gold. It has coloured dust-proof top edges. Actual size, 9 in. deep by 6½ in. wide. Weight approximately 3 lbs. No advertising matter of any kind appears on the binding or in the volume.

HOME DOCTOR FREE

THIS week "John Bull" announces a sensational Free Gift of tremendous importance to every one of its million and a half readers and their families. It is an offer of a priceless book that is positively a national necessity—a volume as essential to every family as the roof over their heads — **the stupendous £1 1s. 0d. "Universal Home Doctor"—an entirely new work**—actually compiled in Harley Street and edited by an eminent Harley Street Physician.

Never in the history of Journalism has any paper made a Free Gift of such deep personal interest and value to its readers.

Why is this offer made? "John Bull" has planned it as a Gift to the Nation's Health—to meet the urgent need that exists in every home to-day for a **really up-to-date** and authoritative Medical Reference Work.

Medical science has advanced so rapidly that reference works written a few years ago are now completely out of date. An out-of-date Medical Reference Work is worse than useless because in an emergency it may fail to provide vital facts that make all the difference. That is why it is so essential for everyone to have this **New** Work—the only one of its kind now available—worth its weight in gold.

But that is not all! In order to make as widespread as possible the wonderful benefits of this great new work, "John Bull" **offers a copy Free to you and a copy Free to your friend as well.**

So definitely is this a work that will become a family treasure that "John Bull" has produced it in the most magnificent style imaginable. Instead of ordinary cloth, it has a cover of rich red morocco grained Art. Leather. It is blocked in **real** 22 carat gold. It is printed throughout on high quality, glossy paper which displays to perfection the hundreds of illustrations, photographs and detailed anatomical diagrams. It has a burnished dust-proof top. In its 832 large pages are over 600,000 words. Each book has a magnificent three-colour frontispiece.

The actual size of the volume is 9 in. deep by 6½ in. wide and it **weighs approximately 3 lb.** It is a work that in the ordinary way would cost not less than £1 1s. You can get it only by taking advantage of "John Bull's" offer

The "Universal Home Doctor" covers nearly **2,500** subjects, alphabetically arranged, so that you can find what you need in an instant. It is a book for the people—written in plain, simple English that all can understand. Each special section is contributed by an acknowledged expert and the work has been compiled throughout by a board of well-known medical authorities.

For the family man and his wife—for those who have been married for years—for the newly married—for single men and women—for young and old, this work is a mine of invaluable information.

As is appropriate in an up-to-date work, it deals helpfully, fully and frankly with the problems of Personal Health and Hygiene.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO. In order to qualify for this invaluable Free Gift "John Bull" asks you to introduce a friend who is **NOT** already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve weeks. In return, we will present, **both to you and to your friend,** a copy of the "Universal Home Doctor." Here is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you to do a friend a good turn by enabling him to secure FREE the latest and greatest Home Medical Reference Work in the world. Your friend will, we think, also thank you for introducing to him "John Bull" with its Great Free Family Insurance.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for twelve weeks you are each asked to cut out and affix twelve consecutive tokens from twelve successive issues of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the Forms below. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will **each** have despatched to you a "Universal Home Doctor"—Free!

That is all. There is no "catch." There are no hidden conditions. There is nothing more to do. There is nothing for you or your friend to pay other than the shilling each to cover carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., on the Gift Volumes.

ACT NOW! First read the simple "How to qualify" directions on the opposite page. Then take the first step towards securing your Gift Volume by getting the Reservation Forms below filled in and posted to "John Bull" to-day.

On receipt of the Forms below, properly completed by you and your friend, together with the label bearing **your own** name and full postal address, "John Bull" will send **you** two special Gift Vouchers—one marked "For You" and one "For Your Friend." At the same time, two copies of the "Home Doctor" will be reserved and set aside—one in your name and one in the name of your friend. **No person may qualify for more than one Free Gift Volume.**

URGENT. This is an opportunity that will never come your way again—one that no one can afford to miss. But it must definitely be seized immediately. Apply now on the Forms below.

Read through the list below—it contains just a few of the subjects covered by this mighty work—yet tells you at a glance what an invaluable friend the Universal Home Doctor will be in your home.

Accidents
Acne
Adenoids
Adolescence, Male
Adolescence, Female
Advice to Young Married People
Age Changes
Ague
Ailing Children
Alcohol
Amputations
Anæmia
Anatomy
Ankle, Injuries to
Antiseptics
Aperients
Apoplexy
Appetite
Artificial Respiration
Aspirin
Asthma
Appendicitis
Backache
Baldness
Bandages and Bandaging
Baths, Medicated
Bedmaking
Biliousness
Bites and Stings
Blushing
Bruises
Bunions
Cancer
Cataract
Catarrh
Change of Life
Chickenpox
Chilblains
Constipation
Dandruff
Delirium Tremens
Diabetes
Diarrhœa
Digestion
Diphtheria
Disinfectants
Drugs
Dysentery
Dental Drill
Earache
Electricity in Medicine, Latest Treatments
Epidemics
Epilepsy
Eyes
Fits
Food Poisoning
Hay Fever
Headaches
Heartburn
Heart Disease
Hysteria
Indigestion
Infectious Diseases
Inflammation
Influenza
Inoculation
Insomnia
Intelligence Tests
Jaundice
Kidneys
Lameness
Larynx
Ligaments
Liver
Lockjaw
Lumbago
Malaria
Massage
Measles
Meningitis
Myopia
National Health Insurance Act
Nervous Breakdown
Neuralgia
Neuritis
Nightmare
Neurasthenia
Obesity
Palpitation
Paralysis
Pleurisy
Pneumonia
Pregnancy
Pyorrhœa
Piles
Radiography
Rheumatism
Rickets
Ringworm
Rupture
St. Vitus' Dance
Scarlet Fever
Sciatica
Scurvy
Seasickness
Sex Hygiene
Sickroom Nursing
Sleeping Sickness
Sleepwalking
Smallpox
Sprains and Strains
Stomach Diseases
Teeth
Tonsillitis
Tuberculosis
Ulcer
Vaccination
Varicose Veins
Vitamins
Warts
Whooping Cough
Wounds
X-Rays
etc., etc.

SIX INVALUABLE SUPPLEMENTS.

The Baby
Beauty Culture and Hygiene
First Aid
Including special section on—
Artificial Respiration
Bandaging
Bleeding
Bites and Stings
Bruises
Burns and Scalds
Sudden Childbirth
Fractures
Foreign Bodies
Frostbite
Heart Attacks
Fits
Poisons and Poisoning
Kinds of Poisons
Principal Poisons and their Antidotes
Gunshot and Bullet Wounds
Sprains
Stimulants
Wounds etc.
Remedial Exercises
Diet
Child Welfare
Including special section on—
Ante-natal Care
Infant Welfare
Milk Supply
The Unmarried Mother and Her Child
The Pre-School Child or "Toddler"
Tables of Measures and Diets

IMPORTANT! Do not separate these forms—post in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST affix a halfpenny stamp to the label. Write clearly in BLOCK letters.

Halfpenny stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by YOU.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

____

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

RESERVATION FORM "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a NEW READER.

☛ **The "John Bull" reader MUST complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give your name and full postal address clearly in block letters.**

To Dept. J.B.1., "John Bull," 3, Arne St., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a **Free Universal Home Doctor Illustrated** in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has **personally** signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull."

Please send me an Official Gift Voucher on which to qualify for my Universal Home Doctor, together with a similar Gift Voucher for me to hand on to my friend.

"John Bull" Reader's Signature....................

BELOW. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Date....................

Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name ....

Address ....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED
District Supervisor.

Applications from this announcement must be received by NOT LATER than THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9th.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

RESERVATION FORM "B"

This Form "B" **MUST** be filled in and signed **PERSONALLY** by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" reader.

Your special Gift offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." **I certify that I am NOT a reader of "John Bull" and that I have not purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.** I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a **Free Universal Home Doctor Illustrated** in my name. Also please **send me** (through my friend) an Official Gift Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature....................

BELOW. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DATE ....

Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you have given or will give an order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name....................

Address ....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED
District Supervisor.

Do not separate these Forms. Post them (together with label on left) in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. Do not enclose any cash or other correspondence.

"John Bull," 28/10/33.

WRITE FOR LISTS NOW

3 Valve RADIO £3.10s

No matter where you live, I can fix you up with any kind of Wireless Set, including Radio-Grams, and guarantee first-class results. All Sets sent On Approval, Carriage Paid. All ready to switch on.
Cash or Easy Terms

Chas. T. Robey Ltd
WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, Dept. 9 COVENTRY.

DO YOU
£2-9-10 PROFIT ON 7/-

PUNCHBOARDS!

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity Clubs or any other purpose let the Punchboard help you. A 1,000-hole board costs 7/- post free and yields £2.9.10 profit at 1d. per punch, and £4.17.8 at 2d. per punch. Agents working our special PROFIT SHARING plan are making £5 to £10 weekly on this board alone. WHY NOT YOU? Write us for further information.

SAMPLE 100-HOLE BOARD and price list POST FREE **2/3**

BURDON HUNTER,
Punchboard Specialist,
Dept. 46.J, Camomile St. Chambers,
London. E.C.3. TRADE SUPPLIED.

FUR GAUNTLETS

Natural Coney 8/11 per pair, post paid, for ladies and gents. These magnificent fur gauntlets will keep your hands beautifully warm in the coldest weather. Made from extra strong first quality pliable cape or suede skins. Fur lined inside cuff of gauntlet. Two or three seasons' wear, best value obtainable. Money refunded without question if they fail to give satisfaction. In following colours: 10/- pr. Beaver Coney, Mole, Black, Grey and Fawn Coney.

8/11 Per Pair

SAMPLE SHOE AND GLOVE STORES, Dept. 5,
206, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, S.E.15.

25/- SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS

PRICES WILL RISE SOON—BUY NOW!

High-grade Wellingtons. Superior to any being offered below 25/- per pair. Knee length with triple reinforced ankle and instep, extra thick non-slip sole, warm lining throughout. Finest quality rubber with dull black finish.

8/9 PER PAIR
Post 1/- extra
Sizes 3-12
LIST FREE

LADIES', sizes 3 to 7, per pair 7/6.
Maids', sizes 11 to 2, 5/-
Kiddies', sizes 6 to 10, 3/-
Post 6d. extra.
HIP BOOTS, all sizes, 16/-, post 1/3 extra.

SMITH (Dept. K), 17, Lansdowne Road, CROYDON.

"TWILIGHT" READICUT RUG WOOLS

DIRECT FROM THE MILLS

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE
(*or in hanks if desired*).

Start making a Better Rug Now—in Half the Time and Half the Cost. Send p.c. (1d. stamp) for

FREE RUG BOOK OF 50 DESIGNS
Samples of Wool, etc. to

READICUT WOOL CO., LTD.,
DEPT. J.B., OSSETT, YORKS.

100 SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM
Prices From 1/- Per lb.

THE PERFECT 'COMBINE' BILLIARD & DINING TABLE FOR SMALL HOMES

Entertain your friends to billiards—on the same table where you have dined. The Riley "Combine" makes this easy, in any home—small or large. There's a size for every room. Cash or easy terms. Delivered to you carriage paid, on first payment. Balance monthly. 7 days' free trial. Write for Art List of both Rileys "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables and Rileys "Home" Billiard Tables.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, Accrington, or Dept. 25, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

ΦH

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ALL ROUND VALUE
A SQUARE GUARANTEE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33

END RUPTURE

NO RESULTS NO PAY

trouble and expense! Be stronger than ever—CHEAPLY, QUICKLY, PERMANENTLY under the ONLY GUARANTEE of its kind. No matter what you have tried, let me send it to you on ONE MONTH'S TRIAL at my risk. Saves pounds on belts. Greatest rupture discovery made. NO prominences—NO elastic trusses, but a wonderful NEW British invention. Don't delay—send at once. Patent No. 344868/29.

FRAS. BURKE (A.7)
2a, BENTLEY STREET,
GRAVESEND.

TEST IT FREE for ONE MONTH!

Roll Collar SWEATER

For Men, Women & Children.

British Woollen garments well made with roll collar and long sleeves. Cosy and hard wearing. Usually 5/6. In Blue, Grey, Red, Green, Fawn and 12 other shades. Amazing value. Each Postage 4d. or C.O.D. **2/9**

2 FOR 5/3 POST FREE.

Super quality all wool Roll Collar Sweaters. Sold elsewhere 6/-. Our amazing price each **3/6** Postage 4d. or C.O.D.

2 FOR 6/9 POST FREE.

In Blue, Grey, Red, Maroon, Green, Canary, Fawn, Brown and seven other shades. Satisfaction guaranteed. All sizes.

Write for Catalogue of other bargains.
THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.B.7),
130, HEATH ROAD, TWICKENHAM.

MAKE BIG MONEY!

OFFERING OUR 6D CLUB CARDS!

NO OUTLAY RISK WORRY

This is the greatest spare-time offer ever made, and the easiest and simplest method of adding to your income. Everybody wants our 6d. Club Cards which can be exchanged for full value in Goods as shown in our Catalogue.
Every Agent paid LIBERAL COMMISSION, and WE PAY POSTAGES. SPECIAL BONUSES TO AGENTS. WE GUARANTEE our goods to give full satisfaction.

BIG CASH PRIZES.

Hundreds of different lines for home and family. We supply only the best—Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, Radio, etc. Write for complete details NOW.

JOHN MASSEY & SONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.),
19, GORST ROAD, LONDON, N.W.10.

COUPON.

To JOHN MASSEY & SONS, LTD., 19, Gorst Rd., London, N.W.10.
Please send me particulars and catalogue FREE.

NAME IN FULL ……………………………………
Block letters.

ADDRESS IN FULL ……………………………………
Block letters.

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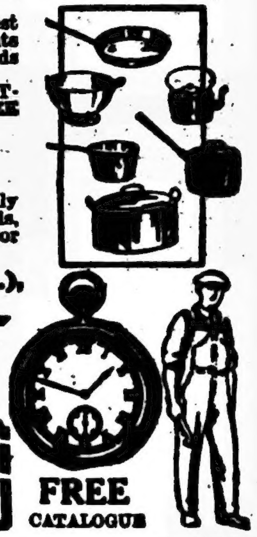
½d. stamp (*Unsealed*) J.B. 28/10/33



FREE CATALOGUE

GRAVES 'QUALITY' BALE

Unrivalled for Reliability and Value. It contains:

Two finest quality pure White All Wool Blankets of exquisite softness. Neatly bordered, whipped ends. 68x88in; 7½lb pair; Two lovely All White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60x80in: 4lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20x30in; One Bolster Case to match, 20 x 60in; Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb per pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 78in x 94in.

Complete Bale, Carriage Paid. **42/-**
3/6 NOW, 3/6 MONTHLY.
Catalogues Post Free
J. G. GRAVES LTD.
SHEFFIELD.

3/6 NOW

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet. Wonderful relief from Rupture. Not a truss. Neat, washable. Pad inflated and adjusted in a second to pressure required. Cannot slip: light, comfortable. You will not know you have it on. Holds Hernia firmly. In most cases broken tissues re-unite. Rupture conquered for ever! Doctors Recommend it! The "Lancet" has endorsed it! and it is supplied through Approved Societies.
Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO.
Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., LONDON.
London and Bradford establishment at 34, Manchester Road, and also Manchester establishment at Beasley House, 270, Deansgate, open until 6 p.m. Saturdays.

Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW**

(Prescription No. 1168/T) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 32), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones; with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. **Get it Now!**

Shadforth Prescription No. 225.
Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited,
(Dept. J.B. 25) 40, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

FOR 1 WEEK ONLY AT COST

To advertise our catalogue, we offer you a smart rubber-soled moulded shoe at the cost price of 2/9, post 9d. To render waterproof, the stout rubber sole is moulded to the upper, making it impossible for the severest weather to penetrate. We guarantee months of hard service. Send for a pair now. Recommended for mechanics, country wear, golf, warehouse or smart City wear.

2/9 Stocked in Black or Tan. Post on 1 or 2 Pairs 9d., or C.O.D.

Money Back Guarantee. Sizes 6 to 11.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brussalette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

9/6

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

WOOL SALE

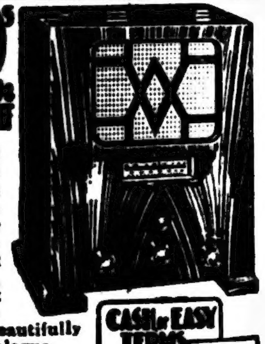
BLACK RUG 7½D. LB.

Coloured Turkish 1/3½ lb.,
Rich Silky 1/9½, Cable 1/4½, 1/6½ lb.,
Thrums 6½d., Rug Chenille 5½d. lb.,
Sports 1d., Crochet 1½d., Silky 2½d. oz.,
Fine Indian Rug Wool 1/11½.
Persian 2/3 lb., Rabbit Wool 1d. Ball.

1d. POST CARD brings 300 Bargain Samples 100 Coloured Rug Designs from 2½d. Illustrated Rug Guide Free.

SCOTIA WOOLS, 158, New Bridge Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

[illegible] only £3.10s A Superb 3 Valve RADIO SET



I offer the finest ALL BRITISH Wireless Sets, at bargain prices, including Battery and All-Mains Receivers. Any Set sent ON APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Write now for my beautifully illustrated Art Catalogue.

CASH or EASY TERMS
WRITE FOR LISTS

the Carlen Ltd WIRELESS SPECIALISTS Dept. Z COVENTRY

—"They Laughed At First—

but when I began to play—*a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spellbound. When the last notes died away the excitement on their faces!" "Who was your teacher?"* "How do you get that lovely singing tone?" I receive similar letters daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO, who started *without knowing a note*. The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age! Or, if already a player, I'LL MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks your playing and sight-reading shall make you welcome everywhere. I have taught 38,000 pupils. I CAN TEACH YOU. Ordinary, musical notation only used (no freakish methods). SEND p.c. for FREE Book and FREE advice—Say if Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER,
(Dept. 181), 69, Fleet Street,
London, E.C.4.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

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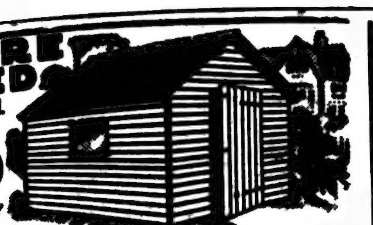
Chas. T. Robey Ltd
CYCLE WAREHOUSE, Dept. 24, COVENTRY

STORE SHEDS

Design Z.H.
from
3/9 MONTHLY



SUTCLIFFE'S

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 12 payments.
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 1 0	3/9
7ft.	6ft.	6 ft.	£2 16 0	5/4
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Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, &c.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections; easily the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.
London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

I CAN SAVE YOU TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY. A COMPLETE HOME-MADE LAYETTE. 30/-

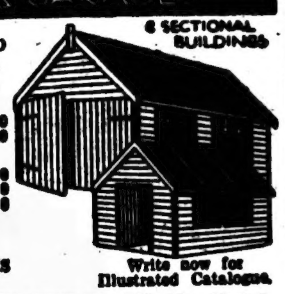
Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes. 75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Hm. Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wool Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollen Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Binders, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

A LONDON CUSTOMER WRITES: "I have never before purchased such excellent Baby Clothes. All my friends are amazed at the wonderful value for 30/-."

Expectant Mothers! SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. Howard, 68, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

SOUTH WESTERN HUTS & GARAGES

6 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS



UNEQUALLED SERVICE AND A SQUARE POLICY.

GARAGES.
10′ x 7′ ... £5 5 0
14′ x 8′ ... £7 10 0

HUTS.
6′ x 4′ ... £2 1 0
8′ x 5′ ... £2 18 0
10′ x 7′ ... £4 4 0

Planed, Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

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High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771, 2911/2

GENT'S 8-DAY PATTERN WATCH

FREE
SOLID SILVER EFFECT POCKET CHAIN VALUE
7/6
POST

This magnificently made genuine jewelled Swiss 8-day pattern 24-hr. Lever action watch is the latest 1933 style flat dress model. The pure chromium finish will last a lifetime. Timed to a minute a month. Guaranteed 10 years. Written insurance certificate given. Outer glass 100% UNBREAKABLE to ensure safety to visible Ruby Jewelled balance staff, always in motion. Cannot be overwound. Non-magnetic. Extra inside dust-proof case. Liquidation offer. 7/6, post 6d. Special offer of Gent's Aircraft Wrist-watch on Milanese bracelet, 9/6, post 6d., also Lady's Model.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

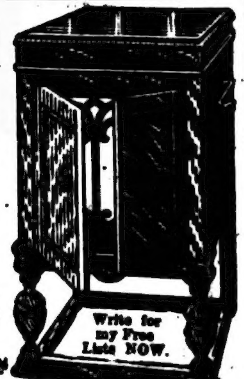
AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. J.P.7),
87, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1
(Directly opposite Henry Glaves).

£1-1-0

is all you pay for a charming PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE. Many other similar bargains in Horn, Hornless, Upright Grands and Consoles with which I give

FREE
(His Master's Voice and Columbia)
RECORDS.

Sent on Approval, CARRIAGE PAID.
Small Monthly Payments.
ALSO ASK FOR A BIG WIRELESS CATALOGUE
Cash or Monthly terms.


Write for my Free Lists NOW.

The O'Brien "The World's Largest Cycle Dealer," 34 COVENTRY

NO FREE GIFT, BUT EXTRA VALUE for MONEY

ONLY 1,003 MORE AT THIS PRICE.

Men's smart, beautifully made shoes. Extra thick, hard-wearing rubber soles and heels, moulded to highly polished black uppers indistinguishable from good patent leather. Wide welts give full protection from rain. Also in Tan. Most comfortable shoe ever made. Ideal for town or country.

2/9
Note Actual Thickness of Sole

Post and Packing 9d. Men's Sizes 6-11. Ladies' and Children's Sizes same price. Satisfaction or Money Back. Sent C.O.D. if preferred.

ROSE BROS. (Dept. J.B.), 88, Church Street, CROYDON.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ALL ROUND VALUE
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33

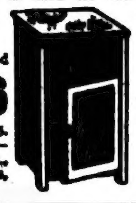
AMAZING BARGAINS

NOW **16/6** OR 1/- WEEKLY

Ready for instant despatch. FULL-LENGTH BED CHAIRS, adjustable 3 positions, solid Oak frames, polished dark. 3 well-filled velvet cord cushions, any colour. Fitted with our comfortable SPRING SEATS, Patent No. 356995/30, guaranteed not to sag with wear. *Carriage and Packing England & Wales 2/6.* Call and inspect or send for new Coloured List J.

RECORD AND RADIO CABINET

Solid Oak frame. Beautifully finished in figured oak. Polished to a rich nut brown. Oxidised fittings to Cupboards. Size: 36ins. high, 18ins. wide, 16ins. deep. **17/6**



Carr. and Packing England & Wales 2/6.
Cheques or cross P.O.'s (no stamps) to:—
NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., Ltd.,
58, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, LONDON, W. 1.

BIGGEST VALUE IN FLOOR COVERING

BEST IN THE WORLD.
90 SQ. FT. FOR 15/-
THICKER THAN LINOLEUM

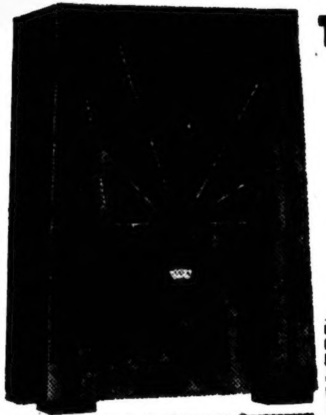
Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete, or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 90 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls are two yards wide. Many pretty patterns.

Send for Free Samples.
J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
Sutherland Square, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

STARTLING RADIO OFFER

To Approved Registered Readers of 'John Bull.'



THIS POWERFUL 3-VALVE RADIO

SEND 2/- as 1st week's instalment. Balance 2/- weekly.

British made, built on modern metal chassis, absolutely complete with Loud Speaker, Valves, Accumulator and Batteries, all self-contained in a beautiful Walnut Cabinet. Ready to switch on—Trouble Free. Foreign Stations easily obtained.

SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE FOR CASH WITH ORDER—75/-

SEND P.C. FOR BIG FREE BOOK AND DETAILS OF AMAZING FREE GIFT OFFER OF CASH VOUCHERS

Send 2/- and this Coupon

J.B. 28/10

I enclose 2/- for an Eclipse 3-Valve Set absolutely complete as advertised. I promise to send a further 2/- in seven days' time, and the balance 2/- weekly.

Date............................

Signature..

PLEASE PRINT YOUR ADDRESS DISTINCTLY ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER AND ATTACH IT TO THIS COUPON.

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. STB), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Genuine ARMY SURPLUS CROSS CUT SAWS

ACTUAL COST 12/6

OUR PRICE 4/6
SHEFFIELD
4ft
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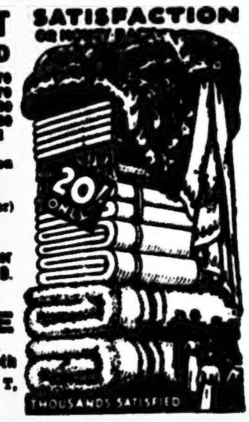

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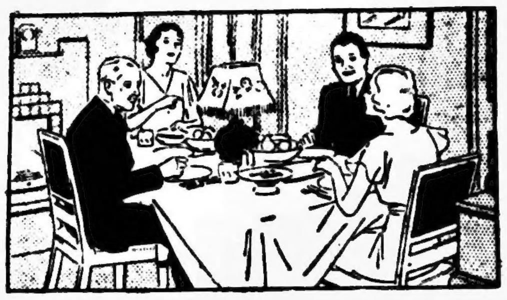

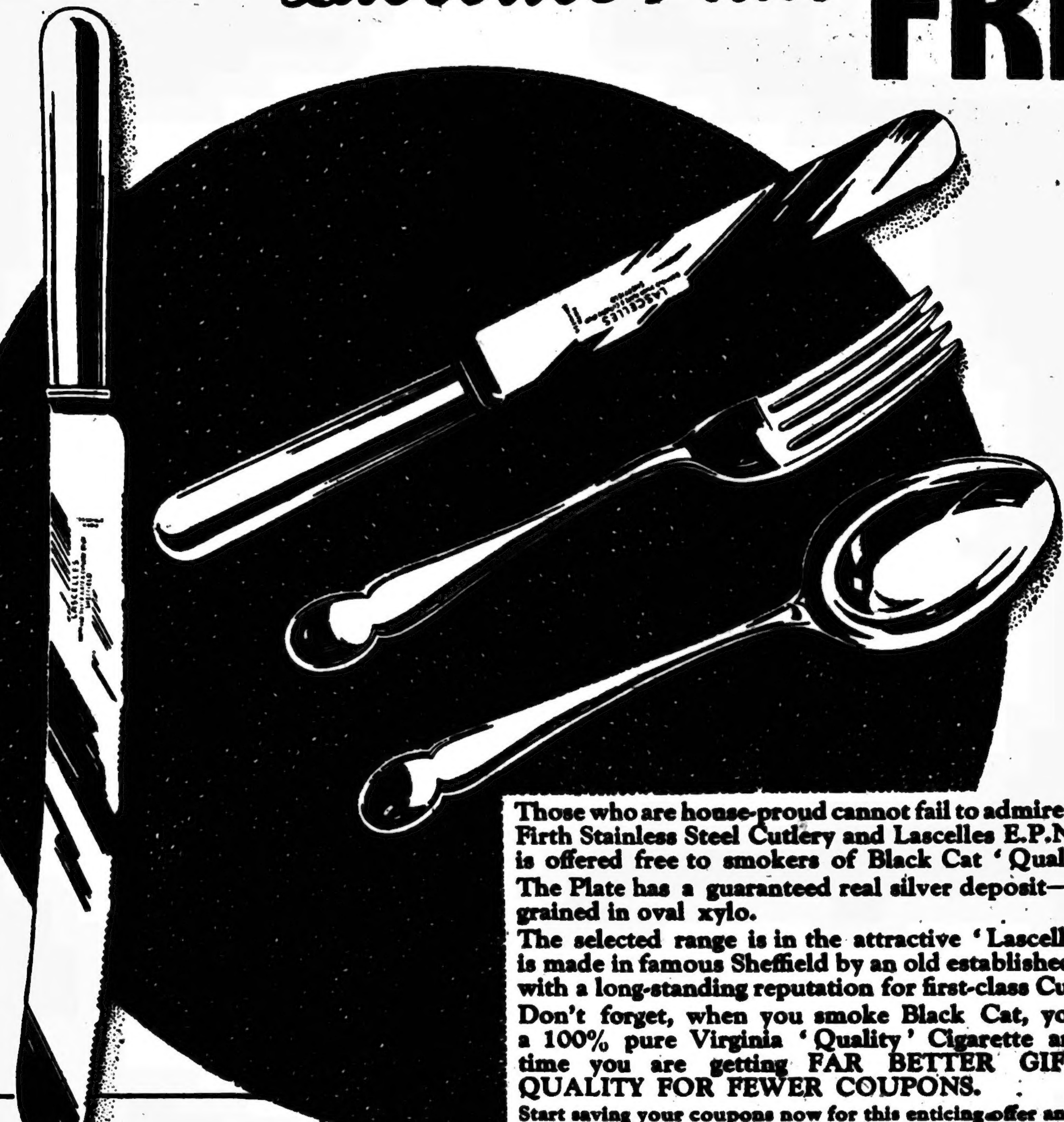

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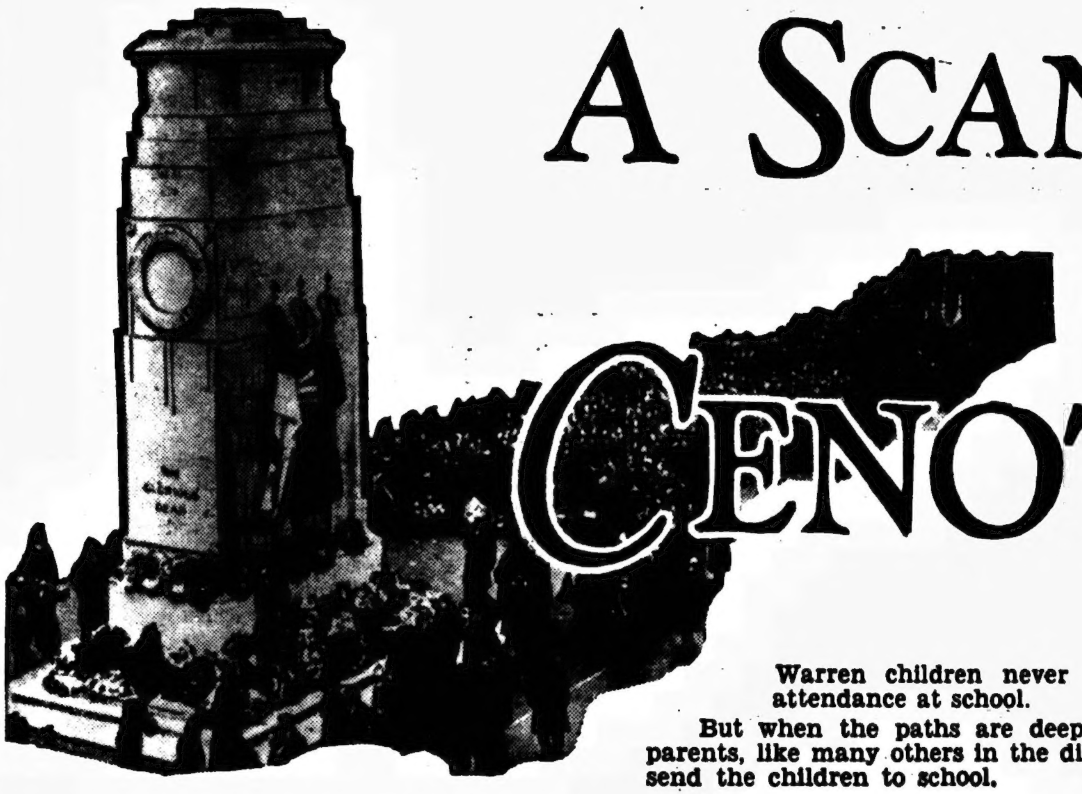


A SCANDAL of the CENOTAPH

MR. LEONARD ARTHUR WILLIAMS, of Leicester Road, Laindon, Essex, is a former non-commissioned officer of the Regular Army, in which he served with the Cameronians. In the Great War he rejoined the Colours, was wounded three times and became an acting regimental sergeant-major of the Middlesex Regiment.

Mr. James Charles Warren, of Duchess Drive, Laindon—a near neighbour of Mr. Williams—is also an ex-Regular soldier, who at the outset of the war re-enlisted and on active service was a corporal roughrider of Hussars.

Both these men have been asked to join parties which will parade before the Cenotaph on Armistice Day.

Can they conscientiously do so and pay homage to the nobility of sacrifice?

They alone must decide.

But JOHN BULL readers may find interest in speculating how they would answer the question if they were in the position of either Mr. Williams or Mr. Warren.

Their story is a very simple one, yet it is one that the whole nation should learn.

WILLIAMS is an electrician, unemployed for two years, his "dole" exhausted, and wholly dependent for the maintenance of himself, his wife and family of four upon poor-law relief.

He receives from the Essex Assistance Committee 14s. weekly in cash, all of which is required for rent and rates which are regularly paid.

The family receives relief vouchers worth 12s. weekly, which are exchanged for food and other household necessities.

Warren is also married and has eight children, six of them under fourteen. He is an automobile engineer, and he also holds a public service driving licence.

Except for very brief spells, Warren, too, has been out of work for a long time and, having been in private service, is ineligible for unemployment benefit.

Fifteen shillings relief is paid to him weekly in cash—scarcely sufficient to pay his rent and rates—and a household of nine people has to live upon tickets for groceries and the like to the value of 15s. weekly.

Both men have had to sell most of the contents of their homes in the struggle to exist. Williams' bungalow, for instance, contains now only a table and three chairs. Even the linoleum from the floors has had to be sold.

A large part of the population of Laindon, where Williams and Warren live, is housed in post-war bungalows erected in fields and on scrub-land some distance off the main road.

The only access to these bungalows is by narrow, clay field-paths which, after rain, are often almost knee-deep in mud.

When the weather is dry, the Williams and Warren children never miss a day's attendance at school.

But when the paths are deep in mud the parents, like many others in the district, cannot send the children to school.

They have no boots.

On a number of days last winter it was absolutely impossible to allow practically barefooted children to go to school through the mud swamps, and in respect of four of his little ones Mr. Warren was served with summonses at different times for withholding them from school. Small fines were imposed on each occasion, and were paid whenever the father found a few days' work.

Last November Mr. Williams was also brought to court and charged with keeping one of his boys from school. The case was adjourned and he heard nothing more about the matter.

IN May of this year Mr. Williams and Mr. Warren again appeared in court, each in respect of another child's occasional absence from school. They explained the circumstances to the magistrates and revealed that medical certificates had been supplied to the education authorities.

Both parents pointed out that they were between the devil and the deep sea, because if they had sent the children—a girl and boy aged six—to school bootless in such conditions, they would have been guilty of cruelty, and liable, therefore, for offences under the Children's Act.

A second charge was made against Mr. Warren at the same time—failing to renew the licence for his dog. Having no money even to buy boots for his children, it was less likely he could afford to purchase a new licence for his pet—a "huskie" which is kept to guard the bungalow in the open fields.

Warren was fined 7s. for not sending the child to school and 10s. for not renewing the dog licence, plus 3s. costs on each summons—23s. in all. Williams was fined 2s. 6d. and 3s. costs—5s. 6d. in all.

Of course, the fines were not paid. Neither household has had a shilling to spend on itself for ever so long because all the relief money that is paid to them goes automatically to pay rent and rates.

Three months after the conviction the authorities showed clemency to Mr. Williams at least by providing a pair of boots for two of his children. They have never been absent from school since.

THIS extraordinary persecution of two honourable men who have served their country so well and who are in distress through no fault of their own would have surely ended there, it may be thought.

Much worse was to happen.

Early one morning the other week—five months after the conviction and two months after boots had been supplied—policemen in uniform came to the homes of Mr. Williams and Mr. Warren with warrants to arrest them for non-payment of fines.

The two fathers were seized and marched across the fields to the main road, where a saloon motor-car was waiting.

In it, with escort on each side, they were driven twenty-five miles to London. It was certainly a new experience for the two men to travel to London in a luxurious car. Often in the past two years they had tramped the distance in fruitless quest of work.

Regimental Sergeant-Major Williams (right) and Corporal Roughrider Warren wonder whether they will accept the invitation to parade at the Cenotaph?

But they had a different destination now.

It was Wormwood Scrubs Prison.

Anyhow, it will be thought, unemployed fathers who could not buy boots for their children to go to school last winter would not be treated as common felons, even although called on to suffer a week's imprisonment.

WELL, in Wormwood Scrubs, Williams and Warren were given no different treatment from the other prisoners.

They were in working parties breaking stones with some members of a recently convicted arson gang, a murderer who had been reprieved with a life sentence, and other criminals waiting to go into penal servitude.

So that they should pay the penalty of their "crimes," the State had hired an excellent motor-car with chauffeur for the fifty miles' return journey between Laindon and London, paid the wages of the escorting police officers and paid for the two fathers' maintenance in jail.

On being liberated, each man was given 2s. 6d. and provided also with a railway ticket to his home.

This expenditure would have bought boots for the families of both for a number of years.

Will Regimental Sergeant-Major Williams of the Middlesex Regiment and Corporal Roughrider Warren of Hussars accept the invitation to parade at the Cenotaph ceremonies next month?

They have not yet decided.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Real Way to Stop the Road Slaughter

Robbing the Old Folk

A Hero in a Thousand

WE don't apologise for asking yet again—Why isn't something done to stop the ever-increasing peril of the roads?

We now know that in London alone during the last three months nearly 400 people were killed (more than four a day) and 16,000 injured—considerably more than in the same quarter last year.

Two-sided

This is yet another warning that the Government and the local authorities should heed. There is no doubt about what they should do.

For one thing they must tackle in earnest the problem of the reckless pedestrian as well as that of the reckless motorist.

And let us tell Parliament that at least in one direction of preventing needless accidents our towns lag far behind Continental cities like Paris.

A safety lesson

There, in the "danger zones" at any rate, two white lines—not just one—lead from the pavement to street refuges, across streets where there are junctions, and where streets end.

Between those lines pedestrians may cross the road in safety.

Woe betide any motorist who knocks down a pedestrian between those lines! And woe betide the jay-walker who haphazardly crosses the road at other points!

Where blame is due

That is a system we should do well to adopt generally over here.

We need, too, many more refuges and the many other preventive devices that thoughtful road-users can suggest.

We want to see bad-surfaced roads, that cause many accidents through skidding, improved. We want to see narrow roads that are a disgrace to some of our cities widened. Traffic through them will then no longer be a perilous crawling procession.

Let the Minister of Transport and the local authorities turn their attention to these matters without delay.

For officialdom, ever ready to lay the blame elsewhere, is by no means blameless itself for the slaughter on the roads.

Another social menace

Suicide, too, is increasing, and now numbers nearly 6,000 a year. Whitehall is rather worried about it, so we offer the Government three pieces of advice.

It should stop cutting off men's unemployment pay and throwing them on to public relief.

It should restart the big public works schemes that were cancelled during the financial crisis.

It should speed up slum clearance, and so move people from depressing hovels to decent homes where they can be happy.

Robbing the aged

Above all, let us repeat, people must not be robbed of their old-age pensions because they have been unemployed for the past few years.

It would be a national disgrace if men who had worked for forty years should be refused the pension at the age of sixty-five because they have fallen on bad times.

Mr. Baldwin and many other members of the Cabinet are in their sixties. At least they ought to stand up for the old people and force the Government to quash this shameful proposal.

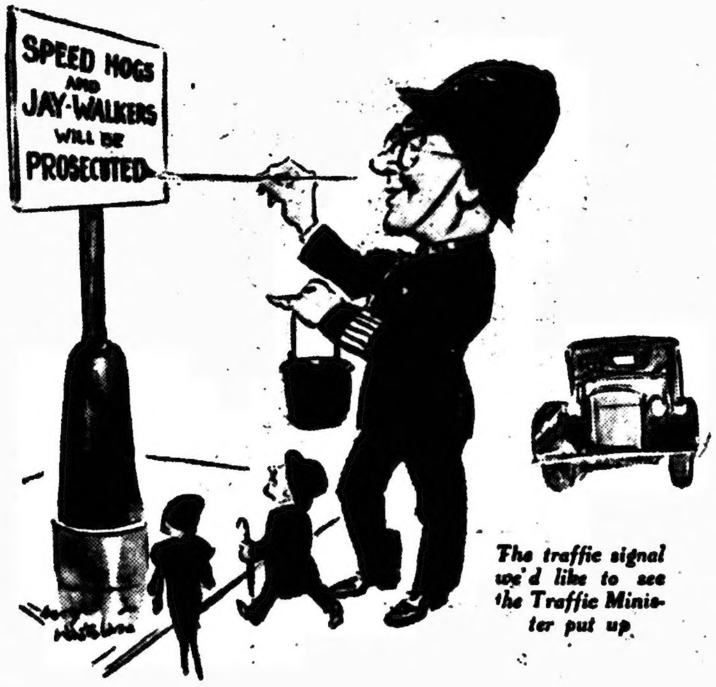
Thanks to Lord Beatty

Earl Beatty has warned us that our naval strength to-day is too insufficient "*to make us an attractive ally.*"

We have no wish to see Britain regarded as an "attractive ally" by any foreign country that thinks our Navy will be a useful weapon for it to go to war with.

Earl Beatty has crystallised the argument for disarmament with real sailor-like crispness.

We thank him very much.



The traffic signal we'd like to see the Traffic Minister put up

Criminals for Parliament?

Before the war an M.P. who was divorced was expected to resign. Those days have gone, and perhaps it is a good thing they have. But there seems a danger of going to the other extreme.

What safeguard is there against a man with a criminal record holding a seat in Parliament? None, apparently.

Danger to the public

Consider the case of George Augustine Jennings, who has just been sent to penal servitude for five years as "an incorrigible fraud and a danger to society."

His last sentence, one of four years' penal servitude, followed his arrest after he had been adopted as a Parliamentary candidate. Yet he was allowed to go to the poll and actually secured 6,444 North Paddington votes. And this despite previous convictions.

Surely we can devise some means of preventing persistent criminals from seeking our votes and a voice in Parliament!

Light and dark

Blackpool restaurants have been asked to keep open till two in the morning during the autumn illuminations. That's all very well, but some of the employees are said to be working twenty hours a day with hardly a moment's rest, and with no overtime pay.

It is even alleged that waitresses who faint are not allowed to be attended by other girls!

We are glad the great majority of Blackpool's caterers are indignant about the business.

And the sooner the Ministry of Labour deals with such scandals the better it will be for decent tradesmen—and the workers.

What next?

How our official Pooh-Bahs hate to see people enjoying a little amusement.

The latest thing to incur their august displeasure is the bagatelle machine that has become so popular, and some Chief Constables have ordered all the machines in their areas to be removed from licensed premises.

But who can tell whether the machines are legal or illegal? For in Manchester the magistrates have ruled that the game is one of skill, while in Cardiff a publican was ordered to pay costs.

We think it a pity that the police haven't something better to do.

Bad boys

After that example of how justices differ, we really must tell you how bad lads are treated in Southend and Swindon.

At the first town a boy of seventeen, son of a well-known business man, pleaded guilty to stealing a revolver and dress-suit, to fraud, and to fourteen other offences, including the stealing of cars in many towns.

The Recorder was "flabbergasted," but gave him another chance by binding him over.

Justice a gamble?

On the same day, at Swindon, a boy of the same age—unemployed and the son of a widow—was charged with stealing sums amounting to less than a pound.

He was sent to jail for six months.

Justice seems to be like those bagatelle machines—a gamble in some places.

Is it dreadful?

By the way, the headmaster of a North Country school for juvenile offenders admits that he keeps a big library of "penny dreadfuls" for the lads.

This will probably shock many old-fashioned J.P.s into fits, but we think it sound sense. Most lads, good or bad, like thrillers, and most of them eventually turn to something better.

And too many grown-ups don't read good literature because it was stuffed down their throats when they were too young to appreciate it.

No reply

What shocks us are such places as the village school at Edenthorpe, Yorkshire, where the headmaster has a class of 103 pupils and his assistant a class of 45. This one-room school, which is divided by a partition, is heated by a gas stove that has no flue to carry away the fumes.

And the education authorities have not replied to the local residents' protest.

Presumably, they want to poison the children as well as kill their chances by cheeseparing the staff.

Hitting the husband

We were equally dismayed to see that a man was expected to pay for the dressing-gown his wife bought for her lover. The husband has since obtained a divorce, but he was still expected to pay.

We're glad the judge thought this a dreadful thing, though it's hard lines if the firm that supplied the article can't get payment from someone.

Unfortunately, such "dreadful things" will continue until the bad wife is made legally responsible for her debts.

The price of heroism

The story that moved us most in the last few days concerned the death of an East London man, Arthur Westhall. Twenty-two years ago he dashed into the road and pushed a child clear from the path of a 'bus. The child's life was saved, but Westhall was so badly injured that he had been in and out of hospital ever since and had no fewer than forty operations.

Thousands of men would have done what he did, but not one in a thousand would have endured what he endured.

Left to die

Very different is the story of the little Nottingham boy who was knocked down by a motor van and lay in the road for some time until a 'bus inspector came along and picked him up.

Yet a group of people were standing on the pavement and must have witnessed the tragedy, though not one of them went near the dying youngster.

The coroner remarked that some people found it difficult to step forward in such circumstances. Our difficulty is to find adequate expression for the disgust we feel at this callous and cowardly conduct.

Mystery

All young men signing on at the employment exchanges throughout Lanarkshire are compelled to state their height in bare feet, weight, chest measurement and other particulars of their physique.

The men are protesting, for they fear the information is required for military purposes, but they are threatened that unless they comply their "dole" will be stopped.

We prefer to believe that this is in preparation for the proposed "physical jerks" scheme for the unemployed, but wouldn't it be better if Whitehall said so?

Sweet home—on conditions

"Children indoors by nine; wireless switched off by eleven" are tenancy conditions attached to hundreds of new flats at Pendleton, Lancs.

Well, we agree that no one's wireless should be allowed to annoy the neighbours, but this is going too far.

Still, why worry? Denied the wireless, a man can always turn to cornet practice, carpentry or even the saxophone. Did the bigwigs forget that?

Tale of—

We were also disagreeably surprised by the action of the East Grinstead Council. Following Whitehall's advice on how to reduce housing losses, the council has told municipal tenants either to buy their houses or pay higher rents. Or get out.

Most of the tenants affected are railwaymen who must live near their work. We don't suppose they can afford to buy their own houses (for we all know something about railwaymen's wages).

But we do think that East Grinstead might learn something from other towns.

—Two Councils

For instance, there are the Ogmore and Garw Valleys in Glamorgan, where the rents of council houses have once again been reduced. The reduction since 1931 has been, in all, 2s. 7d. weekly.

In the same time rates arrears have been reduced by half; the actual rates are to be lowered by a shilling, and the council has issued a stern warning to landlords against profiteering.

We hope the East Grinstead Council doesn't need a similar warning.

Bad sentiments

We hope you won't be beguiled into writing greetings for Christmas cards by the Economy Educator Service, of Tavistock Road, Plymouth.

Its proprietor, R. H. Clemoes, would like to teach you the art for payment of ten shillings down and another ten shillings after you have sold your first twenty-five sentiments.

And he says that such "sentiments" are the highest paid branch of literary work.

This statement is just nonsense.

"No mother would not choose for her children a fine, airy, comfortable home such as I and my children enjoy" . . . Mr. Lansbury with a party of his nieces, nephews, and grandchildren

The BAD PARENT

by George LANSBURY

WHO *really* are the bad parents?

As many other people must have done, I asked myself that question after reading what Sir John Reith, the B.B.C. Chief, had to say the other day about parents in need of money who sacrifice their children by rushing them into dead-end occupations.

I am left wondering what sort of a world it is in which Sir John lives, moves and has his being. His whole conception of working-class life is too ridiculous for words.

There is no ordinary parent in the land who would deny his child all the benefits which education can give; there is no mother who would not choose for her children a fine, airy, comfortable home such as Sir John and I enjoy, and which my children and grandchildren, and I hope his, enjoy.

Why do parents live crowded up in tenements and slums? Why do parents allow their children to leave school at the age of fourteen and take dead-end jobs? Sheer economic necessity forces parents to do this.

Does Sir John not know that the income of the average worker remains almost stationary from one year's end to another, even if no periods of sickness or unemployment intervene to reduce it?

There is no State or other endowment for motherhood, no children's allowances; each child is an extra burden with no means for adding to the sum total of food and other things needed in a home where children are plentiful.

And is Sir John unaware of the fact that a child from ten years of age to fourteen needs more expensive boots and clothing, and, as to food, needs almost as much as an adult?

"Pernicious nonsense"

THE overworked, underfed mother is forced to send out her boys and girls to run errands, to sell papers, to carry milk, to do anything that will add to the purchasing power of the family.

Before Sir John so glibly denounces parents as being disregardful of their children's interests, let him try and put himself in their position.

The "Bad Parents" are those who rule our lives, those who, like Sir John, still talk the same pernicious nonsense about ambition, and teach children that there is a place at the top for all who will persevere.

These same "Bad Parents" support those who refuse to raise the school-leaving age, who refuse to support the demand for the endowment of motherhood, and who defend the vicious principle known as "buy cheap and sell dear," on which all our social life and institutions are based.

Sir John also says that an average boy of sixteen years of age can choose his career; this is just nonsensical rubbish.

There are fewer jobs in industry for boys of sixteen than there are for boys of fourteen. At sixteen National Insurance begins, and boys must have more wages. This is the time when employers sack the sixteen-year-old lads and take on others who are just leaving school.

Young people from sixteen to twenty are the victims of an industrial system which ruthlessly grinds life and energy out of multitudes of those on whom the State spends millions of pounds to educate.

To blame parents or children is to prove ourselves ignorant of true facts.

They want to know

THE real "wicked parents" are those of us who accept these social crimes as inevitable and something which others must endure.

If Sir John really understood questions concerning youth and adolescence among the masses, he would know that there never was a time when young people were more eager to learn than they are now.

Let him, and those who agree with him, go to the Mothers' Institutes and see the young women learning all there is to learn about housewifery, dressmaking, and so on. Let them go to the Evening Institutes, such places as the Working Men's College in South London, to the Polytechnics and schools, and see the tens of thousands of young people eager and anxious to equip themselves for the battle of life.

And then let them also realise that the "wicked parents" of the London County Council, in the name of economy, have, by restrictions of all sorts and increases of fees, put these fine organisations out of the reach of thousands who previously attended them.

Sir John mentioned the story of his own life. He left manual labour because there was neither enough money nor enough scope for him.

I am quite opposed to him in outlook, though I agree that, living as we all do in the midst of a competitive system, it would seem right for everyone to strive to get to the top; even so, there is only a limited number of top places. We could not stand two chiefs of the B.B.C. The same is true of all industries.

So if all our children were exactly as Sir John imagines they should be, the mass would remain hewers of wood and drawers of water—and why not?

This is where I challenge the whole outlook of men who hold the views expressed by Sir John. The man who cleanses a sewer, the miner who digs coal, the man who tends a plough, together with their wives and children, are as much entitled to a full life as I, Sir John Reith, or anyone else in the land.

All necessary work is honourable work, and although the day is far off, it is absolutely certain that as knowledge and understanding grow we shall treat a labourer with as much respect, and give him the same facilities for culture, recreation and self-development as we give Mr. Whitley, chairman of the B.B.C., or Sir John Reith, who is manager, or other people who organise for us.

A classless society

SUCH super men could be done without if a day came when we could no longer afford them, but we could not do without the agricultural worker unless we did his job ourselves—and that, of course, Sir John would die rather than do at the same wages.

Some day we shall understand and appreciate the fact that it takes all sorts of people to make a world of men and women, and most of all we shall understand that unless we ourselves supply our own needs, others must do so, and that, in fact, all of us are interdependent on one another, and therefore our lives should be lived in a classless society, within which there should be neither rich nor poor, but all of us should render such service as is in our power to render to the common good, and no man or child's need will be sacrificed to the wealth of others.

And, most of all, we shall esteem all useful work as of equal money value, though always we will pay true homage, the homage of respect, to those able to render such services as only great artists, scientists and others can give.

Money is no reward for such as these; their real satisfaction is found in the fact that they have given themselves and their talents to the service of the race.

Finally, I believe, in spite of all the terrible handicaps which curse our people—dead-end occupations, years of unemployment, and the curse of preventable poverty in the midst of plenty—our young people of all classes are among the finest in the world.

They are the children of the brutal war years—years when everything good and beautiful in civil life was sacrificed on the altar of war. They listened to the cheers and singing at those first Armistice celebrations They heard of the glorious days that lay immediately ahead, and they grew to early youth and manhood to find themselves almost overwhelmed by disillusionment and hope deferred.

Still, taken as a whole, they bear life with a courage and self-respect which is amazing. They read the judgment passed on them by people like Sir John and others whose lives are spent far removed and remote from those they criticise. Is it any wonder that they occasionally break out in crime and show themselves hopeless and despairing?

No, the marvel is that the great mass remain as true and steadfast as I maintain they do.

Work—as a right

SIR JOHN REITH describes as without ambition to rise as he has risen those who are starving for the right to work whose one ambition is to earn a living. No one can satisfy this longing but the nation.

Let us agitate as "fairy godparents," on behalf of these stricken ones by demanding that here and now work shall be found them, not as a charity, but as a right.

Chief of all, let us spread abroad the truth that as matters are now managed there is no room for the brilliant educated ones.

We are living in a world of vastly extended knowledge.

There are thousands who could easily do Sir John's job as efficiently as he does it, but he is the lucky one to be chosen, while others must wait till he retires, is sacked, or dies.

Black Wednesday

A Grave National Warning

WEDNESDAY next, November 1, has been fixed by the Home Secretary as the date upon which the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, will come into force.

Every parent with children under the age of seventeen should learn the significance of this new measure. When they do so, they will have done something which Parliament failed in when the Act was passed.

If C.Y.P.A., as this Act is referred to in official memoranda, could be presented again for the consideration of Parliament in its present form, it would almost certainly be thrown out.

It went on the Statute Book almost unnoticed The House of Commons accepted it in the belief that it was only in large part a co-ordination of existing legislation, with better provision for the protection of children against immoral exploitation and for the reclamation of youthful incorrigible criminals.

Worst menace

Too late, a great number of M.P.s have come to realise that the Act, as they approved it, has concealed within it the worst menace to human liberty contained in any piece of legislation imposed upon Britain.

If politicians are disturbed, lawyers are thunder-struck. The legal profession is not to any large extent actually concerned with juvenile crime and courts, but jurists who have studied C.Y.P.A. and torn off the disguise of its perils see in it the demolition of the elementary safeguards of the home and the subject.

Magistrates' clerks up and down the country—one of the ablest corps of men in the public service—are viewing with bewildered dismay the certain consequences of the new legislation.

They know it is now inevitable that the courts will be swamped with cases and applications of a kind hitherto not countenanced, and that it is the intention of those who have been authorised to institute those proceedings to convert the courts into factories for the large-scale production of ready-made young institutional prisoners.

When apprehension and alarm are so rife in these quarters, the need for parents to understand and be on their guard against C.Y.P.A. is obvious.

The public has been led to believe by an outpouring of sentimental gush in the general Press that the Act represents the kindliest and most beneficial contribution ever made to child welfare.

The dangers

They have been told that henceforth young offenders will no longer stand in the dock or be allowed to mix in court with adult criminals. Instead, they will be dealt with in the privacy of magisterial chambers on occasions when the ordinary courts are not sitting.

All this and suchlike is true. But it is not new. It has been the general practice now for many years.

Also, the Act has been hailed and blessed for its provisions to prevent cruelty to children and their exposure to moral and physical danger. Those writers and speakers who have so gushingly admired it for these reasons have again been deceived. In principle, procedure and penalties there is scarcely an iota of difference between this Act and its predecessors in respect of these particular provisions.

Except that for the purposes of punishing offences by or against children, the age has been raised from sixteen to seventeen.

And that the language of the Act is different from, without changing the meaning of, existing legislation.

What, then, are the dangers of C.Y.P.A.?

They lie in the fact that as from Wednesday next the home of an Englishman with children will no longer be his castle and that his children will be liable to be taken from him upon the thinnest pretext and made prisoners for years and, possibly, for life.

After school—these laughing kiddies are the very embodiment of happy freedom. But Wednesday, November the First, is coming

Newspaper commentators and sociologists have not discerned that C.Y.P.A. makes these things possible and, before long, will have made them a terrible reality.

The politicians, too, when they sanctioned the Act, did not see the pill they were asking the nation to swallow inside a sugar-coating of pretended reforms and of grandiose phrases.

Young captives

From beginning to end C.Y.P.A. and the departmental orders under it which have been made since assent was given to the Act are clearly an incentive and spur to remove more and more children from the custody of their parents and to lock them up in institutions of one kind or another.

Boys or girls selected for detention need never have committed even the most trivial offence. They can now be taken from their homes and put away for "care or protection."

Care or protection against what?

The Act does not say.

The only light it throws is the very dim one that children may be seized and made captives to prevent them falling into bad associations or being exposed to moral danger.

Lovely phrases these! But what do they mean? C.Y.P.A. is silent in all its passages as to the meaning. They can mean anything.

They mean something, however, to the people who will bring children before juvenile courts and apply for them to be imprisoned in institutions for "care or protection."

To these people, C.Y.P.A. is, in effect, a warrant, given *carte-blanche*, to raid the people's homes to find possible prisoners for the internment places for the young with which Britain has become studded in the last few years.

Who are these people?

The Act declares that any local authority will be responsible for presenting to the courts children requiring "care or protection."

A local authority is generally regarded as being the mayor, aldermen, and councillors of a district. None of these, however, need have the slightest knowledge of any action taken in their corporate name under this infamous Act.

The work of searching out children for detention will be performed on behalf of most local authorities by persons known as welfare workers.

They, it will be found, are the people who will from next week flood the courts with applications to have children taken from their homes and consigned to institutions—boys and girls who have

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The Human Machine

Mental Uniforms

IT'S queer the effect a uniform has on the human mind! It's always apt to be a little startling. Put the mildest individual into livery and watch how he tends to become arrogant and overbearing towards his fellows! Watch how he magnifies the little brief authority that goes with his brass buttons and coloured clothes until it becomes downright tyranny!

It's queer, too, how lots of people behave like this the moment they are given a chance to put on "mental uniform." Give them a position which carries with it authority and power over their fellows, and their heads immediately begin to swell to outsize proportions.

They lose their sense of balance—and, what is often much more serious, their sense of humour—mistake the label attached to their position for a certificate of their ability, and speedily become a nuisance to everyone in contact with them.

Labels—"mental uniforms"—are dangerous things for people who can't carry corn. They give people such wrong ideas of themselves. For whether a man is a Big Boss or a humble subordinate, his daily problem is just the same—a number of jobs to be got through efficiently and well, a number of responsibilities to be shouldered uncomplainingly, a number of duties to be fulfilled faithfully and cheerfully. And anyone who thinks otherwise is just kidding himself.

It isn't the size of a job to the eye that determines a man's real worth. It's the way he does the job that matters. Nor does the label hung round his neck make him a big man. A man's size is the size of his mind—not the measure of his uniform.

To give oneself airs is always silly; for there is no surer way of displaying to the world that, whatever the size of the uniform, whatever the grandeur of the label, the mind inside the uniform is pitifully narrow and insignificant.

for the Children

done no wrong whatever, but who are deemed, in the vague tongue of C.Y.P.A., to need "care or protection."

As a body, these so-called welfare workers who voluntarily serve local authorities throughout the country, are, by their methods and conduct, the most objectionable social force at work today.

Practically all of them are women and most of them are maiden ladies or married women without children who find their greatest satisfaction in tampering with the lives of other people and their children.

They are not social workers in the accepted sense of that phrase. They are, in the majority, women who have dabbled in psychology and similar things, and they are obsessed with the idea that incarceration in institutions is the best and most effective method of dealing with children who have the misfortune to come within their ken.

Sly sisterhood

Since the war, almost unnoticed, these alleged welfare workers have formed themselves into a great national sisterhood of professional spies and kidnappers. There is not a county, town or village in Great Britain in which they cannot now be found banded together under such names as Welfare Committees or Social Service Societies.

Until now, except for the fact that they have forced themselves upon local authorities everywhere, these welfare workers have had no real legal status.

They wheedled or pushed their way into working-class homes with an assumption of authority which they did not possess. They examined these homes from attic to basement, questioned parents about their own conduct and that of their children, and where the smallest excuse could be found, set machinery in motion to have a boy or girl wrenched from home and placed in some kind of institution.

Notwithstanding their lack of legal powers, these self-appointed welfare workers have succeeded so well in their mission that in the past ten years the number of child captives has increased 400 per cent.

They are now licensed to become rampant in these activities. As from Wednesday next they can legally take to the courts any child who they think requires "care or protection" and demand in the name of the local authority to have it put in captivity.

And the C.Y.P.A. is so framed that any reason, however specious or slight, can be given to have a child placed behind the walls of an institution for "care or protection."

The welfare workers representing the local authority will have to submit evidence as to the home surroundings of the children whom they seek to have put away.

To obtain such evidence they need no longer resort to the subterfuge and deceit by which they formerly got access to homes. They can now demand admission to any home where there are children and search it to find reasons why one or all of the children should not be removed to a place of detention for "care or protection."

Busybodies' Charter

Some newspapers have acclaimed C.Y.P.A. as the Children's Charter. "The Busybodies' Charter" would be a more accurate description.

The busybodies need not even attend court when child offenders or children alleged to be requiring "care or protection" are brought before the magistrates.

Contrary to all the established rules of law and justice, C.Y.P.A. allows the evidence to be given in writing and, moreover, provides that the parents or guardian of any child whose liberty is at stake may be ordered to leave the court while the evidence is being given.

It is small wonder that lawyers are disturbed.

A new name has been invented in C.Y.P.A. to describe the institutions to which child culprits and children said to require "care or protection" will be sent. They are called Approved Schools.

Approved fiddlesticks!

John Bull asked the Home Office to supply a list of these approved schools. Every one is an old-established reformatory or penitentiary.

A young person can now be detained in one of these places until the age of nineteen instead of sixteen as formerly. That in itself is bad enough.

Stories are now and then told to the public about reformatory boys going abroad, making good and striking fortunes. But the sad truth is that reformatories are nothing else than prisons, with prison rule and regime, except that the prisoners sleep in dormitories instead of cells.

The inmates emerge already at the age of sixteen, cowed and bearing the unmistakable stamp of servitude How much worse will it be now that the age of detention can be made nineteen? What chance then will any youth have of taking a place in the labour market?

But the reformatories of Britain are already full Where, therefore, will children chosen for "care or protection" be sent? To lunatic asylums.

Our advice

First and foremost, the welfare workers act as agents all over the country for the lunacy authorities They prefer that young people should be given "care or protection" in asylums. A reformatory sentence ends at the age of nineteen; an asylum sentence can be and usually is a life sentence.

Of course, the welfare workers do not call these places asylums. They describe them in court as "homes," "hospitals," and "colonies." But all of them are lunatic asylums, grim prisons where the spirit of young people is destroyed and their very souls become numbed.

It is into these asylums that the welfare workers, vested with new and mighty powers, will now seek to usher hordes of innocent children who, in their opinion, require "care or protection."

If acting by themselves, parents or guardians of children caught in the machinery of C.Y.P.A. will be practically defenceless John Bull can give them only one piece of advice—employ a lawyer, no matter how trivial or foolish the case may seem.

Lawyers, at least, cannot be turned out of courts, and only when lawyers see at first hand the powers and potentialities of C.Y.P.A. will Parliament be persuaded to stifle the menace to young life and liberty which is to be set loose on Wednesday next.

OUR FREE HEALTH GIFT

MANY as are the services which John Bull has from time to time rendered to the man in the street, and indeed to the whole nation, none perhaps will be of greater and more lasting value than that which is announced on pages 3, 4 and 5 of this issue.

For every one of the hundreds of thousands of families who form its vast army of readers John Bull has produced a work that may truthfully be said to be the *first* book of any home library—a completely *new*, magnificently bound "Universal Home Doctor."

Realising that a work of such day-to-day value as this is as essential to every family as the roof that covers their heads, John Bull is not only offering it FREE to everyone who applies immediately, but a copy is also offered free to a friend.

Full details of the "Universal Home Doctor" are given on pages 3, 4 and 5 of this issue.

It should be emphasised here that John Bull has seen to it that this work is the latest and greatest of its kind in the world. It contains nearly 850 large pages, and covers nearly 2,500 subjects—every one specially written in plain understandable English. Every sentence, every one of the 600,000 words in this invaluable volume, has been subjected to the expert consideration and editing of an eminent Harley Street physician, assisted by a board of well-known medical authorities.

* * *

This is John Bull's Free Gift to you—this fine £1 1s. "Universal Home Doctor"—a work worth its weight in gold.

To married and single, to young and old, it is a mine of invaluable information.

The offer of so expensive a production absolutely free must necessarily be limited, and every reader is advised to apply immediately on the forms on pages 3, 4 and 5.

Pilgrim's Progress

"FATHER" C. R. BROWNE, whose claims to religious orders we exploded some weeks ago, has migrated from South Hackney to Leicestershire.

At the time of our exposure he was the self-styled "Parish Priest" of a thickly-populated London neighbourhood.

Then he suddenly disappeared from his favoured haunts, and went wandering along the roads until he arrived at a majestic monastery in Charnwood Forest.

There Browne unfolded to the hospitable Cistercian abbot a tale of hardship and woe. Still claiming membership of the Old Roman Catholic Church, he added that he was being received into the orthodox Church of Rome.

But asked to show evidence in support of this, he explained that since he was awaiting appointment to a diocese, his official papers were still in Italy.

Meanwhile he was destitute, so that the abbot, journeying to Nottingham, introduced him to the bishop, who found him accommodation in an abbey there.

From thence Browne was sent to the Ratcliffe charitable institution, where he was maintained for some days in generous fashion.

Unfortunately for him, the copy of John Bull containing his recent exploits in London was unearthed, and investigation quickly proved his "references" false.

"Father" Browne was last seen pursuing his pilgrimage out on the high road for anywhere, wearing a pair of boots supplied by the charitable monks.

Magnificent 2-Fold Offer

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A hand deformed by Rheumatism.

SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

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Gout
Rheumatism
Sciatica
Stiffness
First Aid
Training for Sports, Etc.

No less than 10 pages are devoted to Rheumatic Troubles alone, and 9 pages to Massage, including a wonderful article by Thomas Inch (the record holding Physical Culturist). T. Whittaker, trainer of the Arsenal F.C. and England F.A. Teams, contributes a four-page article on "Training," while the alphabetically-arranged information on the treatment of Painful Afflictions Sudden Ailments and Accidents, etc., is worth its weight in gold.

Showing the proper method of treating a dislocated collar-bone.

WRITE NOW!

Massage of the Knee to disperse fluid, etc.

These illustrations are from "The Library of Health."

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I wish to try Elliman's for

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Why 'Ovaltine' is the Scientifically Perfect Food Beverage

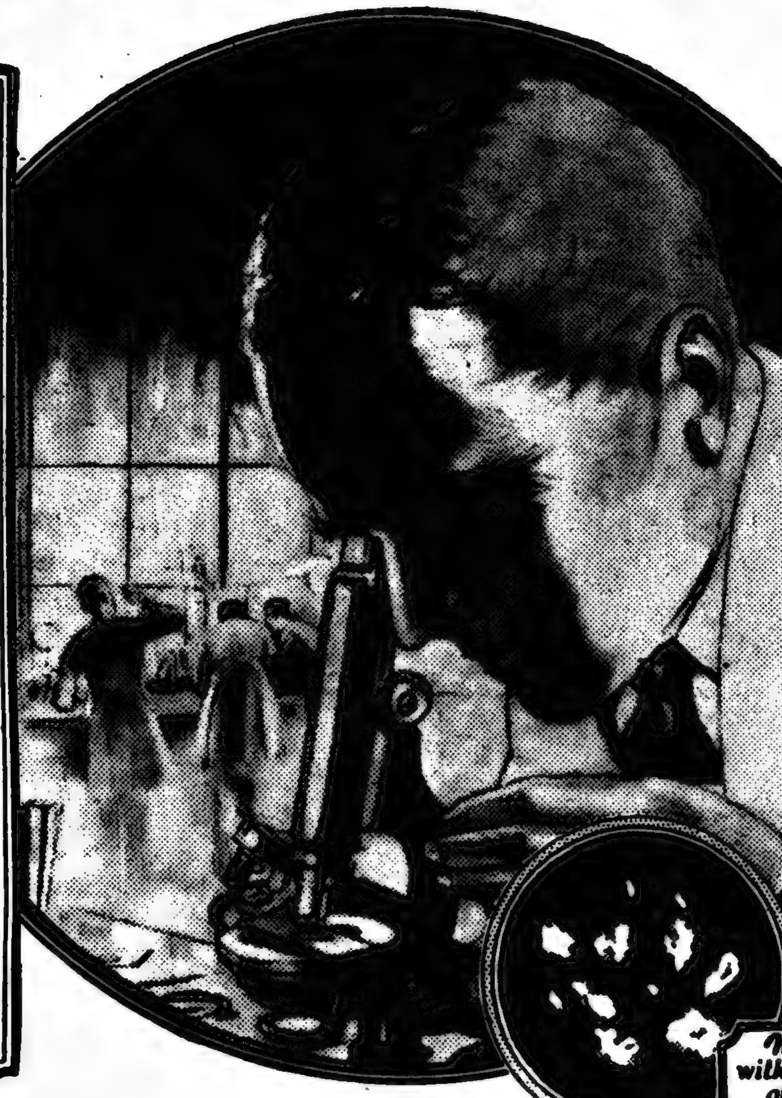
Facts about Diastase

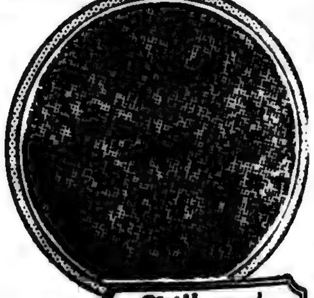
With regard to this substance it is desirable that the public should have a clear knowledge of it and how it is employed to the best advantage in "Ovaltine."

Diastase is a natural constituent of malt which during the "Ovaltine" process of manufacture converts any starch present in the ingredients into easily assimilable nourishment. The fact that "Ovaltine"—unlike imitations—contains no starch proves conclusively that the diastase has been used in the proper way and that the "Ovaltine" process is perfect and complete.

Eminent scientific authorities state that diastase cannot function in an acid medium. The British Pharmaceutical Codex—a standard work—also states that "*diastase becomes inactive in an acid medium such as obtains in the stomach during digestion.*" As the normal stomach is always acid it is obvious that the diastase would be quickly destroyed and that the best way to employ diastase in a food beverage is during the process of manufacture—as in "Ovaltine."

Thus diastase in a food beverage has no digestive influence whatever.


Milk curd without addition of 'Ovaltine'


Milk curd after addition of 'Ovaltine'

These micro-photographs illustrate the remarkable way in which "Ovaltine" makes milk readily assimilable. This is just one of the exceptional digestive properties possessed by "Ovaltine." The digestibility of "Ovaltine" is universally recognised and for this reason "Ovaltine" is recommended by doctors throughout the world in cases of weak digestion or lowered vitality.

"OVALTINE" stands in a class by itself for scientific perfection and quality. Its proprietors have a world-wide reputation as specialists in the science of nutrition, and "Ovaltine" incorporates every single feature required by advanced scientific thought to-day.

Note these Important Facts—"Ovaltine" contains, in correctly balanced proportions for easy and complete digestion, the valuable nutritive elements derived from its ingredients—the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs.

Unlike imitations, "Ovaltine" does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to cheapen the cost. Furthermore, it does not contain a large percentage of cocoa, nor does it contain starch.

The proprietors of "Ovaltine" are the world's largest manufacturers of medicinal malt extract. The malt extract used in "Ovaltine" is prepared from home-grown barley—there is none as good. It contains the necessary amount of diastase—no more, no less—the properties of which are employed in the best way, as explained above under the heading "Facts about Diastase." The eggs come from the "Ovaltine" Egg Farm, and have advantages over ordinary eggs. The "Ovaltine" Dairy Farm—with its renowned herd of Jersey cows—sets the standard for the thousands of gallons of milk used every day.

These facts explain why "Ovaltine" is supreme for giving health and abundant energy and for inducing sound, restorative sleep. Reject substitutes—they are definitely not "like 'Ovaltine.'"

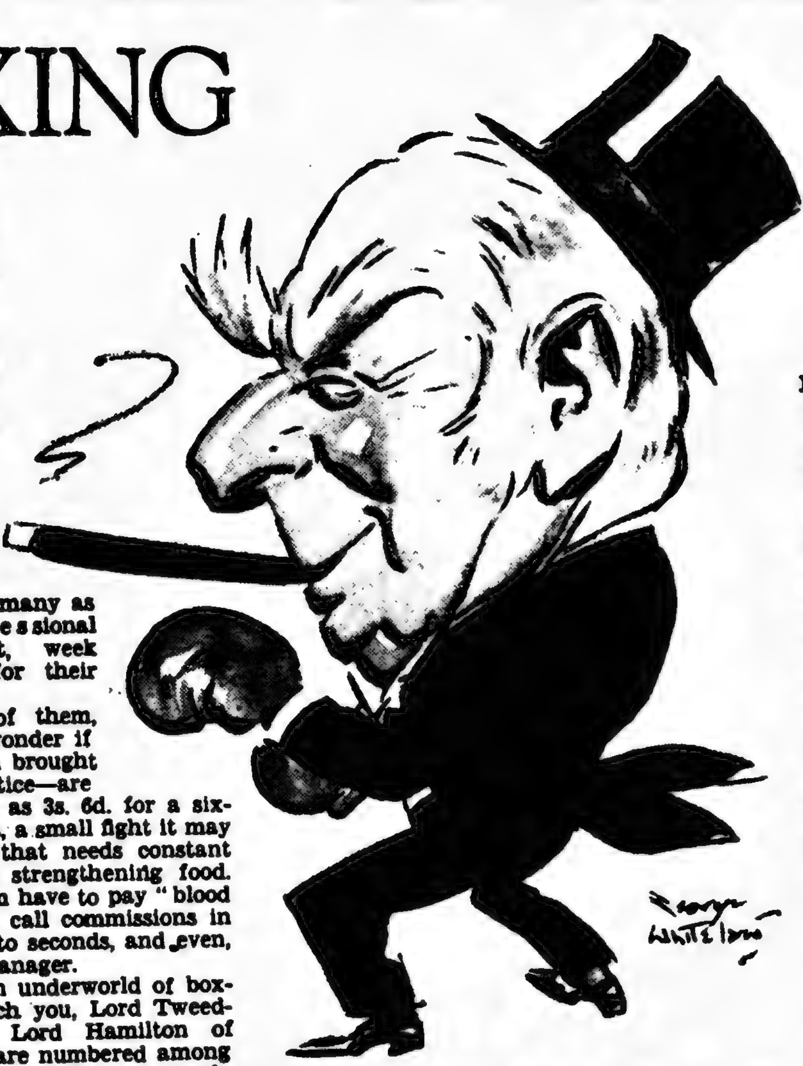
"Ovaltine" sells on merit alone.
No gifts or coupons—just 100 per cent. Quality and Value

Prices in
Gt. Britain & N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3
per tin.

P. 977

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to LORD LONSDALE

Keep BOXING out of the GUTTER!



DEAR LORD LONSDALE,—It is up to you. You, a President of the British Boxing Board of Control, must see that boxing is controlled.

The great mass of the British public is on your side—all the people, I mean, who sit in the seats, all the people who love boxing because they consider it a clean and manly sport, all the people who find the money without which it would be impossible for professional boxing to go on.

You are, after all, a man of the highest repute. You are a member of the Jockey Club, whose decisions have for years governed an even more difficult sport to manage than boxing.

I implore you, in this hour of boxing crisis, to be not only judicial but very, very firm. Otherwise, boxing will sink into the gutter and become a thing beneath contempt.

It must not be controlled by professional boxing promoters. Trainers do not run racing, nor do bookmakers, nor do jockeys. The Jockey Club consists of people who, after years of experience of racing, are chosen by reason of their fairness, their judgment and their integrity. What they say, goes.

* * * *

Most Londoners do not understand, but boxing is not merely a thing which takes place in the Albert Hall or Olympia, where rich people pay as much as ten guineas for ring-side seats. It is not merely Jack Petersen and Len Harvey and Jack Hood.

All over the country, in obscure boxing halls, as many as 2,000 professional boxers fight, week after week, for their daily bread.

Yet some of them, my lord—I wonder if this has been brought to your notice—are paid as little as 3s. 6d. for a six-round contest, a small fight it may be, but one that needs constant training and strengthening food. Many of them have to pay "blood money," as I call commissions in such a case, to seconds, and even, possibly, a manager.

There is an underworld of boxing into which you, Lord Tweedmouth, and Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, who are numbered among your brother B.B.B.C. Stewards, never go. You sit in the drawing-room of life. You don't go into the kitchen—no, nor the garret.

You, my lord, smoke your very long cigar. You sit in evening dress in the front row and you smile benignly, admired by all who see you. They consider you the best sportsman of them all.

Now, because of this, you can render boxing a greater service than even you know.

A few weeks ago, we all read how there was a general meeting of the British Boxing Board of Control which became almost a fight itself. For three hours it resembled a bear garden.

Boxing promoters, merely interested in making money out of the game, interested not in sport, nor in physical culture, or in the game of life played as a big thing, but merely concerned in making profit out of other people's sportsmanship, reviled each other, argued bitterly, ignored the chairman, shouted each other down. There were recriminations so bitter and accusations so harsh that Sport was degraded.

Fortunately for you, you were not there. No one would have been surprised if he had read, next morning, that you and all the Stewards had resigned in disgust.

Yet, in the most public-spirited manner, you and your Stewards determined to go on. For this, the great sporting public applauds you.

Go on, my lord. Do not rest until the B.B.B.C. is in the same position as the Jockey Club, the Football Association, the Rugby Football Union and the M.C.C. They had to start. Now, you are starting.

In the four years of the B.B.B.C. you have done good work. That is why, suddenly, you are challenged.

Attempts are being made to nullify your efforts. You must go on until the game is cleaned up.

After all, a boxer goes in for boxing because he loves the game. In the earlier stages his life is cruel and pitiless.

Only one boxer in a hundred makes good. You never hear of the others, except that they go on fighting, most of them always at the bottom rung of the ladder, paid next to nothing, exploited, getting terrible hidings week after week, growing thick ears and getting broken noses, and, in the end, becoming punch-drunk, permanently dazed by thousands and thousands of blows.

* * *

Boxing, at its best, is a great sport. At its worst, it is a cesspool of graft and cunning—a means by which the public is gulled for the benefit of the few.

There is not the slightest reason why professional boxing should not rise to the position which amateur boxing holds. The boxers are just as honest, to begin with. It is merely a matter of money. Otherwise, most of them would fight just for the fun of it. Unemployment has forced many into the boxing game Tempting offers, promises of quick fortunes, are made to them.

But that does not mean that they are, of necessity, mere adventurers.

Now, my lord, it is up to you. Go on, and keep on. In the end, you must win. For all real sportsmen are behind you.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir HENRY BETTERTON,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR HENRY,—We are glad to have your assurance that no new "crimes" are to be created by the Government's new Unemployment Insurance Bill.

But you have only yourself to blame if the nation is getting very uneasy about the nature of these proposals.

Isn't it time we were told really what you intend to do? Why these months of mystery?

JOHN BULL.

SIDNEY DRAKE,
Wilsford, Wiltshire

DRAKE,—Probably you won't be left to starve when too old to work as a shepherd, but that was the fate you meted out to a sheepdog that had been your faithful servant for fourteen years.

So light was its body when it died, a policeman could pick it up with his finger and thumb.

Yet, though the magistrate said it was one of the most horrible cases in his experience, he fined you only £1—a decision that will make every dog-lover's blood boil.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. SAMUEL BRIGHOUSE,
Coroner for Bootle

DEAR SIR,—You were startled to hear that a doctor's death certificate had been granted while the patient was still alive.

That is nothing unusual. I told recently of a man who had been solemnly certified as dead but who continued to live for another forty years!

Such cases will continue until the authorities agree to my demands that no doctor shall be allowed to grant a certificate without seeing the body of the deceased.

JOHN BULL.

Sir STANLEY JACKSON,
Yorkshire and English Cricketer

DEAR SIR STANLEY,—You hope barracking is never stopped, you say. "The good old Yorkshire barracker was always brimming over with good humour, good spirits, and sometimes good beer. It is half the fun of the game."

For the barracker, perhaps. But is cricket only for people "full of good beer"?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES DONOVAN,
Sutton, Surrey

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased that the action you entered against a man alleged to have "enticed" your wife has been settled out of court.

For such actions take us back to the bad old days when a woman was merely her husband's chattel and her affections could be assessed in terms of money.

I believe that human happiness and human affections are far above considerations of sordid cash, and I hope we have seen the end of these "enticement" cases.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PHILLIP LLEWELLYN,
Llwynpia, Glamorgan

DEAR LLEWELLYN,—Though you have had to file your petition in bankruptcy, you will have the sympathy of everyone.

Your butcher's business prospered until a succession of floods and defective drainage ruined your stock and drove your customers away. The local council did nothing to remedy the evil.

The Registrar described you as a "trier," but that is the last word that could be applied to your precious local council. JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS,
Newton Abbot, Devon

GENTLEMEN,—The action of some of you in banning the peace posters of the League of Nations is stupid and bigoted.

One of the posters bore a message from the British Legion in favour of disarmament by mutual consent.

Can it be that you welcome the present difficulties of the Disarmament Conference and think mass bloodshed a noble thing? JOHN BULL.

ALICE BROOKE,
Chapeltown, Yorkshire

BROOKE,—I have rarely known a more heartless theft than yours.

Employed by an aged widow to do housework, you stole the whole of her life savings, £60, and squandered it on holiday jaunts and gifts to your friends.

Much as I favour leniency to first offenders, I am very glad that you must go to prison for three months.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD,
Poet Laureate

DEAR MR. MASEFIELD,—I am sure no previous holder of your post ever did what you are doing now—giving readings in various towns for the benefit of "those destitute men who tramp everlastingly the roads of Britain."

You are trying to raise funds for Homes for Young Wayfarers, where youths can find shelter, work, and encouragement to start afresh.

May your success equal your desire!

JOHN BULL.

CHARLES LAWRENCE HUTCHINS,
Oxford

RASCAL,—Employed in your father's office as a clerk, you helped another man to embezzle hundreds of pounds and then, in an effort to hide the crime, you set fire to the office.

You escaped too lightly in being sentenced to only six months in the second division. And though you are only twenty, you are plainly such a thorough-paced scoundrel that your father is well rid of you. JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. RUSHTON,
Bingley Council, Yorkshire

DEAR SIR,—An epidemic of scarlet fever has raged in your district all this year, and you complain of gross carelessness by many parents.

You add that if people continue to flout the regulations you must "take a case and make an example of it."

But if you know the law has been flouted, why on earth have you not taken action already? JOHN BULL.

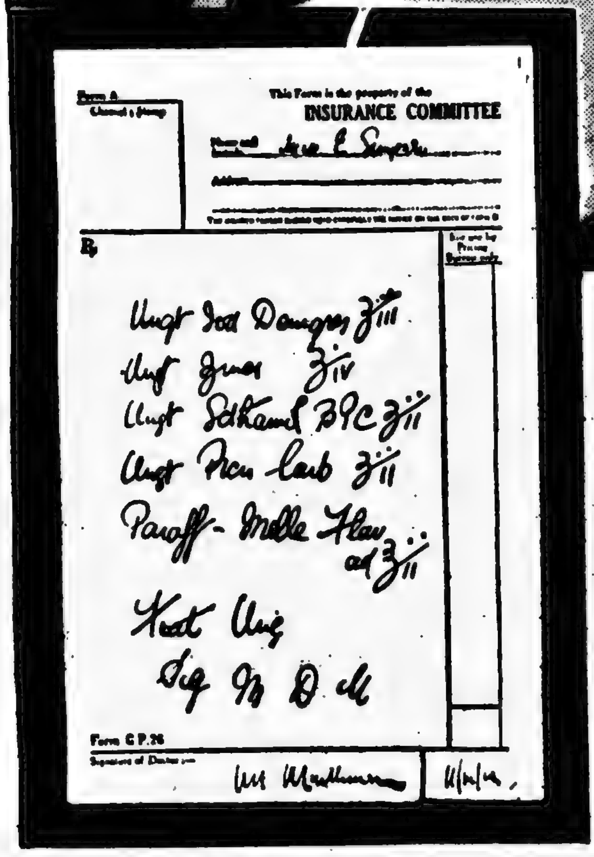
THE CHIEF CONSTABLE,
Lancashire

DEAR SIR,—A postman who called at a house while a betting raid was in progress was detained by the police.

Now, though he says he wants only an apology, a fine old rumpus is being made about whether his mail-bag and six-inch official badge could be seen or not.

Apologies are cheap. Why not withdraw your statement that "nothing further can be done" and give him one?

JOHN BULL.



Form A
Chemist's Stamp

This Form is the property of the
INSURANCE COMMITTEE

Name and Initials Jane E Simpson

Address

℞

Ungt Iod Denigr ℥iii
Ungt Zinci ℥iv
Ungt Sulphur BPC ℥ii
Ungt Picis Carb ℥ii
Paraff. Molle Flav ad ℥ii
Fiat Ung
Sig M D M

For use by Pricing Bureau only

Form G.P.26
Signature of Doctor

THIS PRESCRIPTION means nothing to you—and everything. You accept it in faith, you take it to Boots in the certainty that Boots dispensing will translate its mysteries accurately into the ointment you need. All the dispensing at Boots is controlled by qualified chemists working to standards which are Boots standards—stricter than the law demands. Panel prescriptions are made up with the same speed and accuracy that a Harley Street specialist would expect. And always the scientific accuracy of Boots dispensing goes hand in hand with a personal friendly service in all departments. Next time the doctor gives you a prescription—

GET IT MADE UP AT The Boots Chemists

ON OCTOBER 19th THE 1,000th BRANCH OF BOOTS THE CHEMISTS WAS OPENED

CVS—18

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd. Nottingham.

DUTY CALLS YOU!

"The man who is careless of the well-being of his own township is a fool and a bad citizen. . . . So to serve your country next Wednesday—vote!"

by A. G. Gardiner

Do not forget your duty on November the First. On that day the annual municipal battle will be fought in over 300 cities and towns of England and Wales, and it is the duty of every citizen to shoulder a musket in the fight.

I am not concerned here with the way you vote. That is your affair, and this is not a Party organ.

But, though not partisan, it has a profound interest in the well-being and the good government of this country, and those essentials can only be achieved by an active and enlightened public opinion. The thing to be feared in municipal affairs is not that people should vote the wrong way. It is that they should be so indifferent that they do not vote at all.

The idea that municipal affairs are so unimportant that they are not worth the expenditure of half an hour in recording our vote is the most deadly doctrine. If you want to realise how deadly it is, you have only to turn to the awful experience of America.

Half the distresses of that country arise from the ghastly chaos into which its city government has fallen. It has become, under Tammany rule, the prey of all the vultures of vested interest.

New York, Chicago and many other of the great cities of the United States have collapsed into bankruptcy, and are undermined by the machinations of gangsters and racketeers. The police are nobbled, the courts are nobbled, the administration is nobbled.

Wages unpaid

The machine of government has ceased to function, and the coffers of these mighty cities are so impoverished by years of plunder and brigandage that the wages of teachers and other public servants are in arrears by weeks and months. And the result of this financial rottenness of the great cities is that the whole Federal system of the richest country in the world is rocking to its foundations.

Why has this come about? Simply because the decent people who had no axe to grind were too lazy or too indifferent to vote. For generations they have left the richest loot in the world open to the plunder of the organised scoundrelism of the Tammany system, as witness the recent exposure of Mayor Walker of New York, only the latest in the long line of grafters who have made that city a byword of corruption.

While the bubble of prosperity remained unpricked nobody cared. Now that the bubble has burst all the accumulated infamy of these years recoils not on the people of New York and Chicago alone, but on the whole of America.

That is what comes of treating the parish pump with contempt. In the end the parish pump takes its revenge by polluting and poisoning the whole community.

Vote!

Let us remember this next Wednesday. Good government, like charity, begins at home. The man who gets into a passion about the affairs of the world or of the nation and is careless about the well-being of his own township is a fool and a bad citizen. The condition of the nation is the sum of the condition of the thousand local communities that compose the nation, and a stern and rigorous attention to the purity of the parish pump is the basis of good citizenship and a stable country.

The first duty, then, of those who wish to serve their country next Wednesday is to vote.

When a man (or a woman) is sufficiently concerned about the welfare of his own locality to go to the polling booth he will not stop at voting. He will want to know what he is voting about. He will become interested in the problems of government, and a source of strength to the State.

It was one of the laws of Solon, who founded the Athenian democracy, that the citizen who did not exercise his vote should be punished by the loss of his citizen rights. It was a wise law. I wish it could be enforced in modern England. I should like to think that those who fail to vote next Wednesday and have no good and sufficient reason for the failure would be struck off the register as unworthy of the privilege of citizenship.

Guard your pocket

There ought, of course, to be no need for such an incentive to vote. It is *your* money that is going to be administered by the councils which are elected next Wednesday. It is your streets, your trams, your gas, your electricity, your schools, your health interests, your police, your rates which will be affected by the vote you give, or do not give, at the polling booth. To be indifferent in such circumstances is to be indifferent to your own pocket, to your own children and to everything that affects your everyday life.

'Ware grafters

First, then, do not fail to vote on Wednesday. How you vote is, I repeat, your affair. I may, however, put forward one or two general considerations for guidance. Support men whose character is above suspicion and who have no personal axes to grind.

We have happily escaped in this country that sort of organised Tammany government which has brought the American cities to disaster. I believe the general level of our municipal government is high. Cities like Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow have set a high standard of probity in public administration, and I do not remember any scandal ever having been associated with the London County Council.

But the individual grafter is always with us. There is a certain type of person to whom a position on a great public spending body is an invaluable asset for the promotion of his own personal interests. In my earlier days in the provinces I more than once had the privilege of letting the daylight fall upon the operations of such gentry, who are in public life for what they can get out of it.

Beware of such next Wednesday. In a local community it is not difficult to know who can be trusted with public money and who cannot, and personally I should always choose a man whose character commanded confidence rather than a man whose opinions I shared, but whose character I knew to be rotten.

Without intruding on the Party issue, one word may be said about the subject which will dominate the election. It is the question of economy. In this matter I have a foot in both camps. I think we ought all to have a foot in both camps.

Economy, which I take to mean the avoidance of wasteful and unproductive expenditure, is as vital in public affairs as in private. High rates are a handicap on the industry of a community, and I think the greatest blot on our statesmanship in the past has been the failure to apply the unearned increment of land values to public improvements.

But while standing for economy we should be clear what we mean by "economy." Money saved on the essential public services, education and the police, the provision of playgrounds and the social amenities of life, the sweeping away of the slums and so on—this is not economy but short-sighted extravagance.

False economy

For it is money saved at the sacrifice of the quality of the people. And it is by the quality of its people that the wealth of a nation can alone be measured.

I hope that next Wednesday's elections will strike a blow for economy of the right sort, and an equally stout blow against that false economy which is in truth the most costly form of extravagance.

Not from the B.B.C.—P.C. 49 gives his Views on

BANNING the BANNS

P.C. 49—
Once to be a member of the Force was fine;
But what with regulations they have lately gone and made—
The do's and don'ts and mustn'ts on the notice-board displayed—
The soul that once he called his own is missing or mislaid
By P.C. 49!

P.C. 49—
If for bliss connubial his heart should pine,
He can't just go and marry like an ordinary bloke,
A brand-new regulation disallows the marriage yoke
For certain members of the Force, and that's no blooming joke
For P.C. 49!

P.C. 49!
Anyone can have this little job of mine!
I know a certain housemaid who would willingly say "Yes,"
But I in single cussedness must struggle on, unless
Lord Trenchard, who forbids the banns, the marriage deigns to bless
Of P.C. 49!

When a man joins the Force he realises that he will have to take the rough with the smooth—that he can't spend all his time being photographed in Trafalgar Square in the act of directing some beauteous visiting film star to the Nelson Column.

He quite understands that he also has minor duties to perform, such as frustrating the tricks of dangerous criminals who sell ham sandwiches at the wrong hour or park motor-cars in the wrong place.

These and other arduous duties we are willing to perform. But if we on our part are ready to justify the oft-repeated assertion that "Your police are just too wonderful!" we should be shown a little consideration in return.

Yet nowadays every time we come off duty our first thought is to turn to the notice board to find out what bans or taboos have been issued since we went on the beat.

One of the latest is a decree that no member of the Force shall marry until he has completed four full years of service. This despite the fact that it is generally thought that marriage makes for stability and fires a man's ambition.

The higher powers, however, seem to hold the view that, when constabulary duty's to be done, a young man married is a young man marred.

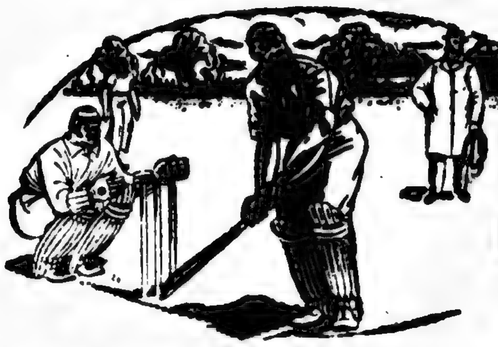
With this I emphatically disagree, and I deny the right of officialdom to interfere with the private lives of public servants. Also I should like to know if this ban will apply to the new police whom the Commissioner wishes to recruit—the public school cops or "genstables," don'tcherknow, who are to raise the tone of the Force?

What is the use of being on saluting terms with the best-looking housemaids in South Kensington if one has to stand quietly at attention while they are snapped up by enterprising tradesmen?

And why, oh, why should a policeman be denied the joys of domesticity open to the leader of a race-gang or the headmaster of a two-up school?

When the crook is not engaged in his employment
Of maturing some felonious little scheme,
Nobody puts a ban on his enjoyment
If he should take to dreaming Love's young dream.
His heart's delight may lead him, when he's kissed her,
To a parson who will gladly make them one:
A policeman, though, may only kiss his sister—
For in the Force there're Things That Are Not Done!

When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling
He sits at home, his kiddies on his knee,
And listens to them chattering and gurgling,
But pleasures such as these are not for me.
My longing for a fireside I must smother
When constabulary duty's to be done—
Taking one consideration with another,
The felon's life seems quite a happy one!

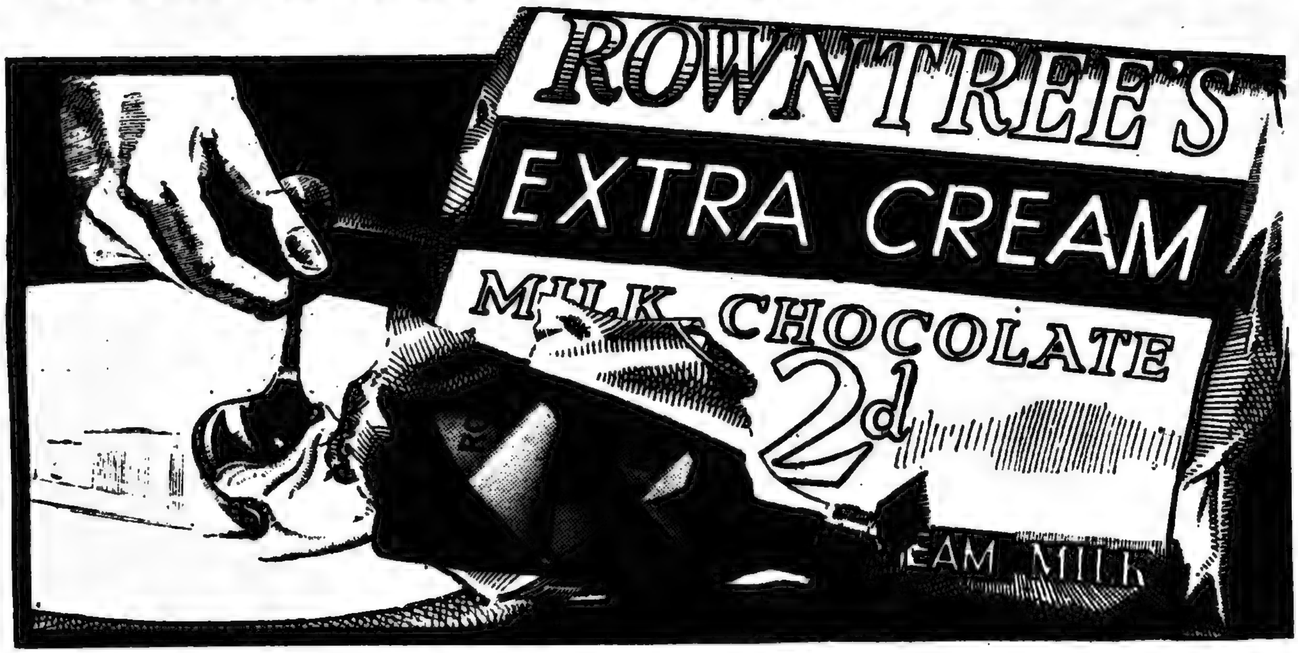


1896. The days when Dr. Grace was making cricket history. About this time Milk Chocolate was first introduced.

The greatest change in chocolate since the nineties

EXTRA-CREAM

Milk Chocolate by Rowntree's

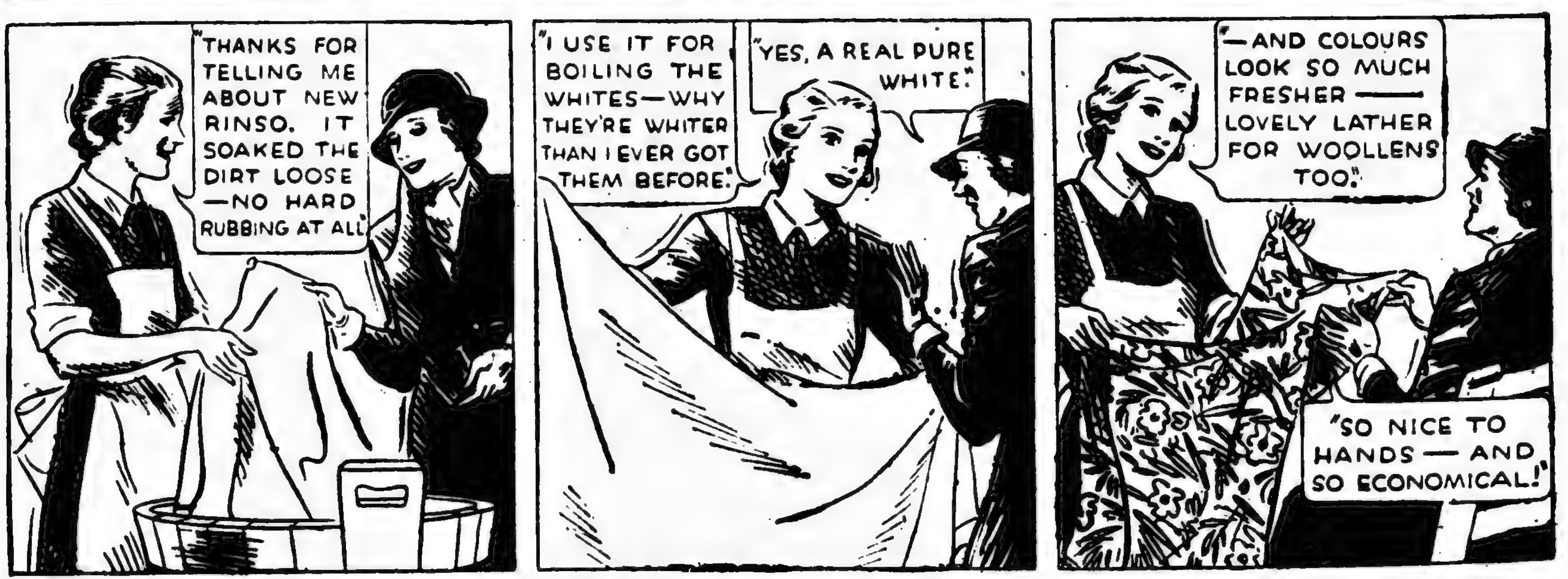

ROWNTREE'S
EXTRA CREAM
MILK CHOCOLATE
2d
EAM MILK

HERE IT IS — the biggest thing that's happened to chocolate since the gay and gas-lit nineties—a chocolate made from a new recipe you can't help liking. It's called ★ EXTRA-CREAM. Rowntree's have found the secret to make you choose it from all other milk chocolates. It's smooth as the very cream with which it is made, and the taste is the taste that once made 2d. for the tuckshop your aim in life. Sold in big 2d. bars and blocks, and in ¼ and ½-lb. net-weight sizes.

★This splendid new chocolate made with British full-cream milk has had Extra-Cream added. This nourishing ingredient was one of the important improvements that gave it a preference in a recent national tasting test.

EC 5-139

"A WHITER WASH FOR ME THIS WEEK" *SAYS THIS HOUSEWIFE*


"THANKS FOR TELLING ME ABOUT NEW RINSO. IT SOAKED THE DIRT LOOSE —NO HARD RUBBING AT ALL"
"I USE IT FOR BOILING THE WHITES—WHY THEY'RE WHITER THAN I EVER GOT THEM BEFORE."
"YES, A REAL PURE WHITE."
"—AND COLOURS LOOK SO MUCH FRESHER —— LOVELY LATHER FOR WOOLLENS TOO."
"SO NICE TO HANDS — AND SO ECONOMICAL!"

"ALWAYS BOIL WITH IT TOO"

Mrs. A. L. SLINN, 13 Shakespeare Avenue, Portswood, Southampton, says: "For a long time I've known how marvellous New Rinso is for *soaking* clothes clean. Colours too — how *safely* they are washed in New Rinso's gentle bubbly lather — no wonder they come up fresh and bright. Now I've made this discovery — that New Rinso is wonderful for boiling too — makes whites whiter than ever before!"

In your own town hundreds of women are making the same discovery as Mrs. SLINN. You too — see how much whiter your wash will be — use New Rinso for boiling. New Rinso whitens SAFELY—no harmful chemicals to rot cloth. Use New Rinso for *soaking*. Makes lovely lather too — safe for woollens — keeps colours bright. *And try it for washing dishes.* From your grocers or dealers, 3½d., 6d., 10d.

Rinso
NEW RINSO

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED
LIVERPOOL, WEST
BROMWICH AND LONDON

NEW RINSO — BEST FOR BOILING AS WELL AS FOR SOAKING AND WASHING

R1255-12-65

A Monocled "Mug-Catcher"

POLICE STATION

One of Pearce's many ingenious propositions was to rebuild the handsome Cheltenham Police Station

WE demand the arrest of a rogue who calls himself "F. John Pearce," and who is at present enjoying a prolonged plundering tour at the expense of the public.

When our readers have perused the following story of some of his recent activities we are sure they will endorse this demand.

For the rogue in question is a veritable master of crime, who changes his names and his methods with every town he visits. His inventive gifts never fail him, and his unbroken record of success is causing great uneasiness to the police throughout the country.

Perhaps his greatest asset is that he does not at all resemble the popular conception of a hardened criminal. Turned sixty, with silvery hair, he looks more like a tragedian of the old school. He carries himself with an air of dignity, speaks deliberately and with great impressiveness. Sometimes he wears a monocle.

When he recently made Canterbury his centre of operations he seemed to fit in perfectly with the venerable cathedral background.

The wedding present

At the hotel where he was staying he passed as a retired Civil Service official. Colour was lent to this in his conversation with fellow guests, whom he entertained with stories of his experiences in different parts of the world to which his duties had taken him.

He spoke familiarly of several important officials in various Government departments, as if they were his friends, and generally created a good impression.

Gradually he became more confiding. His only daughter was shortly to be married to an eminent lawyer, and he was looking round for a suitable site on which he intended to build a house as a wedding present for the young couple.

It was not long before he made a big circle of acquaintances, while he spent many busy days visiting different parts of Kent and interviewing estate agents, surveyors, builders and contractors.

One day he announced with great enthusiasm that he had at last selected an ideal site and concluded all preliminary details to his satisfaction.

He hoped everything would also be to the satisfaction of the young couple; but, of course, they would have to be consulted as to their personal tastes.

Real romance

With talk of this kind he spread a sort of infectious enthusiasm among many of his acquaintances. There was something so appealing in this kindly old man's unstinting efforts to give his only daughter a splendid start in life.

Then one morning he drove off in his car with the avowed object of indulging in a round of golf on a near-by course and "to take a peep at the sea."

It soon became apparent that that "peep" was being unduly prolonged. In fact, the venerable Mr. Pearce was not seen again in Canterbury, and a series of shocks awaited those whose confidence had been so cleverly won.

His romantic story was found to be romance with a vengeance! It had not the slightest foundation in fact, and almost every person in whom he had confided and all the firms with which he had opened business negotiations now came forward with complaints about dishonoured cheques and unpaid bills!

This exploit in itself would be sufficient to stamp him as a master of bluff, but it reveals only a part of his criminal accomplishments.

Most rogues, having perfected one scheme for enriching themselves at the expense of the gullible, stick to it steadfastly and rarely trouble to vary their rôles.

But this monocled veteran seems to delight in trying out different devices.

Castle guest house

Not long ago he was touring Sussex on the self-advertised pretext of "looking for a castle." His pose was that of a man of great wealth for whom a life of idleness or retirement held no charms.

He confided to his dupes that he had evolved a gloriously romantic scheme that he was satisfied would also prove profitable.

He intended to acquire a picturesque old castle, fit it up with every modern convenience and run it as a select guest house.

"A holiday in a castle." Moneyed people could not fail to jump at the idea providing he catered thoughtfully for their comfort and amusement.

He had given much thought to this plan and was full of ideas. One project was to stage elaborate theatrical performances in the castle grounds.

Yet all these stories, told with a wealth of detail and conviction, were devised solely to serve as a cloak for well-timed raids upon his victims' pockets. Valuers, estate agents, miscellaneous tradespeople and a host of people interested in his great scheme have all suffered.

Some have cashed worthless cheques; others have "obliged" him with "temporary" loans, or furnished him with goods on credit.

All are now left with the realisation that they have been completely fooled.

There is a Puckish quality about some of this rogue's frauds. What, for instance, could be more impudent than the following hoax, which he recently staged at the sober spa of Cheltenham?

Arriving by car, he registered at a leading hotel as the managing director of a London building and contracting firm.

Fresh fields . .

His mission in Cheltenham, he let it be known, was to conclude arrangements for a contract to rebuild the local police station!

On the strength of this preposterous story he succeeded in duping a number of people before he passed on to engage in fresh frauds in another part of the country.

It is a long time since we have encountered so versatile a trickster. At Swindon he passed as a retired Foreign Office official and, among other achievements, succeeded in obtaining three expensive motor-cars on credit!

At Gloucester his guise was that of an engineer employed by a firm undertaking colossal Government contracts.

Elsewhere he has posed as a well-known actor "on tour" with a repertory company; as a solicitor investigating "grave local frauds"; as an auctioneer engaged to dispose of important local property; or as a gentleman farmer attending local cattle sales.

Many of his frauds are singularly heartless and his dupes include a number of women.

In imposing upon one woman he adopted the guise of a benevolent prison welfare worker, and called upon her with an offer to assist a relative who had got into trouble and was in danger of being sent to jail.

His story was accepted, and the woman entrusted him with money to "arrange" for the relative's defence.

While varying his methods in the way we have described, there is one trick he repeats with great persistency. This may be called the "last cheque dodge."

Having established confidence in a town he enters a shop and making a substantial purchase proceeds to pay by cheque.

Cheque trick

As he tears out the cheque it is seen to be the last one in the book, and remarking on this fact, he expresses great annoyance as he remembers that he had promised to settle another account locally that afternoon, and that the banks are now closed.

He thus obtains a cash loan, or, in some instances, a cheque which he promptly forges and passes on to another trader in the locality.

Places where he has already operated successfully, in addition to those already named, include Newcastle, Southampton, Barry Dock, Lowestoft and Manchester.

Now that we have unmasked him for the rogue he is, we hope his long run will be brought to a sudden end.

Fraud *in* Church's Name

AN impudent band of barefaced swindlers is touring various parts of London and the provinces, and using the name of the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, as a means of collecting money from the charitable-hearted public.

The procedure is invariably the same. A man or woman calls at a house and states that they are collecting funds on behalf of the church.

The caller gives the impression that he or she is almost a personal friend of the vicar, the Rev. Pat McCormick of St. Martin's, whose voice is so well known to listeners to the wireless services which are broadcast from this famous church.

The hopeless outlook of London's thousands of "down and outs" during the coming winter is spoken of with a wealth of sympathetic detail.

* * *

Then the good work which is being done at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where warmth, shelter and food is provided in the crypt for those who are "hard up," is carefully sketched in as the collector proceeds with the work of extracting money from the unwary. By this time the bogus collector has become really enthusiastic and his victim becomes sympathetic as the woes of the homeless poor are dwelt upon.

The result is that too many kind-hearted people in various parts of the country have subscribed readily to what they thought was the good work being done by the Rev. Pat McCormick at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Actually they have been robbed by a clever gang of charity-crooks who are busily engaged in collecting money for themselves and nobody else.

The facts are that these collections have not been authorised by the vicar or the parochial church council.

* * *

The church authorities at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields have no collectors at work in London or elsewhere, and they are anxious to protect the public from the people who are using the name of the church without authority.

During the past few weeks bogus collectors have visited Bexhill, Guildford, Hastings and many suburban districts.

There is little doubt that these impudent charity crooks have secured a considerable sum from generous-hearted people who have been misled in the belief that they were assisting the "down and outs" who are cared for at the famous church in Trafalgar Square.

These bogus collectors, who are without credentials, are likely to be particularly active during the next few weeks, and it is to be hoped that philanthropic-minded people will be on their guard against this particularly mean form of swindling.

"*There's* **NOTHING** **I Can Eat**

—My Stomach is TOO UPSET"

—ten tragic words repeated day after day by thousands. But how many realise that their stomach is upset because it is *poisoned!* All too often the trouble arises *not* from a Weak Stomach but from a SLUGGISH SYSTEM. A huge number of people who suffer with their *Stomach* are really suffering from CONSTIPATION. Indeed, Constipation causes 90% of Everyday Ills—and stomach troubles are among its most prevalent symptoms.

If your life is being spoiled by Indigestion, take a dose of Beecham's Pills. You will soon discover that when your System is Regulated, your Stomach Trouble is Rectified!

That is just one of the reasons why Beecham's Pills are "Worth a Guinea a Box"! They remove the insidious cause of 90% of Everyday Ills and so banish a veritable host of distressing symptoms. Being purely vegetable in origin they act gently, safely and in a purely natural way. Stop fearing that your stomach is Weak, or your Constitution not robust! Take Beecham's Pills TO-NIGHT and put your Stomach right!

CONSTIPATION

is responsible for 90% of daily ills. It is the most prolific cause of

INDIGESTION
STOMACH PAINS
BILIOUSNESS
LIVERISHNESS
SLUGGISHNESS
HEADACHES
DEBILITY
LISTLESSNESS
NERVINESS
IMPURE BLOOD

If you suffer take Beecham's Pills!

Sold Everywhere

Beecham's PILLS

Worth A Guinea A Box

Are You **CHAINED TO YOUR CHAIR'**
by Agonising
BAD LEG?

CAN'T *go out . . .*
CAN'T *do the housework*
CAN'T *sleep . . .*

What is YOUR skin trouble? Whether it's just a Rash or a painful BAD LEG the Germolene tin holds CERTAIN Relief!

Agonising BAD LEG—cruellest of Skin Troubles! Chaining you mercilessly to your chair—crippling your every move—until at last pain-racked days and sleepless nights begin to undermine your HEALTH! Yet that suffering is unnecessary . . . there is a way to end it TO-DAY! A way that has been tested and PROVED by countless sufferers . . . .

You Must Get

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC Ointment

To SOOTHE—in ONE MINUTE! Just sixty short seconds and maddening Itch and Pain begin to disappear . . . VANISH! No Burning or Smarting!

To PENETRATE deep to the ROOT of the trouble . . . gently ejecting dangerous dirt and poisons, making the wound thoroughly clean, ready for Germolene

To HEAL in world's record time! The unique skin-and-tissue-building properties in Germolene Ointment build up new, healthy skin as clear as a child's! For BAD LEG, or ANY skin trouble, get back skin health by getting Germolene NOW!

For

CUTS, BURNS, ECZEMA, SCALDS, RASH, PILES, BAD LEGS, ULCERS, SORES. IMPETIGO. Etc.

Read These Sensational Stories of Germolene Skin Healing

Each of these letters is absolutely TRUE—every word was penned by men and women who suffered just like you are suffering! Follow their example—take the Germolene way to Skin Health!

BAD LEG *For five weeks I had a dreadful bad leg, the result of an accident. Nobody could give me anything to touch it—until I discovered* **Germolene Ointment. IT DID MORE GOOD THAN ALL OTHER TREATMENTS PUT TOGETHER;** *it ended my suffering and got me back to work in a week—and I am 62." Mr. R. Bedford, 13, St. Louis Road, West Norwood, S.E.27.*

RASH *"I had given up in despair trying to cure spots and blemishes all over my hands and face. Then* **I tried Germolene Ointment and they all vanished rapidly,** *and no fresh ones appeared."—(Miss) G.C., Beds.*

PILES *"Germolene has given me complete relief from a really terrible attack of PILES. Towards the end of last year I had a constant severe attack, prolonged over a couple of months. I had special advice and prescriptions without success—they told me an operation might be necessary! Then I saw your advertisement and decided to give Germolene Ointment a trial.* **The FIRST APPLICATION worked wonders**—*the irritation ceased, and within a week, Germolene had healed for good."—A.D., London.*

BURNS *"For seven weeks I suffered from very bad burns. For the first four weeks treatments did very little good. A friend of mine persuaded me to use Germolene* **and after the first two days** *an improvement was noticed. I have used altogether only two tins, and I am now practically better. Owing to the serious wound, I* **was afraid they would leave scars,** *but I am pleased indeed to tell you* **that they have healed without one."** *—A. Winpenny, 4, Stanningley Road, Armley, Leeds.*

It's the ASEPTIC ACTION that does it!

Germolene

Brand

ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3 & 3/-

GERMOLENE *medicated* **TOILET SOAP**

Skin Beauty depends upon Skin HEALTH. Germolene Medicated Toilet Soap, charged with Germolene Ointment's unique soothing and healing properties, not only tones and cleanses the skin but keeps it free from unsightly blemishes. Try a tablet to-day and give your complexion the radiant bloom that comes only from health.

6D Per Tablet

A ROOM for TWO —Infamous Sentence

ONE of the saddest men in Britain to-day must be Mr. Reuben William Brown, who is being sheltered by friends at Beaumont Road, Leicester.

For more than half a century the city of Leicester has had no better and more respectable citizens than Mr. Brown and his wife. Their lives have now in a few months been wrecked by a veritable avalanche of personal and domestic tragedy.

Eight years ago the seeds of the present disaster were sown. Until then Mr. Brown had prospered as the owner of a builder's business which had been founded by his father seventy years before.

In consequence of performing contracts for which he failed to obtain payment of large sums, he was driven to bankruptcy. The misfortune brought his business to a standstill, but Mr. Brown's personal reputation was unaffected locally where the circumstances were well known.

He and his wife determined that the creditors of the business should eventually be paid in full. Fortunately he was able to continue in occupation of his workshops and the large house which had also been the home of his parents for many years.

Mr. William Brown, brought to ruin by an unjust charge

Fighting back

Content to live in a single room themselves while struggling to recover solvency and the former prestige of the family business, Mr. and Mrs. Brown turned their home into a boarding-house. They also began some small business efforts, buying and selling pictures, books and the like.

No opportunity was lost or thought too small in the fight to wipe out the bankruptcy. After eight years of endeavour in which they never spared themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Brown saw their purpose being achieved and their future apparently becoming secure.

Then, a few months ago, a hideous storm broke upon them. They have since been swept by it to the deepest depths of ruin.

Late one night there came to the Browns' house a man and woman of respectable appearance. They stated they were husband and wife, and travelling North, had missed a connecting train at Leicester station, where they had been recommended to seek a night's lodging from Mr. Brown.

The house, it may be mentioned, was close to the station, and, although the Browns depended almost entirely on permanent guests, it was not unusual for stranded late travellers to be sent to them by the railway officials for accommodation.

A room was provided for this couple, who gave their supposed married name and made their *bona fides* seem stronger by mentioning the time of their morning train and arranging for breakfast to be served before departure.

Arrested!

Ten minutes after the man and woman had been admitted to the house, two police officers in plain clothes appeared at the door and asked to see the new arrivals.

After the interview, the detectives told Mr. Brown that the couple were not married, and they ordered him to accompany them to the police station.

There Mr. Brown was charged with keeping a disorderly house, and he was kept all night in a cell.

Next morning he appeared in court and was fined £20 and £2 costs.

JOHN BULL has examined all the evidence presented against Mr. Brown. He should not have been convicted upon it. Almost any hotel or boarding-house proprietor would be liable to sentence upon testimony of the kind.

It amounted to nothing more in effect than that on five or six occasions the police had seen people enter or leave the house and a description of the periods at which lights appeared or were extinguished in different rooms.

Missing couple

Every incident related was capable of innocent explanation. There was no evidence whatever of immorality with the consent or knowledge of Mr. Brown.

Nor was there any evidence that the people seen entering and leaving were not ordinary residents or persons calling upon him in connection with the secondary business in the buying and selling of books and pictures which he conducted at home and which was publicly known by small advertisements in local newspapers.

Not one of these people was produced in court nor any information given regarding them which could have led to their discovery and the elucidation of satisfactory explanations.

Even the man and woman who had come to the house for lodging on the previous night were not brought into court, and to this day Mr. Brown has no knowledge of them beyond what they told him when they arrived.

Lawyers who have since had the facts before them are also satisfied that if Mr. Brown had known anything about court procedure or had obtained the slightest legal help the terrible charge against him would have been speedily dismissed.

But Mr. Brown had never been in a court before. He entered the dock, after the night in the cells, dazed and bewildered, at the back of his mind the idea that later in the day he would be able to see a solicitor and everything would come right.

He was too overcome to speak or even to attempt to question the nature of the evidence. Before he could realise what had happened in the brief case, he was convicted and sentenced. Even when the magistrates gave their finding he did not comprehend.

Upon leaving the court Mr. Brown collapsed and for weeks he was in bed ill.

Mrs. Brown, too, became prostrate with shock.

A period of grace had been allowed for the payment of the £22 penalty. Mr. Brown paid £7 by instalments and then offered a further £5.

It was refused, and he was told by the police that he must pay the whole balance of £15 forthwith or go to prison.

He explained in vain that, in consequence of his struggle to retrieve business solvency he had no funds, and that, worse still, his boarding-house business had now been completely lost because all his guests had left after the conviction.

He was taken off to jail and was a prisoner for seven weeks.

In that time he learned by letter from his wife, who was still stricken by shock and becoming worse in condition, that the owners of the house and workshops were seeking possession and had put the bailiffs into their home.

On leaving prison Mr. Brown challenged the seizure and succeeded in having the bailiffs withdrawn.

Asylum end

But all these blows falling so heavily proved too much for his distraught wife to endure. Mrs. Brown lost her reason. She had to be certified as insane and removed to an asylum, where she is now detained.

Then the landlords went to court and obtained an order for possession of the Browns' home. They alleged that the quarterly rent payments were £5 in arrears, but it was not for this comparatively small sum that they demanded an ejectment order. It was because of Mr. Brown's conviction.

The application for his eviction became, in fact, practically a restatement of the evidence for the prosecution in the police court case. The police were called to relate the facts again. Mr. Brown was convicted, and that was the end of it.

"This has driven my wife insane and is driving me insane," cried Mr. Brown to the court. "I think it will finish me. I plead with you for mercy."

His cry was unavailing.

Prison-tainted

The order was granted, and Mr. Brown was evicted from the house which he and his parents before him had occupied for so many years.

Homeless, bearing the taint of prison, all his business gone, and his wife insane in an asylum, Mr. Brown is now himself a physical wreck.

This terrible tide of tragedy cannot be stemmed until the Home Secretary calls for the papers relating to the prosecution of this broken man.

When he does so, there can be no doubt that the conviction, at least, will be erased and a gleam of humanity and justice will penetrate the darkness that has fallen upon the lives of these elderly people.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THIS STRUGGLE

THAT clever thinker, Mr. C. E. M. Joad, says in a recent publication: "A river never flows so strongly as when, confined within the narrow banks of a gorge, it meets and overcomes the obstacles of a rocky bed."

The lesson he enforces by this striking illustration is that effort and struggle are necessary if life is to develop its innate powers. He affirms that it is quite an illusion to suppose that it is a good thing to be able to escape the strain and burden of existence and live in ease and luxury.

"It is for this reason that those of us who by some chance of birth or circumstance are removed from the immediate incentive to effort and struggle—aristocrats, for example, or lap-dogs—degenerate and ultimately die out."

The sarcastic reference to the aristocrats is not always deserved; but the cases in which it is undeserved help to prove Mr. Joad's point, for they consist of persons like Lord Cecil who spend their lives in fighting hard for the sake of objects in which they believe. Lord Cecil believes in disarmament, and no man works harder in its cause.

The best kind of life possible to us not only involves a considerable amount of effort and struggle, but of effort and struggle put forth for other than merely selfish ends.

What a man does for himself alone brings little personal satisfaction; what he does for those he loves or for the common good brings a rich reward in the strengthening of character and the attainment of what Dean Inge calls a pure kind of happiness.

The possession of a disinterested purpose to do what one can for the increase of human welfare, even if it aims at no more than bringing up our children well, is a powerful motive in human concerns.

I believe that most people—certainly all right-minded people—are continually acting in ways from which they expect no personal profit and to win gains for posterity which they themselves will not even live to see.

The coral polyp lives its little day and builds and dies. In like manner every high-minded man and woman is glad to contribute something to sweeten and enrich the life of future generations.

A pathetic letter reached me recently from a harassed widow who reads JOHN BULL week by week. She has had a hard struggle to make ends meet since her husband died; but she is looking forward to the day when her boy, now growing up, and who exhibits promise of being an affectionate and dutiful son, may be able to help her and give her an easier time.

Well, if I were she I would not bank on it too much. Her boy may never be able to do what she hopes he will. And, even if he be able, the claims of Mother Nature may demand to be satisfied: it is quite likely that he may fall in love and get married; it usually happens.

So keep on, brave mother, and don't fret if the good time you dream of never comes. In loving and guiding your boy you are finding a greater good than a lonely inactivity could ever give you. And with it you can also have a greater contentment and peace of mind.

Why does Bourn-vita give me BETTER SLEEP *and more energy?*

REMARKABLE NEW EVIDENCE

that Bourn-vita is better for sleep and energy

The digestibility and "digestive power" of a food-drink determine, very largely, its ability to help you to sleep. And here are authoritative figures showing the "digestive power" of Bourn-vita as compared with that of the other leading food-drinks. These figures are provided by a famous Professor of Biochemistry who has conducted an independent research into this important subject in the bio-chemical laboratories of one of our largest Universities, submitting all the food-drinks in question to the standard "diastatic value" test. "Diastase" is the scientific name given to the natural digestive which is found in malt.

— RESULT OF TEST —

Diastatic power of **BOURN-VITA** . . . . **49.8** (*Lintner value*)

Diastatic power of Next Highest - - **29.0** (*Lintner value*)

Diastatic power of the lowest 2.2: the average of the eight tested being 12.1.

Note the immense superiority of Bourn-vita

SCIENCE says Bourn-vita does this because it is the richest of all the food-drinks in "digestive power." And a noted Professor of Biochemistry provides striking figures *proving* this.
See the remarkable evidence in the panel above.

HOW BOURN-VITA BRINGS THIS BETTER SLEEP

In everyday terms what this means is—that when you drink your delicious bedtime cup of Bourn-vita it does a few wonderful things almost immediately. It calms you and soothes you, draws the blood from your tired brain to your digestive system—and at the same time it relieves your digestion of overwork.
That is to say, Bourn-vita is able (because of its superior "digestive power") to eliminate the conditions which conspire to prevent you *going* to sleep, and *remaining* asleep.

HOW BOURN-VITA MAKES NEW ENERGY

With your nerves and brain at rest, your digestion happy and comfortable, you sleep soundly. And while you are so sound asleep, your system is able to absorb every atom of the wonderful energy-giving nourishment which Bourn-vita's scientifically combined ingredients provide—the British malt, fresh milk, new-laid eggs and chocolate. That's why you wake with so much *more* energy next morning. Start the bedtime Bourn-vita habit to-night.

MAKE THIS TEST AT HOME...

Put one tablespoonful of flour in a teacup and mix to a cream with a little cold water. Pour on boiling water to fill the cup and stir to give a thick jelly. When this is just cool enough to bear the hand on it, stir in a teaspoonful of Bourn-vita. Let it stand a short time and you will note the thick jelly becoming a thin watery fluid. *Bourn-vita is digesting it*—just as it digests (or helps to digest) the food in your stomach, when you drink a cup at bedtime.

CADBURY'S

BOURN-VITA

for SLEEP *and* ENERGY

¼ LB. 9d., ½ LB. 1/5.
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

Financial Prophet to SHUN

Do the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange puzzle you? Messrs. Percy Bennett offer to make it all—oh, so very clear for you

Weekly Informations from

Sir Wyndham CHILDS

QUEER things happen in the world of finance, and I am interested in a comparatively new firm of stockbrokers glorying in the name of Percy Bennett and Co., of Copthall House, Copthall Avenue, E.C.2.

This company, which was registered as a business name for the usual fee of five shillings on January 27, 1933, is already busy circularising investors throughout the country, and is offering advice free, gratis and for nothing.

Such generosity is laudable, but I must urge investors to hesitate before accepting the advice of Messrs. Percy Bennett and Co.

What particular credentials Mr. Albert Victor Allen, who is registered as the proprietor of this business, has for this terribly difficult task of advising investors, I have yet to learn.

This comparatively new company, with Mr. A. V. Allen at its head, is housed in a small suite of offices in Copthall House, which is within a stone's-throw of the Stock Exchange.

"Trust us"

The letter headings of Messrs. Percy Bennett and Co. are impressive, and the publication issued by the firm, with the title of "Investments," which is sent to prospective clients, is an imposing looking production printed on exceptionally good paper, and gives the impression, as it is doubtless intended to do, of solidity if not opulence.

This publication is distributed gratuitously among clients of the firm and their friends.

"Its contents," says a special announcement, "are prepared by the literary and technical staff of Percy Bennett and Co., and serve as a measure of the ability and financial knowledge at the service of clients."

An appeal is also made to readers who benefit from information published in its pages that they should reciprocate by entrusting a portion of their business with the firm.

An anonymous feature article in this publication is titled, "As We See It In The 'House,'" which purports to be first-class Stock Exchange information.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," says the writer of this special article.

"Practically every list of investments submitted to the broker for overhaul and advice convinces him that the public loses more money from that little knowledge which is so dangerous a thing than from all other causes put together," continues this expert.

Imposing list

"Day by day and week by week, markets ceaselessly fluctuate and each day's movements signal a host of buying and selling and buying orders for important reasons which may often be deduced by careful thought.

"To the vast majority those signals convey nothing and opportunity is ignored."

In fact, the average reader of this publication will gain the impression that this recently-formed company is prepared to lead him along the narrow path towards prosperity, if he will act "upon sound advice when received."

In the circumstances, it is perhaps unfortunate that the glass-panelled door of Percy Bennett and Co.'s office gives away the information that it is also the home of the following companies:

Saxon Securities (Amalgamated), Ltd.
Saxon Securities Trust, Ltd.
Second Saxon Securities Trust.
Universal and General Securities, Ltd.
Trinidad Oil Lands.

This list must seem quite imposing to the chance caller at the office, who may be unaware that a number of companies in this list have disastrous histories.

From the reports of members of my staff, I find that Saxon Securities, Ltd., was created from the wreckage of Copan Oilfields, Ltd.

Another disaster

Saxon Securities, Ltd., began operations in 1925 with a nominal capital of £1,000, but investors up and down the country were persuaded with rosy promises to put hard cash into this wretched concern until the capital was swollen to the figure of £75,000.

This company, it is interesting to note, was at one period housed at Moorgate Hall, Moorgate, E.C.2. Later it removed to Copthall House, Copthall Avenue, E.C.2, which is the home of Messrs. Percy Bennett and Co.

Saxon Securities crashed, to the ruination of many small investors, and was voluntarily wound-up in 1929.

Another company in this group, Second Saxon Securities Trust, was built up on the ruins of the Standard Oil Company of Mexico. Second Saxon Securities was formed in April, 1926, with a nominal capital of £1,000.

Again the share-pushing contingents marched up and down the country in search of small investors, with the result that the capital of this company had increased to £70,000 in 1928.

This concern was also housed for a time at Moorgate Hall, and later in Copthall House.

Odd figures

Disaster overtook Second Securities in December, 1929, when it was voluntarily wound-up.

Not daunted by the disastrous fate of these two companies, the financial geniuses behind the scenes decided in February, 1930, to establish Saxon Securities (Amalgamated), Ltd., with a nominal capital of £61,000.

This new company had a bad first year's business, for I find in the balance-sheet for the year ending May 31, 1931, that £39,230 3s. 6d. was lost on the sale of investments.

Bad debts written off amounted to £8,019 14s. 1d., while investments written off accounted for £3,272 17s. 9d. The total loss, plus expenses, for the year amounted to £54,225 16s. 5d.

In the balance-sheet for the year 1932 I find that this £61,000 company had the large sum of £6 3s. 10d. in cash at the bank.

Enough here to give some idea of the trail of ruin and disaster that has been left behind by these Saxon Security companies whose names now adorn the door of the premises of Messrs. Percy Bennett and Co., stockbrokers, of Copthall House, Copthall Avenue, E.C.2.

As these offices must be haunted by unfortunate investors who have lost their all in Saxon Security companies, is it not surprising to find the Percy Bennett Company offering to "advise" the investing public?

Not inspiring

In an issue of its publication, "Investments," which lies on my desk, I notice that reports of sound and well-established companies are displayed prominently, obviously with the idea of creating a good impression.

Printed forms are also enclosed, headed in large type, "Revise Your Investments," and containing the following generous offer:

"Percy Bennett and Co. are prepared to examine carefully lists of investments and to give investors the full benefit of their expert knowledge and organisation, to keep investors advised whenever circumstances arise to affect capital values . . . and whenever desirable to indicate how capital values may be enhanced and income increased."

All of which seems extremely altruistic on the part of this recently established company, registered for the usual fee of five shillings.

I can only urge investors to tread carefully in their dealings with Messrs. Percy Bennett and Co. The fact that this office is also the grave of the various Saxon Securities concerns does not inspire confidence.

Tricky Antique Dealer

A BUSY antique dealer is touring the country and finding a large number of victims who have been hypnotised by his clever flow of talk and magnetic eyes into giving him money in advance for antiques which never arrive.

On some of his cards this brazen adventurer describes himself as F. R. Wilson, antique dealer and art expert, of Brackley.

In the interests of variety he sometimes uses the aliases of Frank Reverend Merchant, Frank Reverend Beecroft and Frank Rivers. But whichever alias he happens to be using his methods are invariably the same.

He drives up to the best hotel in the town in an expensive car and proceeds to impress the proprietor with his talk of famous art collectors he has known.

* * *

Having established confidence, he discusses antiques, and later offers to supply some really choice copies of the work of Chippendale and Sheraton. In fact, he will supply the originals if necessary.

He describes with a wealth of feeling how, owing to the depression, he has been compelled to take to the road, and is visiting many towns looking up old clients and making the acquaintance of new ones.

If there is an outstanding local notability in the district possessing a title, he will claim him in conversation as an old friend and client.

His victim has by this time been impressed by the manner and appearance of Wilson and gives him an order for antiques which are to be delivered at an early date.

When the order has been duly noted in his pocket-book, Wilson charmingly explains that as business conditions are so difficult, he would consider it a great favour if a deposit could be paid at once.

* * *

The cash is handed over, Wilson disappears and his victim waits hopefully for the arrival of the promised antiques.

They are never delivered and Wilson continues his campaign in other towns.

During the past few weeks he has visited Sheffield, Chesterfield, Plymouth, Worcester, Hull and Exeter.

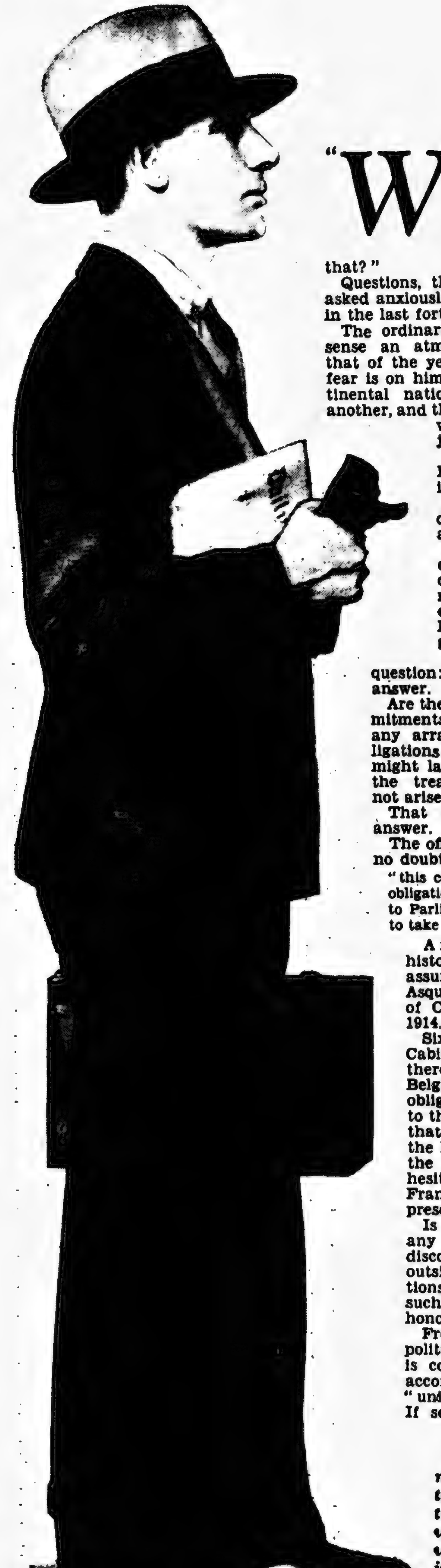
At each town he has victimised hotel proprietors, tradesmen and private residents who have been impressed by his grand manner and his plausible tongue.

They have all spent a long period in waiting for the promised antiques to arrive, but most of them have now abandoned hope.

Meanwhile Wilson, using one or other of his aliases, is continuing his tour of the country and finding fresh victims.

Shall We G

—the AN



"WILL there be another European war? Shall we be dragged in? Do we have to join in? What about Locarno and all that?"

Questions, these, that have been asked anxiously over and over again in the last fortnight.

The ordinary man has begun to sense an atmosphere queerly like that of the years before 1914: the fear is on him that again the Continental nations may fly at one another, and that, somehow or other, we are committed to join in.

"Are we committed? Do we have to join in?"

Really there is a double question to answer there.

What are the known, definite, explicit treaty commitments which mean that, in certain eventualities, Great Britain would have to go to war?

That is the first question: easy enough to answer.

Are there, beyond these commitments, any understandings, any arrangements, any "obligations of honour" that might land us in war even if the treaty commitments did not arise?

That is vastly harder to answer.

The official reply to it would, no doubt, be that:

> "this country is not under any obligation not public and known to Parliament which compels it to take part in a war."

A famous phrase that, an historic phrase. It is the assurance which Mr. Asquith gave to the House of Commons on June 11, 1914.

Six weeks later the Cabinet was told—before there was any invasion of Belgium—that we had "an obligation of honour to go to the support of France"; that 'it would be fatal to the honour and security of the United Kingdom to hesitate in supporting France and Russia at the present juncture."

Is there any possibility, any chance of suddenly discovering again that, outside the Treaty obligations, there is again such an "obligation of honour"?

French Ministers, French politicians claim that there is complete Anglo-French accord, that there is a "united front." Is there? If so, what is it? Does it simply mean agreement on the immediate issues of the Disarmament Conference, or does it mean more? Are we drifting into a new "Entente" that involves, like the old one, an implied pledge of alliance, of armed support in the event of war?

Have there been this year, as in the pre-war years, diplomatic "conversations," general staff "conversations," assurances that, in Lord Loreburn's phrase, "put the seal of honour on an unrecorded duty."

The American Government has declared that the United States is:

> "in no wise politically allied to any European Power. Any unity of purpose that has existed is purely in the domain of world disarmament."

Why not a similar declaration by the British Government?

The plain man wants to know; he has a right to know.

The ordinary man, on his way to his job, pauses to wonder: "If war comes shall we have to join in; shall I see myself in khaki again?"

Two vital documents

He wants to be assured, not in some deliberately evasive phrase like the Asquith one, but definitely and firmly that:

> In no case and in no circumstances will Great Britain join in a European war except:
>
> (a) In self-defence against an actual attack upon Great Britain or the Empire;
>
> (b) In fulfilment of the existing obligations set out in the known and published treaties.

What are those obligations? To just what do the treaties commit us? In just what circumstances do they bind us to go to war?

There are two documents that matter—the League Covenant and the Treaty of Locarno. A third that is sometimes mentioned—the Dardanelles Convention of 1923—is of no consequence.

First, then, our obligations under the Covenant.

This is a treaty like no other. Its obligations are like those of no other. There is in it no question of "joining in a war" in the sense of taking sides with A against B or B against A. It is a question of joining with the whole League (which was intended to be, should be, and may yet be the whole world) in joint "police" action against a disturber of the peace.

The League was created at the end of the war "in order"—as the Covenant declares—"to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security."

Now, in a Society of Nations (the excellent official French title of the League), as in a society of individuals, there are just two ways of "achieving peace."

The one, is that every member should be made to feel it his duty to keep the peace. The second is that the whole society should join in repressing any member who disturbs it.

In a single country, under normal conditions, the object is easily achieved. The citizens, the "members," are unarmed. The only organised force is in the hands of the State, which settles disputes, if need be, by its overriding authority, and which itself deals at once, by its police, with a disturber.

One day we shall be sane enough to do that internationally as well. There will develop out of the League a world authority, with a world police force. And there would be no other armed forces.

But it was impossible to suggest such a thing seriously in 1919. National pride, national jealousy, a passionate clinging to "sovereignty" and "independence" were—and still are—all too strong.

So the League system was built not on the idea of pooling all the world forces, but on the idea of a pledge by every State to join in common action against an aggressor.

It is that pledge to which Great Britain, in signing the Covenant, subscribed. It is the basis of the whole idea of the League. And it is the only foundation on which a sane new order can possibly be built.

It is a pledge worth taking and worth keeping. For it really is, if loyally observed, a safeguard against peace-breaking; it, or something very like it, is the only alternative to international anarchy.

Just what are these pledges to which we subscribed in 1919?

The essential ones are two in number.

First, under Article X, every member State undertakes "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League."

But since the Article goes on to say that "the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled," since the Council's advice must be unanimous, and since the United Kingdom has a permanent seat on the Council, it will be seen that this Article, though implying a responsibility, does not commit us automatically to any action, still less to war.

Economic war

Article XVI is, however, more precise. It is the Article which provides for the famous "sanctions" against an aggressor:

> "Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its Covenants, it shall *pro facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the Covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial and personal intercourse between the nationals of the Covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not."

There is a definite obligation. In the event of a State "resorting to war in disregard of its covenants," we are bound to regard it as at war with ourselves, and—in common with all other members of the League—to submit it to a complete boycott and economic blockade.

Technically that is "war." But there is no binding obligation to take any other measures, to use armed force against the offender.

Here the Article is very circumspect. Its second paragraph runs:

> "It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to *recommend* to the several Governments concerned what

Go to War?

NSWER

effective military, naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the Covenants of the League."

The intention to use armed force is plain enough. But no Government is *bound* to take part in military or naval operations, or to send a single ship or a single man. The Council has only power to recommend. Each Government retains absolute and sovereign right to decide whether, and to what extent, it will join in armed action against the aggressor.

From one point of view, that is a grave weakness in the Covenant. From another point of view, it is an enormous lightening of our pledged commitments.

Need not fight

But, whatever view you may take of it, whether you approve or disapprove the fact that the obligation is not binding, the fact itself is there.

The only definite obligation which the Covenant imposes upon us is that we shall take part in a general economic and financial boycott and blockade of a Covenant-breaking aggressor. There is no definite obligation to take part in any fighting.

The suggestion—so often made—that the Covenant places the British Fleet at the disposal of a Council mostly composed of small Powers is just malignant nonsense.

They are commitments which mean no "taking of sides," no joining in European or other quarrels, but simply and solely to participation in joint action, the fear of which, it is hoped, will suffice to deter any State from "resorting to war in disregard of its covenants."

They are an essential part of the attempt—halting and incomplete at present—to "achieve international peace and security" by substituting the Law of the League for the Anarchy of the Powers.

So much for the Covenant. The obligations of Locarno are of quite another kind. So is the treaty.

There is no question here of joint action by all the world against a law-breaking State. It is definitely a question of Britain joining, in certain circumstances, in a Franco-German war, on one side or the other.

It might have been worse. It might have been—very nearly was—a one-sided treaty by which Britain promised, in the event of a German aggression, to "immediately place herself at the side of France with her naval, military and air forces."

Ever since America rejected the Versailles Treaty and the Anglo-American guarantees in it automatically lapsed, the French had been demanding some guarantee of security—which always meant a firm pledge of British military assistance in a German war. And the Foreign Office was always convinced that if France got this she would be conciliatory on Reparations, conciliatory on Disarmament, conciliatory on everything—so that France and Germany would settle down contentedly.

In January, 1922, at Cannes, Mr. Lloyd George offered the pledge of full assistance just quoted. M. Poincaré was not satisfied, wanted more—including a military agreement between the general staffs—and got nothing.

Three years later the Foreign Office was at it again, recommending to the Cabinet a "unilateral" pact with France. The Cabinet, now alarmed at the prospect of "driving Germany into the arms of Russia," turned it down in favour of Stresemann's two-sided pact.

France wanted "security," Germany wanted disarmament and the evacuation of the Rhineland. Britain wanted to draw Germany "westward," away from Russia. Italy wanted to assert her "status" as a Great Power.

Arms tangle

Out of that tangle of arms "Locarno" was evolved. The "treaty of mutual guarantee" was initialled at Locarno in October, 1925, and signed a little later in London, by the Four Powers and Belgium.

Germany and France (and Germany and Belgium) undertake in no case to "attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other." But France reserves the right to take "immediate action" if Germany moves troops into the "demilitarised zone" of the Rhineland. Also they agree to submit all disputes to arbitration or conciliation.

So far, so good. But the crux of the matter is Article IV.

If neither Germany nor France or Belgium, alleges that she has been attacked (or that there has been a breach of the Versailles Articles creating the demilitarised zone in Germany), the matter goes before the Council of the League.

If the Council is satisfied that the allegation is justified, Great Britain and Italy

> "will each of them come immediately to the assistance of the Power against whom the act complained of is directed."

Moreover, if the violation is "flagrant." the assistance must be given "immediately," without waiting for the Council, "as soon as the said Power has been able to satisfy itself that this violation constitutes an unprovoked act of aggression, and that by reason either of the crossing of the frontier or of the outbreak of hostilities or of the assembly of armed forces in the demilitarised zone immediate action is necessary."

Slight safeguard

The phrases about each Power "satisfying itself" is a slight, but a very slight, safeguard. The clear meaning of the Treaty is that if either France or Germany attacks the other (of if Germany reoccupies her demilitarised zone) we have *got to join in.*

There is another aspect of the Treaty worth stressing.

The obligations we have under the League Covenant are fully shared by all the Dominions, which are equally members of the League.

But the obligations of Locarno are not. Canada and South Africa especially were very critical of the whole proceeding. And it is by no means certain that they would regard themselves as bound to join in a "Locarno" war.

However, for good or ill, there the Treaty is. The optimistic expectations of the Foreign Office that it would satisfy French desires for security, and so bring calm in Europe, have been disappointed. France has been explaining ever since that she must have still further "guarantees of security" if she is to reduce her armaments or give Germany the "equality of status" which she demands.

The "spirit of Locarno" has long since evaporated. But the Treaty remains, and its obligations remain. And there is no provision for renouncing it.

Locarno obligations. League obligations. These are the only two European commitments we have. The Dardanelles Treaty merely binds us to take part in any action on which the Council of the League may decide for the securing of the "freedom of the Straits"; but that goes without saying: and the decision must be unanimous.

Outside Europe there is a treaty of alliance with Iraq, a treaty of alliance with Egypt. The obligation to defend them against attack continues, though the Mandate and the Protectorate have been abolished.

But in Europe there are just these two: the League Covenant and the Locarno Treaty.

Outside them — unless there is general League action against an aggressor, or unless the special case provided for in the Locarno Treaty arises—there is absolutely no reason why this country should join in, or be dragged into, a European war.

Only one thing can "drag us in." That is the reason that "dragged us in" in 1914.

One answer

It is that a foolish diplomacy may involve us in European intrigues and European squabbles, may commit us to one side or the other, may manœuvre us into a situation in which we can suddenly be told "Your honour is involved. Off with you to the trenches."

It is against diplomacy of that kind—the diplomacy that brought war in 1914—that the country ought to set its face firmly—and to let the Foreign Office know that it has done so.

Whatever the diplomats or the admirals or the generals want, the mass of the people want peace, and they want disarmament. And they do not want war..

The country will honour its obligations under the Covenant—since on the Covenant, and on the League alone is there any hope of building a system that will mean peace for the world.

It must honour its Locarno obligations, since the promise has been publicly given and publicly ratified.

But outside these, to any suggestion of participating, on any ground of pretext whatever, in a European war, there can be only one answer.

That answer is No, and No!

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"SUCH A NOURISHING, EASILY DIGESTED FOOD," *says Mrs. BIRD, 24 St. Quintin Avenue, N. Kensington, London, W.10.*

"Apart from the pleasant flavour of Rowntree's Cocoa it's a *food*—and such a nourishing, easily digested food! It's a splendid before-bedtime drink for children."

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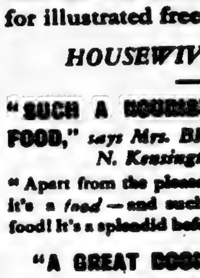
"There's no doubt this cocoa is a great boon for people with a weak digestion. My husband, who has to be very careful about what he eats, declares that Rowntree's Cocoa suits him down to the ground."

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

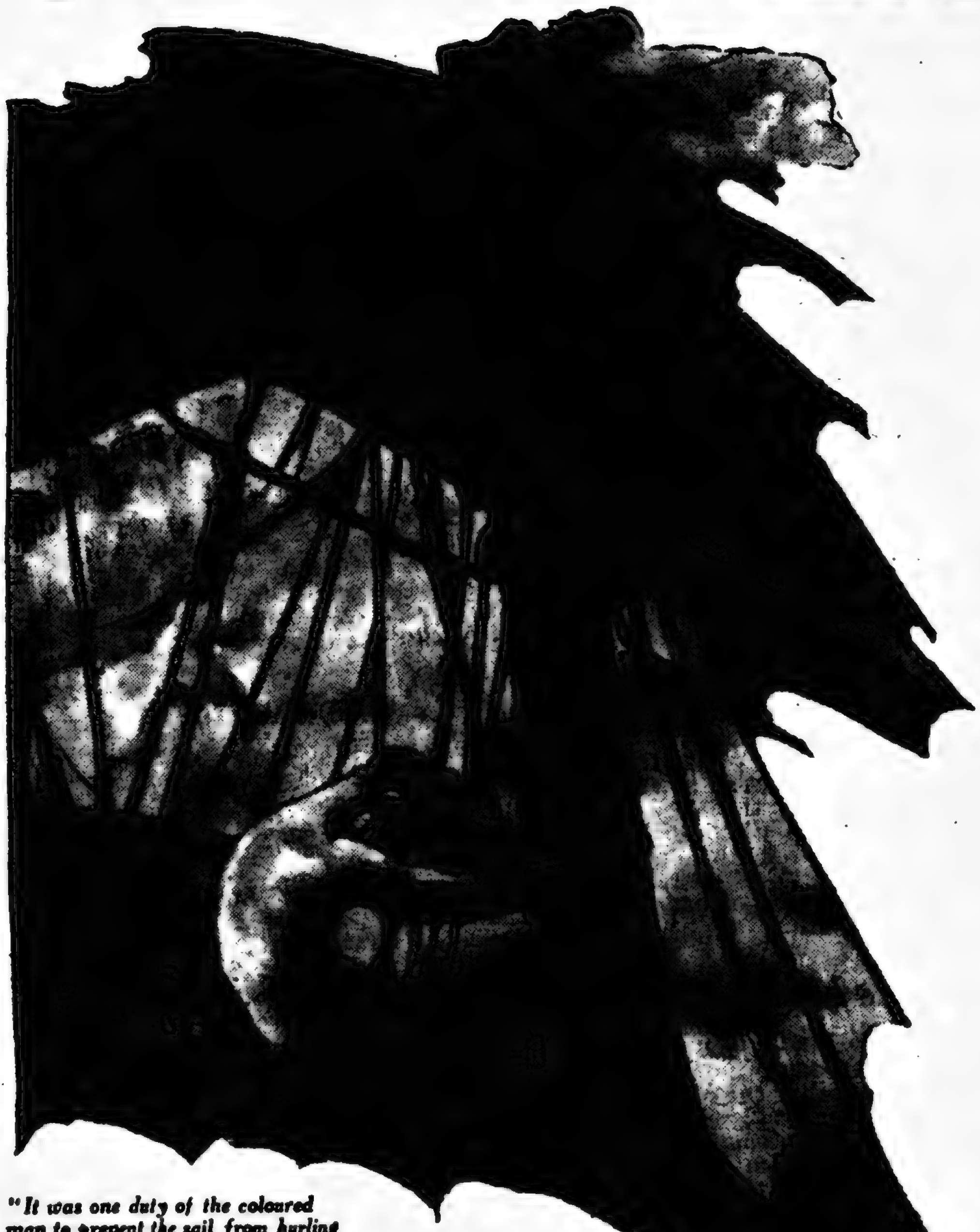


actually helps digestion

CO 3-142

"JOHN BULL"
Readers' Stories—59

DEFYING DEATH on a Cracking Mast



"It was one duty of the coloured man to prevent the sail from hurling me into the sea as I clung to my position"

THERE will probably be several of my readers who, like myself, have known the terror of being up among the royals of a frigate with the mast cracking and splintering ominously and threatening to throw them to the swaying deck 150 feet below.

Such an experience is not unique in the story of the sea.

But when I say that there was with me during that exploit a coloured seaman whose nerve had forsaken him, and who was a greater danger to me than the bellying sail that threatened to catapult me away from the ship, they will realise how great was my extremity.

Add to that the fact that I was a mere boy at the time, little used to scaling the rigging, and that there bawled and bellowed beneath me an officer who so hated me that I shall always believe that he tried to murder me on a later occasion, and they will see how near my experience was to a Jack London thrill come true.

I was not much more than sixteen at the time. I had joined the Navy at Bristol; been sent down to Plymouth; had had my kit stolen by the old-timers in the good old manner of the old-time Navy, and had taken my due punishment for losing it. Eventually I found myself at last allocated to H.M.S. *Ganges*, an old frigate.

WHILE I was still raw and untrained, the bos'n turned to me one day during a test drill and told me, with many expletives, to "go up to the truck."

I looked at the point indicated, 150 feet up, and felt a cold shudder go down my spine. I remember feeling how harsh an order it was—and yet it was a great compliment to me, if only I had realised it, for it was the practice of an old-type bos'n to pick out a lad of grit and spirit and put him on his mettle with an order of that kind. And they were never wrong in picking out the kind that would do it somehow.

I mention this incident because it was to save my life a little later in the experience I am going to describe.

With the bos'n's words ringing in my ears, I climbed from the decks over the shrouds and then into the fruttock rigging.

I looked down from there—a terrible mistake, I was to learn later—and felt my head swimming as my eye exaggerated the distance I would fall if I slipped.

Up, up I went, sometimes clinging to spars by snaking round them with my stomach, sometimes pulling myself up by the sheer grip of my hands on a cutting rope, and sometimes mounting ladders that swung and sagged and behaved as if it were their one mission in life to send me hurtling down into space.

At last the topmost rigging . . . the top of the gallant crosstrees . . . and finally up Jacob's ladder to the top gallant crosstrees.

Then, spent and exhausted, my limbs paralysed with tiredness and my hands all but raw, I was as high as the most practised seaman in the world could have climbed on that particular ship.

Finally I descended as I had gone up—but on the opposite side of the ship—to see the old bos'n looking at me with pride and telling me that he had never seen such a performance for a youngster.

But I am afraid I gave him the impression I had done it too easily. And so he was to pick me out, within a few days, for a duty that carried with it tremendous peril even for the most practised hand — the experience I have here set out to describe.

One morning, when the ship was swinging cheerfully, the bos'n's quick eye picked out a slight but growing fracture of the fore topmast, and decided to act at once.

He knew what was necessary, of course. He would have the air spilled out of all the canvas that might be tugging at the broken mast and so tend to make the fracture worse.

And he would send two skilful men aloft to reinforce the breaking mast with spars and clamps and prevent it from "fishing," as we describe the act of a mast when it breaks and topples over in the manner of a fishing-rod.

His keen blue eyes scouted round for two men and at once fell on a coloured seaman whose name I forget—a brilliant seaman in the ordinary way, I was to learn, but as yet untried in an emergency.

The figurehead of H.M.S. "Ganges"

AND then they roamed the deck again and settled on me! How promising a lad he must have thought me, to have picked me for such an emergency as this.

And so, at last, I found myself with my coloured shipmate, within a hand's reach of the broken mast, and depending on its holding for our very lives.

What happened it would be easier to tell in a sailor's language, but which you wouldn't understand unless used to such phrases.

It was necessary, for one thing, to bring the gallant down, or spill the air out of a sail that almost catapulted us away from where we sat.

And to do this one of us had to be at leeward, by far the more dangerous position of the two, and the other at windward, a comparatively safe position.

As a mere boy who had gone aloft with an experienced seaman, and knowing that many coloured sailors are brave and skilful—whatever many people may think to the contrary—I chose the safer position. But then I heard an

(Continued on page 28)

They all say the same

14th Sept. 1933.
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Dear Sirs,

I had a Pertrix 120-volt battery which gave me eight months continuous and uncomplaining service. Not content with that, I chose for its successor another make. It has been in use for only 3½ months, and despite the fact that my set has not been used to the same extent owing to the summer season, it is practically petered out.

I suppose one pays for experience, and it would appear that it is to be 'Pertrix' next time and always.

Yours faithfully,
F. B.

Cardiff
20th March 1933.

Dear Sir,

As a matter of interest I should like to record my experience with one of your Super-Capacity Batteries which I purchased in May 20, 1932. My set is a home-made one and employs three valves. Up to the present time, therefore, I have had the Battery exactly ten months and there is still sufficient power to "rope" in stations at good Loud-Speaker strength.

Yours faithfully,
W.C.

Birmingham
September 1933.

Dear Sirs,

May I be allowed submit a little item which may of interest to you. On April 1st 1931, I made a purchase of o of your well-known Pertrix H.T. Batteries (99 volt price 13/-) from a local dealer which has been i constant use more or les every day ever since an it was only this weel that it gave out

Yours truly,
H.M.

..longer life from these batteries!

Letters beyond number, from all parts of the country, tell how Pertrix Batteries have lasted until they become sources of wonder. If you could read all these letters, you would be convinced that Pertrix Batteries really have put up records for long life. Yet you still wouldn't be any wiser as to *why*.

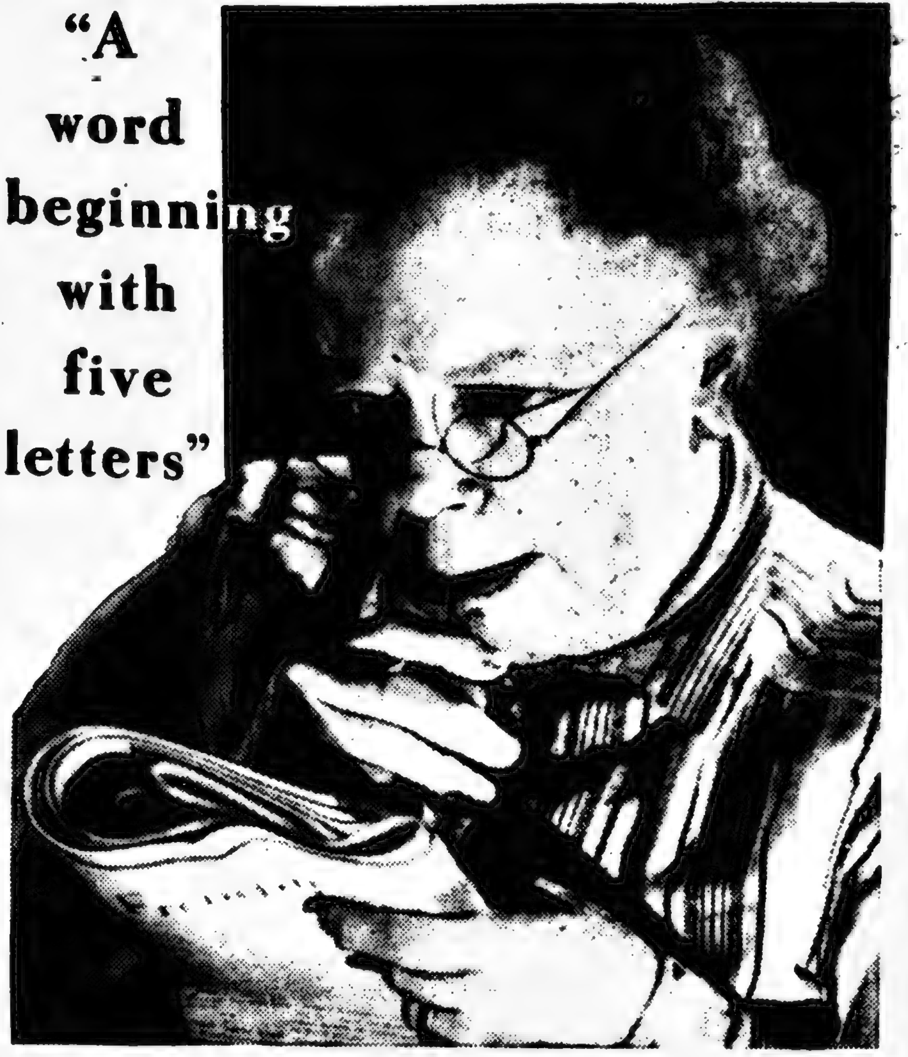
The reason is that Pertrix Batteries are non-sal-ammoniac. They are the only batteries using a patent ***neutral*** electrolyte which cannot rot the zinc cells. There is no 'shorting' between the cells—and no resistance crystals to clog the current. Instead of wasting away, when the set is idle, a Pertrix actually recovers power. ***Now you know how and why, make your next battery a Pertrix!***

FIT PERTRIX *FOR GOOD*

TRADE MARK

British Made by Britannia Batteries Ltd., 233 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

"A word beginning with five letters"



'and the first letter's an R . . . perhaps it's one of those funny Australian birds they're always coming out with . . . and a rook isn't long enough. Now then, Emma Rawlins, use your 'ead a bit! That word across . . . "—and lemons" it says. That's oranges! R and O . . . R and O . . . raven . . . redbreast . . . why, of course it's Robin. Me to forget that and Robin Starch 'as been the making of me. Why, I'd be flummoxed without Robin. There's no sticking with my iron and it does me good to look at the finish I get . . . and I've even time for these dratted cross-word puzzlers.'

ROBIN STARCH *is mixed in a wink. The gloss is in it—you add nothing but water. With either hot or cold starching you get a professional finish.*

Castols

NO MORE CASTOR OIL

The safe, pleasant aperient for children and adults, approved by 24 years' experience. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary. Not habit-forming. Everybody needs a laxative occasionally—and everybody likes Castols. You will find them really good.

One Castol (three sections) is a dose for an adult. One or two sections for children according to age.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
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FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW**

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All-steel Chassis, Special Coil Circuit using iron-cored radio frequency coils, Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker of advanced design and natural tone, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Cabinet size 17 x 10¼ x 8¾in. with beautifully figured Walnut front. Price complete with Batteries & Aerial Equipment, Carriage Paid £6.16.0

Terms: 8/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS. Catalogue Free. Radio sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Hand Pans, Super-Het Sets, etc.

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Nature Conquers Constipation

NEW BOTANIC DISCOVERY

John Bull Readers' Opportunity for Special Personal Trial

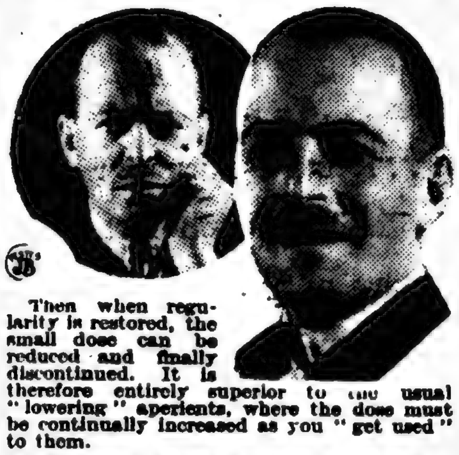
A HEALTH Discovery which affects 9 out of 10 men and women has just been made, and readers of "John Bull" are privileged to be amongst the first to benefit—by a trial at half-price—from a wonderful new natural Remedy.

Real Radiant Health with Robust Mental and Physical Energy, returns when the blood is gently cleansed of impurities by Dr. Gilley's Herbal Laxative.

Indigestion, Liverishness, Headaches, Depression, Skin Defects, Rheumatism, Giddiness, Boils and numerous other troubles are known to be caused and aggravated by Constipation and Delayed Bowel Action.

After a great deal of experimenting, a Botanist has discovered a blend of natural herbs, free from drugs, salts or medicine of any kind, which acts in an entirely new way to remove the cause of these disorders.

Instead of irritating the delicate lining of stomach and intestines, like ordinary purges, this simple herbal combination—known as Dr. Gilley's Herbal Laxative—strengthens and tones up the intestines so that they can act without assistance.



Then when regularity is restored, the small dose can be reduced and finally discontinued. It is therefore entirely superior to the usual "lowering" aperients, where the dose must be continually increased as you "get used" to them.

Dr. Gilley's Herbal Laxative is pleasant to take, and a salt-spoonful of the small aromatic herbs seldom fails, although it is particularly gentle. You feel brighter and happier almost immediately. Your brain is clearer. Worry, fatigue and depression fade away, and you feel "fit" and full of energy.

You get quick relief from Sick Headaches, Indigestion and Stomach Pains, Flatulence, Bad Breath, "Liver," Backache and Lost Appetite, also from Boils, Blotches, Pimples and Rheumatic Pains. In suspected "Blood Pressure" or Kidney Troubles it often works wonders.

HALF PRICE OFFER

Every reader of "John Bull" is to-day invited to prove this personally. By a special arrangement they will receive a full 1/3 packet (about 50 average daily doses) for Half-Price by using the form below.

Chemists, including Boots', Timothy White's, Taylor's, Heppell's, Needham's, Squire's, etc., are now selling "Dr. Gilley's Herbal Laxative" in cartons at 1/3; also at 2/6 and 5/- (even more economical). Post free also from Gilley's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 5, New Quebec Street, London, W.1.

POST THIS FORM

To Gilley's Laboratories, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.), 5, New Quebec
Street, London, W.1.

Please send me a full size 1/3 packet of Dr. Gilley's Herbal Laxative for half price as per special offer to "John Bull" readers. I enclose 7½d. in P.O. or stamps.

IT IS WORTH 7½D. TO YOU

Name ....

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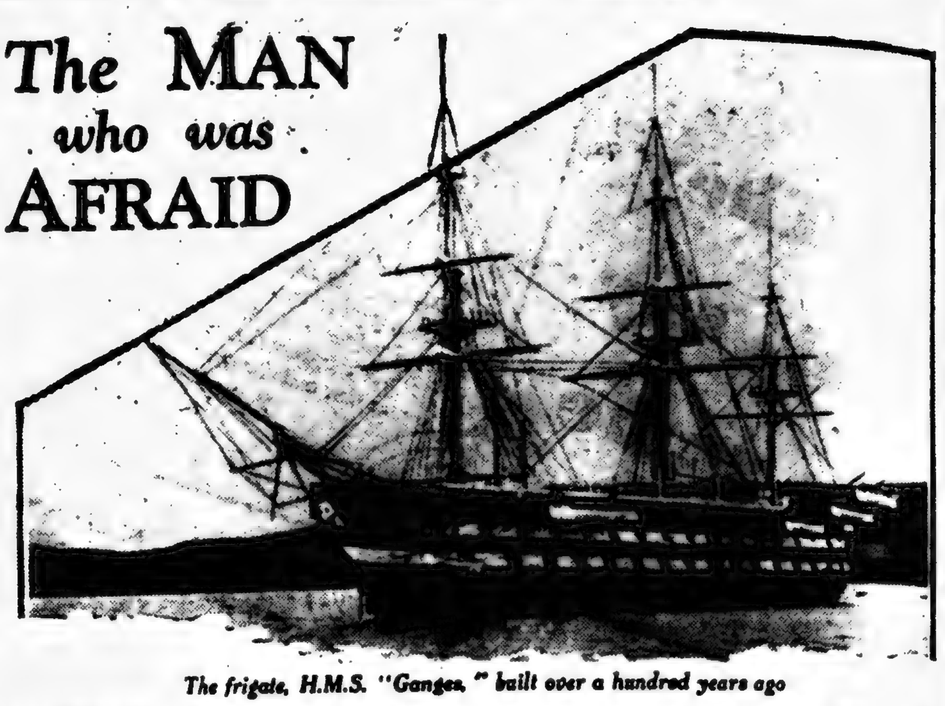
"John Bull" 28/10/33.

"DEFYING DEATH on a CRACKING MAST"

—continued from page 26

The MAN who was AFRAID



The frigate, H.M.S. "Ganges," built over a hundred years ago

ominous crack that told me the mast was breaking and threatening to "fish" at any moment.

I saw a deep crevice yawning where a mere crack had been. And, looking into the face of my companion for some ray of hope and comfort, I saw with horror that his courage was deserting him, and that his face was twitching with fear.

It was a peril to us both to have him in the position of greater danger and therefore greater responsibility. And so, lad though I was, I changed positions with him.

And all the time I heard the din and bellowing below of a young lieutenant, who I knew hated me, and who seemed to be happy to have a chance of blazoning me all over the ship as a dull-head who should never have been allowed up.

It was one duty of the coloured man, in his new position, to prevent the sail from hurling me into the sea as I clung to my position. But I noticed with horror that he was too afraid to give me the co-operation on which my life probably depended.

THE "sheet" was bellying out with each gust of wind with a roar like a granite quarry explosion, and each time it filled with the 40-mile-an-hour wind it all but hit me in the back.

Had it done so it would have torn me from the comparatively delicate structure to which I clung and flung me out to sea as if I were a matchstick.

And quieter than the cracking noise made by the sail each time that it filled and threatened me was the split-split-split of the broken mast.

Would it topple and crush me, or carry me with it to the deck below? Would the sail, filling once too often, hurl me from it and from the ship into the white horses I saw around us?

A score of possibilities of disaster crossed my mind as I clung there, looking into the face of the terrified coloured man, who could now do nothing but cling for his very life.

And all the time I was working. You will find it hard to believe that I was actually going about my job without knowing that I was doing so, and yet that was the case.

I heard the summons from below to descend. I gave a hand to the terrified man beside me, waiting for him when I knew he had some awkward corner to negotiate. And at last I found myself on deck, under the beetling gaze and bullying outpourings of the young officer who detested me.

I was stupefied, chagrined and little realised that I had really done what I set out to accomplish.

Yet as soon as that officer's back was turned a rare shaft of humanity came into the face of the bos'n, a kind sort of look that I don't suppose he showed twenty times in a lifetime.

"Well done, boy," he said. "I knew you'd blankwell do it."

Yes; the job was done—although it needed the attentions of two more men, older seamen than myself, to give it the finishing touch that made that mast safe beyond all doubt.

But then the bos'n's voice changed. His eye took on its customary fierce look. His voice borrowed something from the rasp of a file and the grate of a circular saw.

"But you had no right to glare at the officer like that," he continued. "If ever I see you guilty of dumb insolence again, your feet won't touch the ground."

UNJUST, I thought. And yet as soon as I spoke to my friends I realised that I must have given that young lieutenant a look of withering scorn, and it was probably only the knowledge that I had done good work that stopped him from putting me instantly under arrest.

That ended the episode. But it is not the end of my story. I was doomed to meet that young officer, the only man I ever really disliked in that Royal Navy of the 'eighties, again.

I was serving on a battleship in Carlisle Bay, West Indies, at the time, in waters in which man-eating sharks abounded. And I had been sent out to row the mail to a Royal Mail liner standing some distance off.

On the way a naval cutter passed me, and I saw in one quick glance that the officer in charge was the man who had snubbed me when we were both serving the old *Ganges*.

He was seeking the Royal Mail liner, too, and it was my duty to give way to him. It was certainly my duty to pay due homage to him with a salute. But something flamed up within me, and I did neither.

A QUARTER of an hour later, when, after handing over my mail, I was glancing down to look at my boat, I noticed to my horror that it was adrift, and the broken rope showed, moreover, that it had been cut adrift.

Without a moment's thought I took a header into the Bay, and swam like fury towards the boat.

Reaching it, I was just able to drag myself aboard when a shark bobbed up within a foot of it, and I sank, exhausted and frightened, to the floor.

So in the end my experience on the broken mast had almost cost me my life, for I had no doubt that this was but an echo of what had happened on the *Ganges* some years before.

And as I took up my oars, I decided that I would tell my superior officers everything that had happened when I returned to my ship.

Then I began to view it all with a seaman's calm and tolerance, and I decided that I would just forget it. The boat and I were safe, anyway, and no good could result to me from anything I might say and do.

And so thinking, I rowed towards my ship.

NEXT WEEK: *Gold found and lost is the theme of a reader's adventure in the frozen Arctic wastes.*

This Thing Called Luck

THE lucky ones of life—how we envy them!

They don't all live in palaces, those so-called lucky ones of life. Even in places of suffering and poverty you will find them, lifted above their fellows by what we persist in regarding as some special slice of luck.

Even in the diphtheria ward of a Cardiff fever hospital, for instance. . . .

There was a man there who persisted in smiling, although for what reason nobody seemed to know.

He seemed happier than his fellow-sufferers at all times. But when nurses or patients bent their heads in studied interest over one particular journal, he seemed more happy than ever.

One of the lucky ones, probably, whom you will find even in adversity. And yet, is luck the real explanation?

One day they found out why he looked so pleased. He explained that he had signed a form similar to one contained in the particular paper they were always reading a form which you can find reproduced to-day on page 46.

"The result is that I have received a gift that will not only help a great deal in paying the expenses I shall incur during my illness," he said, "but which will help to keep my business going while I am away."

All bought at the cost of one signature.

Was it sheer luck that he should protect himself not only as far as diphtheria was concerned, but against a whole host of other dire possibilities as well?

No, it was foresight, primarily. For by lucky, we usually mean people who have been more far-seeing than ourselves.

They smile in adversity because it is when things go wrong that they most feel the benefit of that foresight which is called Luck by the people who never take precautions.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Week-end Problem

Beatrice

THE position of ten-year-old Beatrice's father is a difficult one. Of Jewish parentage and brought up in the Jewish faith, he fell in love with a Christian girl. On marrying her, he embraced the Christian religion, and his children were baptised into the English Church. He is, therefore, debarred from any help from Jewish charities.

Now he needs help. Owing to severe illness he had to abandon his work in July, when he underwent an operation for strangulated hernia, and is to undergo a second operation next month. He suffers great pain, is unable to walk about, and is so worried that he cannot sleep.

His eldest son is out of work and too young to benefit from the "dole." His three girls are aged twelve, ten and seven years.

"My wife," he says, "is very delicate. She has always been ailing, and is under the doctor now. But she is happy with it, and cheers me up a lot."

Beatrice's mother needs all the cheerfulness she can muster, for their week-ends are a problem. By the time she has paid the rent of 13s. 2d., the coal bill, etc., there is nothing left.

"On Sundays," says her husband, "we sit down to a cup of cocoa and bread and marg." "Sometimes," he adds, "you find families very unhappy. But with all my illness, my wife keeps a bright face, and we are very united."

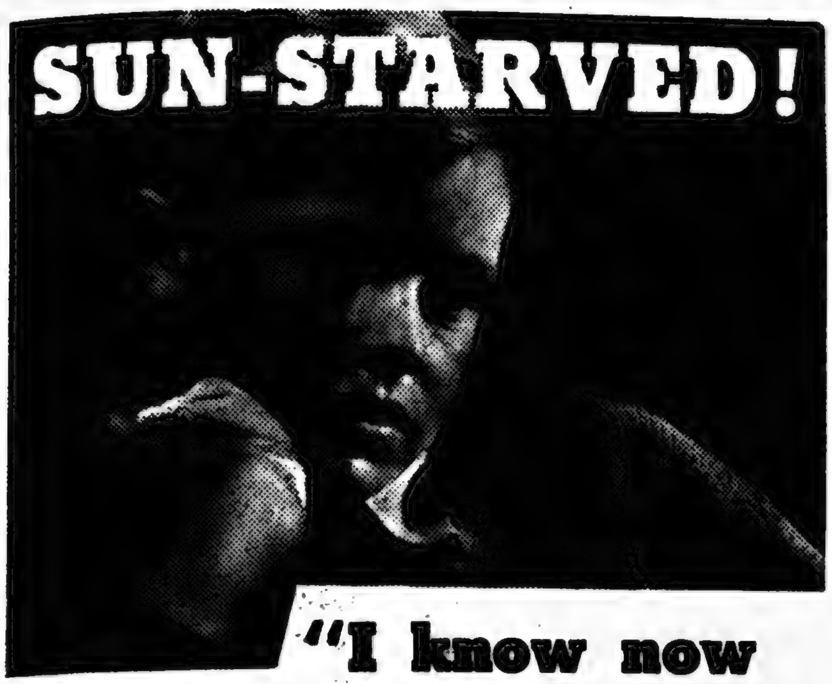
The children need clothes and shoes. And Beatrice, who suffers from her nerves, like her sick dad and mother, needs nourishing food.

Jew or Gentile, her father is an ex-Service man and bears an honourable character. So we appeal to our readers, whatever their faith may be, to help by sending donations earmarked "Beatrice."

These and subscriptions to carry on the fund's general work should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

SUN-STARVED!



"I know now why my strongest son was ill every winter"

"My two sons are so different. Keith's a lot stronger than John, yet he used to be ill every winter—colds and flu'—just as bad as John." writes *Mrs. Mantell, 7 Queen's Rd., Finchley.* "On Bank Holiday I was talking to a doctor who said strong sunshine was what kept boys well. In winter Keith missed it as much as John—no wonder he was ill. Doctor said Keith needed something to take the sun's place and advised Scott's Emulsion. "I started Keith and John on Scott's. The first bottle was wonderful—last winter neither had a single day's illness. Scott's is marvellous."

DOCTORS EXPLAIN WHY

Thousands of mothers say the same. Doctors explain why — each tablespoonful of Scott's has the health value of 2 hours summer sunshine. Builds bone. Puts on flesh. *Keeps your child well! Get Scott's to-day.*

"IS MY GIRL A RECORD?"

asks Mrs. DORRINGTON,
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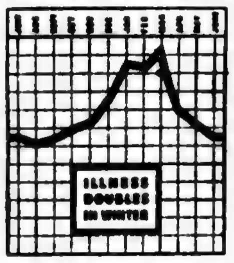

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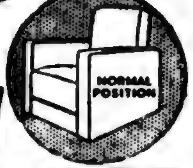

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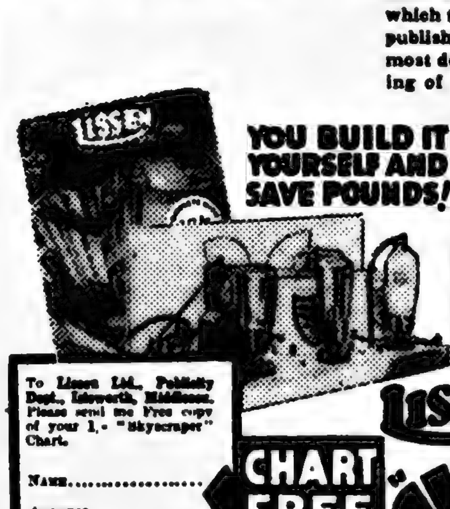

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS Probed by PHILIP INMAN

When Conscience Tortures . .

The man whose mistake brought disaster and death. "I cannot forget . . . my conscience will prick me as long as I live"

CONSCIENCE, it is said, makes cowards of us all. But, like almost every sweeping statement, that is not actually true—in fact, the reverse is often the case. Both history and present-day life tell of countless folk who have faced ridicule, torture and even death "for conscience' sake."

Now, there is something fine and inspiring about a person who places principles first. When conscience works in that direction it serves the best possible purpose.

But there is another form which, when it is allied to remorse, simply plays havoc with people.

Some typical cases have recently been sent to me, and though the problems they present are all different, yet there is something in common with them all. For that reason I will quote the three letters and then give my comments upon them.

The first one comes from a woman whose tragic story will arouse many to pity.

* * *

"In my trouble," she says, "I am writing to ask for your help. Up to five years ago we were as happy a family as could be found anywhere. My husband was in regular work as a signalman on the railway and we had three children, all doing well.

"Then, one day, my husband came home looking like death. There had been an accident on the line, and one man was killed and five injured. The next few days were just like a terrible nightmare, and then, to our horror, he was charged with manslaughter. Eventually, however, he was discharged, the jury saying that there was nothing criminal about it, but that it was due to an error of judgment.

"But he has never been the same man since. He was given a light job, which he kept only for a few months as his nerves went all to pieces. He eats practically nothing, sleeps very badly, and will never go anywhere or talk to anybody. I have tried my utmost to make him forget, but all he says is 'I can't; my conscience will prick me as long as I live.'

"When I have read how you have helped others, I have often thought of writing to you, and now, at last, I have plucked up courage to do so."

Widow's problem

Now let us see what my second correspondent has to say. This woman tells me that she is the widow of a miner—her husband died during the influenza epidemic last February. She goes on:

"My neighbours and even two of my children have turned against me, for they say that I was responsible for his death. What is so hard is that I have to admit that what they say is true. I got crazy on whist-drives and went to one while my husband was ill. He got up and came downstairs to make himself some tea, and was dead from pneumonia in three days.

"I have suffered for it since, and instead of feeling easier about it, it seems harder every day. People say that time is a great healer. Do you think I shall ever be able to forgive myself for my cruel neglect?"

* * *

And now for my third letter. It comes from a girl who tells me that she has been married for two years to the "best man on earth." "And yet," the letter goes on:

"There is a shadow between us—at least, on my side. Five years ago I had a baby that was not my husband's, but it lived only a week. My husband knows nothing of this, and if he did I think he would never forgive me, for he is so straight and honourable himself.

"And yet I don't feel I can go on keeping it from him any longer, for, as I say, it seems to haunt me all the time. I wonder if you can help me to decide? If so, I shall be so grateful."

Living the past

Now, these three cases are clearly those where conscience is making "cowards of them all." Why do I say that? Because instead of "facing up" to their problems they are running away from them. They are allowing the one incident in their past lives to blight all their present and their future.

Take the case of that signalman. He and his wife and their family must have endured five years of unrelieved misery. I admit, of course, that it is a terrible thing to have a man's death on one's conscience.

But let me emphasise the verdict of the twelve people who formed that jury, and who must have had all the facts before them. They said it was an "error of judgment"—in other words, an accident.

If this man had been found "guilty" he would have been convicted. His acquittal is a sure sign of his innocence. That is consolation No. 1.

"But that does not restore life to that dead person," he may argue. Nor will all his fretting and worrying. If it did, it would be worth while.

Besides, he is not the only one in this unfortunate position. Thirty people are killed on our roads every day. Many a motorist has been in exactly the same position as this man. And when he is exonerated from blame he is allowed to go on driving as though the accident had never occurred.

Build again!

There is also this further point: There are not many people who have never made a mistake; but, fortunately for them, the consequences are not always seen. If there could be a reckoning there would be a revelation.

And so I would say to this man: Don't imagine that your are the only one in such a position. Make up your mind to let the "dead past bury its dead." You can build on the ruins of the last five years a strong and courageous life. And you owe that not only to yourself but to your wife and family.

* * *

My second correspondent is in a somewhat similar position. "Do you think I shall forgive myself for my cruel neglect?" she asks. No, frankly, I don't. But, what is far more important, I think her husband would forgive her.

This woman is not callous about her behaviour. She has suffered acutely as a result.

In my hospital life I have witnessed some wonderful sights. I have seen husbands and wives brought together again when such a course seemed impossible. In the great crises of life misunderstandings break down between those who have ever really cared. That is why I say I think this woman's husband would forgive her. I hope, in time, those two children will, too.

In the meantime, her best plan, if that is possible, would be to leave her present abode. In this way she will escape those critical neighbours, and, amid new scenes, she will be able to pick up again the tangled skeins of her life.

The only way

My third problem concerns a girl with a past. The question is: "Should I tell my husband about my lapse—or keep silent?"

I advise her to keep silent on one understanding—that her husband is not likely to hear about it from any other source. If there is the slightest chance of this, then I think she should tell him. It will come better from her than from an outsider. But if there is no possibility that this can happen, then she should bury her secret in the grave of her past and let it stay there.

I say this for her husband's sake as well as her own. My correspondent has done nothing since her marriage to forfeit his trust, and her husband, who is to her "the best man on earth," is apparently worthy of the domestic happiness that has come to him. In this case the best advice I can give is to leave well alone.

Fire, it is said, is a good servant but a bad master. And conscience can be to life a help or a hindrance, whichever we choose to make it.

PHILIP INMAN, who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," is always at your service, and ready to help you to solve your difficulties. Write to him, addressing your letter to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for his reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter published.

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" Next thing I heard my husband making excuses for me. ' She's tired,' he said. I was so upset I asked a nurse friend the very next day what to do, and she told me Hall's Wine was what she recommended.

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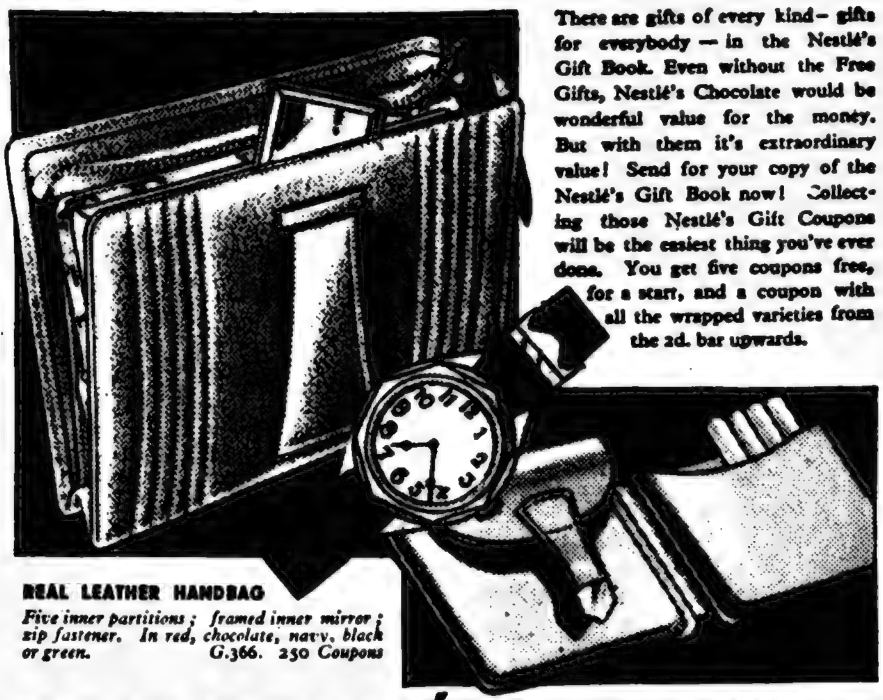

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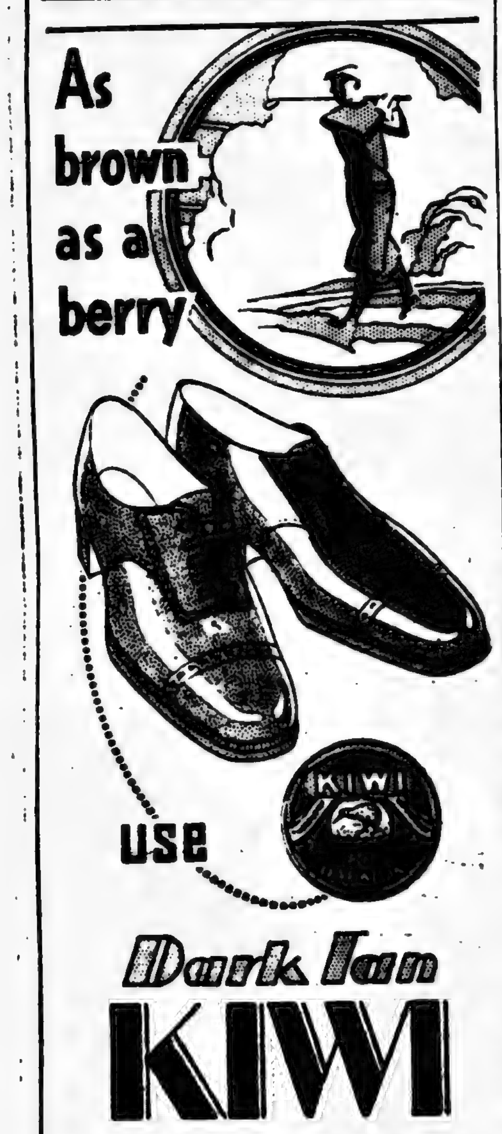

LEISURE— The Next Big Problem

These unemployed have formed an orchestra which will provide them with joyous leisure hours as well as a chance to earn a living . . .

WE must plan for *leisure!* A queer suggestion, you might say, when the necessity of providing *work* for over 2,000,000 men is still the most urgent, tragic problem of our day.

But this question of leisure, the coming leisure for all, is one which is furrowing the brows of the statesmen and those public workers whose job it is to think and plan for the years immediately ahead. It is the next big problem that must be faced.

The victories of the laboratories, accelerating every year the growth of organised research and the swift industrial developments which follow, must inevitably lead to shorter and shorter working hours. Already the forty-four hour week is in sight, and what is now a problem for the unemployed will soon be a problem for everybody.

What are we going to do with our leisure?

We have around us innumerable examples of the present misuse of it. There are the leisured rich drifting from distraction to distraction—seeking a satisfaction which they can never find. The leisured poor drift from house to street corner, from street corner to house, deprived alike of excitements or the satisfactions which work once gave.

Every man demands, to a greater or lesser degree, certain fundamental things from life. He has certain deep desires—a desire to create things, a desire for pleasurable physical and mental recreation, a desire for social intercourse with his fellow-men.

If his work and his leisure fail to satisfy these demands, he is a starved man, a frustrated man. He may actually become a sick man. What is lacking in his work must be supplied in his leisure if he is to be a whole, contented man.

They want colour

A bank clerk, for instance, must satisfy three main demands in his leisure. His work is routine: therefore, mostly, it is dull. His leisure must provide colour, excitement, exercise. He must "stretch" his nerves, stretch his body.

And he should make things with his hands, have a creative hobby of some kind. A tennis club gives him sport and exercise and social recreation, but he should also choose and find a creative outlet.

A bus driver, on the other hand, has other demands. He works all day in a cramped physical position, undergoing continual nervous strain, isolated for the most part from his fellow-man. He needs social and quiet mental recreation, such as a community club would give, and he needs simple physical exercise like walking.

A manual worker, tired physically, but not mentally, needs social recreation—clubs, communal activities—and he needs excitement, some modern equivalent the ancient Roman's cynical recipe for the contentment of the people—"read and circuses."

At present nearly all the catering for leisure is random and unorganised. And the facilities for it are unselective and do not cover the present needs.

What is going to happen when the forty-hour (and even less) working week arrives? It is a problem which has to be tackled.

Fortunately, we have a chart, as it were, with which we can plan a way out for the nation. It can be drawn up from the results of the great experiment which organisations like the National Council for Social Service are now undertaking with the unemployed.

At Masbrough there is a hairdressing class for the workless. The haircutting lesson is not so popular, however, since "mistakes cannot afterwards be rectified"

by
Dr. G. H. MILES,

Director of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology

Time to kill

These voluntary organisations have established over 700 places in the country, catering for the needs of more than 250,000 men, to whom leisure had become a tragedy and a burden.

They have provided leisure outlets which never existed before, even in the heyday times of work for all.

The community centres they have established give facilities for handicraft work of many kinds, such as woodwork, painting, pottery, toymaking, weaving, even tailoring, boot repairing and other trades.

They are not work centres, they are leisure centres, providing different men of different tastes and jobs with the outlets and occupations they need.

If a man already is a hand worker, he can go in for some of the other activities of the centres, such as instrumental and choral music, dramatic work, languages, wireless construction and theory.

The physical side is catered for by indoor team games, boxing, gymnastics, folk and country dancing.

For these purposes all sorts of buildings are being pressed into use—empty houses, discarded factories and workshops, abandoned school premises, public halls and church and other buildings which are not needed during the day.

With these unemployed men the problem has become complicated because their leisure activities have had to be carried out at practically no cost.

In these difficult circumstances they have shown the enormous variety of occupations and pastimes in which a man can engage with enjoyment.

Many of them have lived a more intensively helpful communal life than ever before. Many of them have learned the joy that comes from a thoroughly exercised body. Unemployment is a bitter experience; but it has at least shown that leisure, even when enforced, can be utilised in hundreds of different ways with profit to body and mind of the individual and to the ultimate advantage of the community.

Necessary outlets

Besides the factor of shorter working hours, there are inevitable changes in type of work which will make planned leisure more than ever a necessity.

At one time a man could look for a wide satisfaction in his work, but with the development of industry there has grown up an intensive specialisation which has greatly reduced individual freedom for large groups of workers. It will grow further still.

Even now a man employed in the assembling of motor-cars must concentrate on one small part of the job, and he repeats the same process hundreds of times during each day. As a result of the co-operation of hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of fellow-workers, a complete motor-car leaves the assembly line every five minutes of the working day.

Specialisation has been carried to such an extent that in some branches of industry the worker is probably more fatigued through repressing the many impulses to normal human activity than he is through doing the actual job. He looks more and more to leisure occupations for outlets to activity which his work can no longer supply.

Facilities for leisure occupations must be created—and created not in a haphazard fashion, but systematically. In doing this, however, there is one great danger—the danger of too much organisation, of stereotyped arrangements.

"One man's meat—"

What suits one man does not suit his neighbour. One man will exult in a dangerous situation which will paralyse his companion with fear. Some men enjoy bustling, crowded streets, teeming with life; while others long only to get away from the town into the peaceful solitude of the countryside.

In planning for leisure, all these differences must be allowed for. Information, guidance and facilities must be available if required, but there must be no compulsion. The essential ingredient of leisure is the joy of free and self-directed accomplishment.

UNDER-SEA RACKETEERS

The old freebooting days are back again. There are buccaneers beneath the surface of the high seas as daring, as resourceful, as unscrupulous as those who used to capture Spanish galleons and clap their crews in irons.

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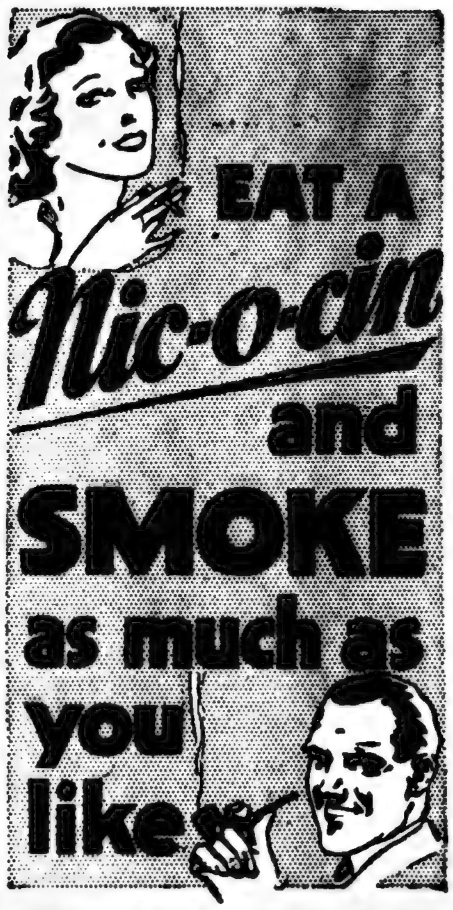

DON'T WORRY! No need to worry about smoking too much . . . here is the very thing you have always wanted. **NIC-O-CIN definitely neutralises nicotine and is guaranteed to be effective and harmless.** Eat one pastille before retiring each night (**heavy smokers eat another at any time during the day**)—and with an easy mind enjoy every smoke.

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THE CAUSE OF UPSET STOMACH, HEADACHES, INSOMNIA and other common disorders

While many people often experience discomfort after eating and are troubled with headaches, biliousness, lassitude, depression and mental and physical sluggishness, few know that nearly all these troubles arise from excess stomach acid. This harmful acid causes food to ferment in the stomach and the toxins and poisons of fermentation are absorbed by the blood-stream and carried all over the body. The only way to banish and avoid these troublesome disorders is to neutralise the excess acid in the stomach. To do this quickly, safely and surely take after meals a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid which for over 20 years has been used by doctors and nurses the world over. This stops the pain and discomfort almost at once because it instantly neutralises excess acid, sweetens the stomach and quickly restores the system to normal. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day—its good work is not limited to the stomach, for you will find that headaches, depression, liver attacks, bowel indigestion and general debility will quickly disappear.

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. . . at all chemists!

Samples of new lozenges for hoarse, tickling throats. Pleasant in taste, they contain ingredients of famous Vick brand Vapour-Rub.

Try them today, free!

VICK BRAND LOZENGES

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

The PLAY that Changed My LIFE

Somerset MAUGHAM'S Greatest Hour

described by the famous dramatist in an interview with "John Bull"

THE greatest hour I have ever known came when I sat in a box at the Court Theatre, on October 26, 1907, twenty-six years ago.

For months I had been taking my play, "Lady Frederick," to managers The successful production of it meant more to me than anything else, before or since.

It meant that I would be able to give up, once and for all time, the medical profession, for which I had been studying for years.

I did not like it. I wanted to be free; I wanted to be independent and to travel; I wanted money to do this, and the only way to get it, it seemed to me, lay in writing plays.

I had already written two, one of which was produced by a private society. My five books had brought me in very little money; in fact, for ten years I had earned only about £100 a year from my literary activities.

I wrote "Lady Frederick" as a last attempt to fight my way into the theatre. But in the third act there was a scene in which the heroine had to appear dishevelled, with no make-up on, and have her hair done while she arranged her face before the audience.

No actress would look at the part. One, when urged to play it, stamped her pretty foot and said the suggestion was the greatest insult she had ever had to put up with.

The play was eventually bought by Mr. George Tyler, and he asked me to write in some more epigrams. He said it wanted gingering up. I went away, and in two hours wrote twenty-four. I am glad that the fashion for them has gone out. It is easy to write an epigram (you have only to loop the loop on a commonplace and come down between the lines), but it is easier not to write one.

He wanted burglary

Mr. Tyler, however, could not induce any actress in England or America to risk showing her naked face to the public, and the play came back to me. I shall always be grateful to him for the advance on royalties which he gave me and on which I lived for a year, and for telling me that one day I should be a distinguished dramatist.

A long time went past, and I was getting more anxious. I wrote another play, "Mrs. Dot." Managers praised the dialogue, but complained there was not enough action, and one suggested that I should put in a burglary. I did not see my way to do this. I still sent "Lady Frederick" to managers, still hoping that it would bring me my freedom.

Then it happened that Mr. Otho Stuart, who had the Court Theatre, where he was trying to produce plays of merit without losing too much money, found himself at a loose end. He had been surprised by an unexpected failure, and for some reason could not put on at once the piece he had in mind.

"Lady Frederick" was brought to his notice, and, though it was not the sort of thing he cared for, his proclivities being Shakespearean and his heart with the drama of ideas, he was in a quandary. He thought "Lady Frederick" would run the six weeks he needed to get his next play ready, and so he accepted it.

"I was excited"

On the first night I sat in my box, alone. I had very little money in my pocket, and very little in the bank. My small savings had diminished during the months I had been taking the play round. . . .

During the first part of the first act, as I sat in the box, waiting for the verdict of the audience, my thoughts went back to when I received the news that the play had been accepted. I was at Girgenti, spending my money on a holiday of work and play, before I returned to London, back to the routine of medicine, for all I knew. It seemed likely that my worst hopes would be fulfilled.

When the news came, I immediately wanted to get back to London for the rehearsals. The letter arrived on Sunday, and the first rehearsal was to take place on Thursday.

I was excited.

It was an occasion which I felt I must on no account miss. For the time I was not prepared to interest myself in Greek temples.

But I lived from hand to mouth, and I had come to Sicily only because I had sold a story for twenty pounds; the money was to arrive at Palermo just about the same time as I, and on it I proposed to see the rest of Sicily and get home. I counted the money I had with me. It was only just enough to take me to Naples.

I could not wait for my twenty pounds. I packed my bag, jumped into the train, and at Palermo just caught the packet to Naples. I arrived there on Monday morning. I went to Cook's and found that a boat was going to Marseilles that afternoon, and took a ticket; but when I offered a cheque in payment the agent firmly refused to accept anything but cash.

I assumed an air of outraged dignity, but it availed me nothing; I expostulated, I raged, I stormed, and left the office vowing that I would not put up with such insolent treatment.

Bluff did it

I did not know a soul in Naples, and I had about five shillings in my pocket. I went to the office of the steamship company and asked for a first-class ticket to Marseilles (at Cook's I had asked for a second; perhaps that had been my mistake), and sat while the clerk made it out.

When it was ready I produced my cheque-book with a good deal of flamboyance and without a word wrote a cheque for the amount due. The clerk, young and timid, looked a trifle doubtful, but my assurance was such that I think he had not the nerve to refuse my cheque; in a minute I was out of the office with my ticket to Marseilles in my pocket.

But I had to get to London. I had noticed, on my way in, that the shipping agents were also bankers, the banking part of the establishment being in another part of the building; I went in and walked boldly up to the desk. I took out my cheque-book and the ticket I had just received.

"I'm going to Marseilles on one of your boats this afternoon. You might cash me a cheque for a fiver, will you?" I smiled ingratiatingly, but with a certain condescension. "Here's my ticket in case you want proof of my *bona fides*."

I began to write my cheque as though there was no possibility of refusal. The cashier took it and looked at me.

I forget the name of the bank, but I think one of the partners was called Turner. It was the middle of the summer, and very hot and near the luncheon hour. I thought I would take a chance. I smiled pleasantly at the cashier.

"Is Mr. Turner in?" I asked.

"No, he's away," said the cashier. "D'you know Mr. Turner?"

"Well," I said.

"Oh, then I suppose it's al' right."

He cashed the cheque, but I could see that he was not very easy about it, and I did not linger in the bank long after I had the five sovereigns in my pocket.

I was in great spirits, for now I had enough money to take me to Paris, and I felt confident that I could get on from there without delay. If everything went well I could get to London in the nick of time.

Then two of my fellow-passengers came up to me and asked if I would come into the ship's sweep on the day's run

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Half a crown."

I knew then how I was going to get from Paris to London. My heart leaped. I handed one of the men my half-crown and went on reading.

In an hour he came back and paid me twenty-five shillings.

When I got to London I still had a shilling for my cab.

I won my freedom

On Thursday morning, at eleven o'clock, I strolled into the Court Theatre. I felt like Phineas Fogg, after his journey round the world in eighty days, entering the Reform Club as the clock struck eight. . . .

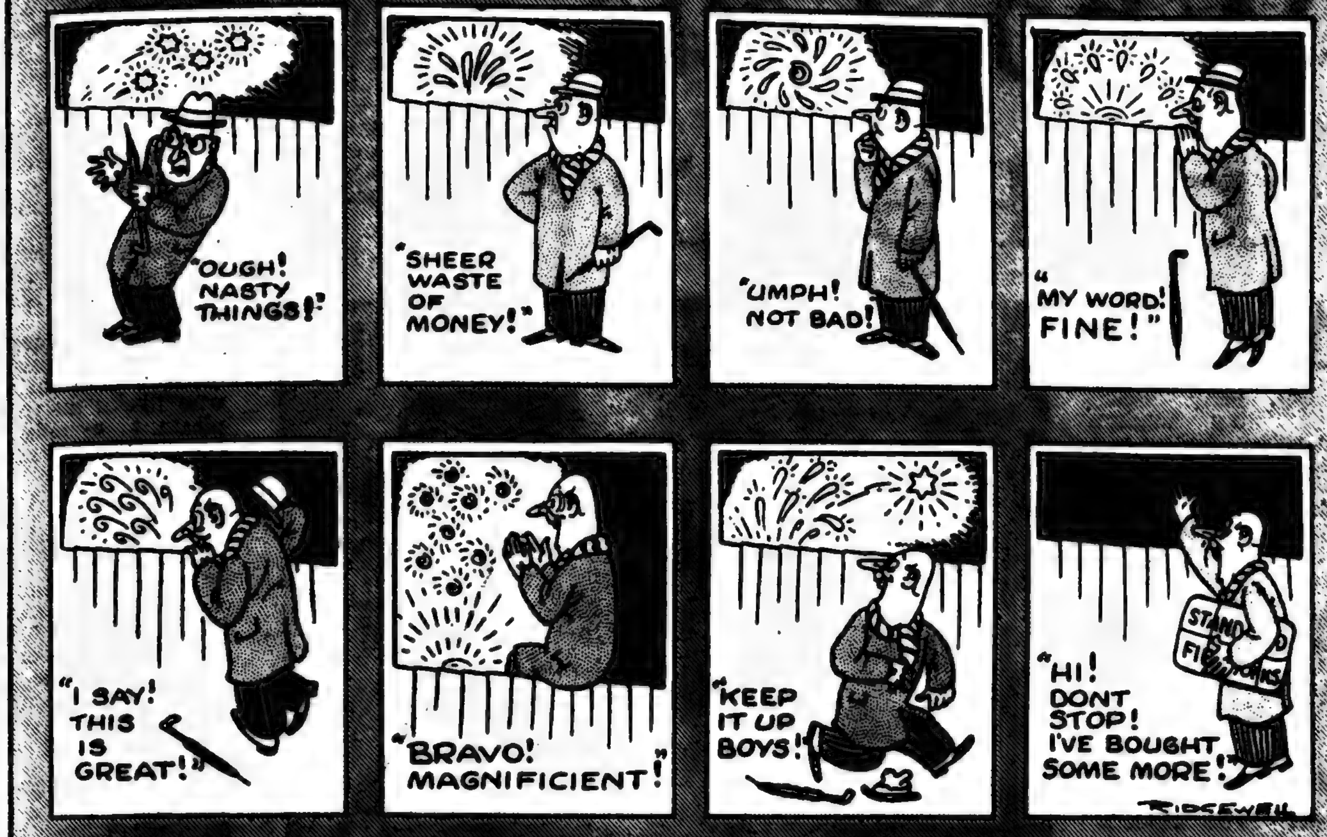
I turned over these events in my mind as I sat in my box at the first night at the Court.

During the first half of the first act there was a little laughter; then the laughter increased, and by the time the second act was in progress the audience was roaring with laughter. At the end, the applause went on for a long time and there were prolonged calls for "Author! Author!"

I knew that the play was a success. It ran for 422 performances, and I was made.

Since then I have lived and breathed freely; but no hour in my life has been greater than that one. From then on my life was my own.

"No hour has been greater . . from then on my life was my own"


"OUGH! NASTY THINGS!"
"SHEER WASTE OF MONEY!"
"UMPH! NOT BAD!"
"MY WORD! FINE!"
"I SAY! THIS IS GREAT!"
"BRAVO! MAGNIFICIENT!"
"KEEP IT UP BOYS!"
"HI! DONT STOP! I'VE BOUGHT SOME MORE!"
STANDARD FIREWORKS
RIDGEWELL

RECIPE for PRESERVING YOUTH

Take an assortment of "STANDARD" Fireworks and one or more children. Mix together in a back garden or other suitable place, distributing the Fireworks among the children with discretion (and keeping a few for yourself). Ignite the Fireworks singly, following the directions on each, and bring the excitement from a simmer to the boil. ***N.B. If you don't feel younger after a dose of this you are incurable.***

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SUPREME AMONGST SMALL SETS

A 4 Guinea set with a million pound reputation, designed and built by MARCONI-MEN

the first and foremost radio engineers in the world who, working under the direct leadership of Marchese Marconi himself, have been responsible for the biggest Radio installations on land, at sea, and in the air.

Such are the men who designed and built Model 248, a *genuine MARCONI made* battery set (including specially designed balanced armature loud speaker)—light—compact—simple to handle—very cheap to maintain—gives perfect reception of British stations and under favourable conditions a number of foreign programmes . . . fitted with matched components throughout—cleverly designed to secure maximum power and range through its high efficiency Marconi valves — only three simple controls —has alternative aerial tapping — combined High Tension and Grid Bias battery — provision for extra speaker — a beautiful little cabinet of first-class seasoned dark oak, made to the finest standards. In every way up to the usual high quality of Marconi efficiency and reliability.

G. Marconi

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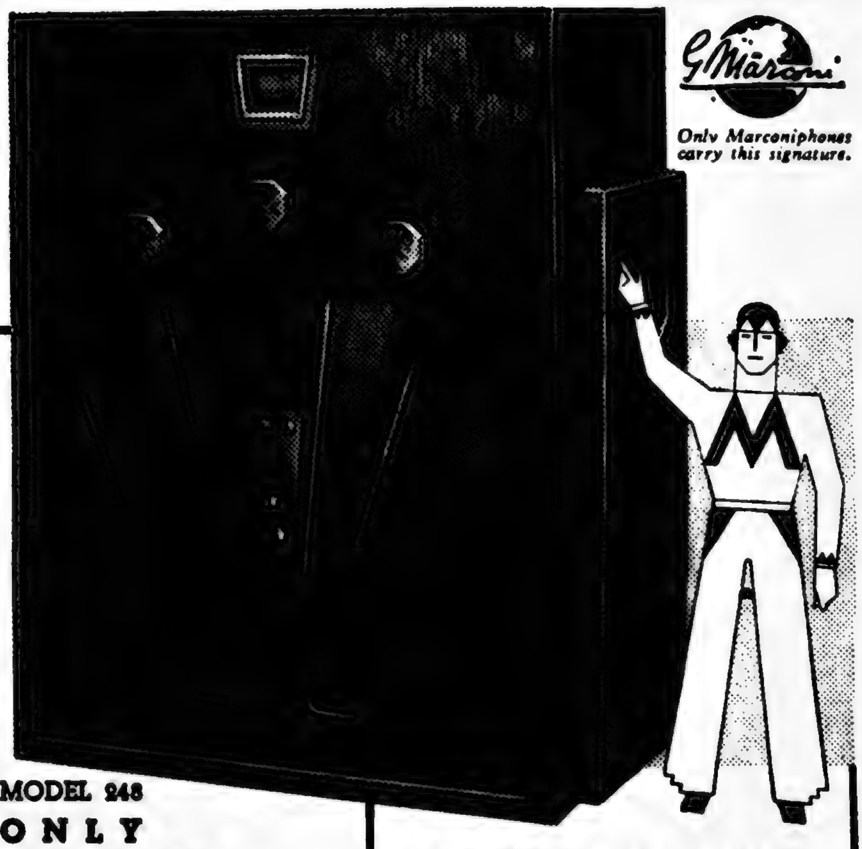

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J.B.3.

Rheumatism

in neck—Kruschen triumphs where £30 treatments failed

"I feel I must write and tell you how thankful I am for having taken Kruschen Salts. For three years I suffered with muscular rheumatism in the neck; it was torture, I spent about £30 in trying certain treatments and medicine and could get no relief. I could not turn my head round. When I wanted to move my head, I had to turn my body as well. My friends all pitied me, and they advised me to try Kruschen Salts, which I did, and in 6 months I was a different woman, and if ever I feel the least twinge of rheumatism I take a dose of your wonderful Salts and it vanishes. I shall never fail to recommend them after what I suffered. Wishing you every success in your good work." Mrs. S. (London, S.E.11).

The six salts in Kruschen stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy, regular action; assist them to get rid of the excess uric acid which is the cause of all your suffering. When poisonous uric acid—with its deposits of needle-pointed crystals—goes, there's no doubt about those aches and pains going too!

Tasteless in Tea.

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

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from tops to turn-ups

Stout trousers!

Hard-az-ian Trousers are **woven to wear.** From the first stitch to the last button they're built to stand the racket of hard wear—and not show it! If your job's hard on trousers—Hard-az-ian for you! **Double**-strength cloth, twisted in every strand. **Double** brace buttons. **Double** warp and weft pockets. Barred and lock-stitched to take the strain

IN 3 SHADES AND 24 FITTINGS (FAWN, DARK AND MID-GREY)

Write for Free "Hard-az-ian" Booklet and name of nearest agent to: **Manager of Sales, HARD-AZ-IAN, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.**

HARD·AZ·IAN REGD.

TROUSERS 10/6

Breeches 12/11

Up to 40-inch waist. Outsizes cost a little more.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

MORE FOR YOUR POPPY

REMEMBRANCE DAY

Who Tells the BURGLAR?

ACCORDING to Lloyd's Underwriters the value of property stolen by burglars from private houses and shops last year exceeded £2,000,000.

Add another third on to that total for uninsured property and you will see that Bill Sikes is a member of a still thriving profession — in turnover at any rate. Profits are another matter.

Police authorities know that only a small proportion of the "jobs" put through every year are the inspiration of a moment. The modern thief does not work on "spec." He does not merely pick on a "likely" place and saunter along there on some moonless night with a heart full of hopes and a bag full of tools.

That technique belongs to the dark lantern and bludgeon era

The modern burglar *knows*. He knows, nine times out of ten, where to go, what to find and where to find it. He knows because somebody tells him.

The servant, in casual conversation at the quiet little pub, doesn't realise to what use his information is put

THE master thief, with his card index bristling with data about possible "cribs" and his staff of burglar employees, has long been a favourite of detective fiction. But it may have some foundation in fact.

A few months ago a robbery occurred at the West End house of a well-known manufacturer, and jewellery and trinkets worth about £5,000 were stolen. It was a clean, quick job, carried out in less than half an hour.

The valuables were in two places in the house: in a small box in a bureau drawer in one of the bedrooms, and in a case in a ground floor room. One man had done the job and he had gone straight to both these places. Nothing else in the house had been touched.

On the night the burglary took place the owner of the house and his wife were away, on a week's visit to the wife's parents, a customary annual visit. Two of the servants were away on holiday, one remaining in the house.

The burglary had obviously been carried out by somebody who knew these facts and who knew also where the valuables were kept.

All the servants were interrogated and were cleared of all suspicion.

Additional enquiries disclosed, however, that, a few months before, the owner of the house had engaged a manservant on the strength of a newspaper advertisement describing his sterling and versatile qualities and the modest wages which he asked.

The advertisement, it transpired, had been inserted by a South London registry office, which in due course sent along this admirable servant.

He had one reference about five years old and several glowing testimonials of more recent date. The employer accepted the testimonials and did not bother about the reference.

The man stayed about three weeks, and then, to the owner's regret, left about two weeks before the burglary. He gave no forwarding address.

THE owner of the registry office could give no information about this missing servant's present address. But the police made further enquiries concerning this particular office and unearthed the remarkable coincidence that it had figured as a source of supply of at least a half-dozen servants who had become "missing" a short time before successful burglaries at their employers' houses.

When these facts were presented to the owner of the registry office, he could only lament the unfortunate coincidence.

He heartily agreed with the police suggestion that it might be better if he closed down business altogether. And he did so, in the course of a day or two.

This case has been recounted in some detail as one example of properly organised sources of information for the thieving fraternity.

Yet another source is revealed by the admissions made by a burglar who is now serving a term at Wormwood Scrubs. He confessed that he got a good deal of precise information concerning West End "jobs" by "working" certain of the quiet little pubs tucked away in the heart of Mayfair.

These houses are much used by menservants from near-by mansions, who like a discreet and pleasant evening hour there chatting with their cronies.

Out-of-work servants also use these pubs to keep in touch with possible employment. Some of them are discharged and disgruntled servants. This crook and a friend of his who became a "regular" at the houses secured a great deal of valuable data from talkative valets and caretakers.

Unemployed servants and those with a grievance particularly needed little pressing. Many others could be induced to talk after a certain amount of "nursing." Needless to say, all of them were entirely unaware of how their casual gossip was being analysed and of the uses to which it was going to be put.

There are, however, other people who tell the burglar besides the dishonest or talkative servant.

Recently the police laid their hands, at long last, on a receiver who had specialised in the proceeds of thefts from suburban houses.

His arrest followed a tremendous epidemic of daylight burglaries at suburban villa residences, mostly those servantless or run with a bi-weekly "char." The police enquiries disclosed that not only was this man a "fence," but that he planned the thefts also.

HE employed a "sizer," whose job literally was to "size up" the potentialities of a given street. First as a pedlar making calls, this man would get some idea of the number of people at home during the daytime and whether there were any children, servants, etc.

Then he would keep observation on a selected group of houses and note what time the housewife left for her morning or afternoon shopping, leaving the house untenanted.

All this data was passed on to the "fence," who, in his turn, was able to instruct the thieves with precise information.

The "fence," indeed, is the chief, the permanent, the recognised fount of knowledge for the burglar.

The most astounding proof of that fact was provided by the arrests which followed a recent sensational fur robbery in a West End store.

The ringleader of the convicted men stated that he was taken to the store in the daytime by the "fence," shown the furs, and told precisely what he would receive for them.

He was then given the times when the night watchman's round would take him to a remote part of the building, and details were shown him concerning the locks on the showcases and intervening doors.

The robbery took place two days later, as arranged by the "fence," and the men got clear away.

One of them was apprehended in connection with another crime and gave the fur robbery away, and the gang was caught. The police were able to follow up the ringleader's statement regarding the complicity of the "fence."

He was subsequently arrested on a long series of "receiving" charges, and so behind lock and key went another, and the most useful to him, of the men who tell the burglar.

SIDE SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

WORTHING HERALD:—"He is one of the many men who saw active service in Europe during the war, and on DEMOLITION prepared for ordination."

CAPE ARGUS:—"—— managed to cover 200 miles in a day, when racing to the bedside of his LYING brother."

WETHERBY NEWS:—"Mrs —— jumped out of the car and sustained injuries to her legs, but UNFORTUNATELY no bones were broken."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"German BANDS continue depressed on political anxiety and the financial outlook."

SUNDAY CIRCLE:—"When he does get his WEEKLY fortnight he rushes off to the sea."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"Only a little more than one-tenth of an inch of RAIL fell."

IRISH NEWS:—"25,000 workers in the underwear industry struck on Tuesday, demanding the abolition of SWEETSHOPS, higher wages, shorter hours, and recognition of their Union."

TIT BITS:—"The switchboard and steering gear are studded with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies, and the CLOCKWORK is inlaid with gems. The car cost £25,000."

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE:—"One of the huge stands filled with flowers in autumnal TINS collapsed."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"The DOOR said that death was due to a fractured skull."

LEAMINGTON COURIER:—"Brief replies were made by Miss —— and Mrs. ——, the FATTER remarking . . ."

TORBAY HERALD AND EXPRESS:—"South Aisle and Centre KNAVE Destroyed."

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

"I can sincerely say that Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most beautiful soap for the complexion I have ever used."
Miss PHYLLIS DARE.

"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is glorious for the skin, it is so soothing and keeps the skin so smooth and firm. I will always recommend it."
Miss EDNA BEST.

"A wonderful soap for the complexion and to keep the skin perfect. All should use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap."
Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. *This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in "Zee-Kol" Almond Oil Soap.*

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

It is easy to see why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to every one that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price, 6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes. Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

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"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect soap, and I will always use it and recommend it to all my friends."
Miss PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

"A wonderful and soothing soap for the skin. My skin is very sensitive, so I am happy to find such a perfect soap."
Miss KYRLE BELLEW.

"Your Zee-Kol is excellent for the skin and so perfect that all my friends will hear of this wonderful soap."
Miss FAY COMPTON.

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▶ ***if you are not a registered reader*** the bargains on pages 6 and 7 will interest you just the same.

£.s.d £.s.d £.s.d

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Improve your hens' condition! For only ½d. per hen per week they'll lay you extra £.s.d. Mix in their mash

Colman's
POULTRY MUSTARD

Colman's Egg Register FREE—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. J.14), Norwich.

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You need

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Your Chemist stocks them

In tins:
2 ozs. 8d. 4 oz. 1/3

FREE DOCTOR'S BOOK ON ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH

Quick Lasting Relief before Winter's Rains, Mists & Colds

THE Latest Edition of a Doctor's Free Book describing the most successful of all home treatments for Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh is now ready for sending gratis and post free to readers.

Every reader interested in learning how to obtain quick relief and lasting freedom from these complaints may obtain a copy of this Doctor's Book by posting the coupon below.

The treatment described in this Book has received the endorsement of many eminent physicians, including specialists in complaints of the breathing organs. Well-known Public persons have also testified to the quick and lasting relief obtained by this simple and inexpensive home treatment.

The Royal Physician
who endorsed
Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure

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Among the most interesting contents of this valuable Free Book is the story of the doctor-discoverer's own personal experience as a sufferer from Asthma, and how he obtained freedom from the grip of this distressing and heart-weakening breathing trouble—how, too, it proved so successful in every case that it is now known and used the world over under its name of "Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure."

Some idea of the helpful information given will be gained from the

Contents of Free Book

- —Dr. Hair's Personal Experience of Asthma, and How He Found Relief.
- —The Nature, Forms, Causes and Treatment of Asthma.
- —Bronchitis and Asthma and Catarrh Dangers.
- —Children's Asthma and Bronchitis Treatment.
- —Advice on Hygiene, Diet and Meals—What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid.
- —Professor G. J. Allman, M.D., F.R.S., LL.D., etc., and other Persons' Opinions and Experiences of Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.
- —Experiences of Many Sufferers' Quick and Lasting Relief.
- —The Home Treatment.

End All Bedtime Fears.

SEE, too, in the Free Book, Dr. Hair's own statement that:—In almost every case my treatment will enable the patient in two or three days to sleep in bed without suffering, and if the directions are followed, health, strength, and flesh will be rapidly restored.

This is important. Sufferers from advanced Asthma and Bronchitis dread lying down because of their fears of the prone position inducing the dreaded Asthma paroxysms or bronchial coughing.

With the approach of Winter's conditions that invite and excite Asthma and Bronchitis, NOW is the time for treatment with Dr. Hair's widely-used Asthma Cure in order to check these troubles.

A New Life for Sufferers

The peace of mind brought about by the relief obtained through Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure means a new life for the sufferer. With the lessening of the frequency and severity of the Asthma attacks, Bronchitis, coughing and poisonous Catarrh, the sufferer gains in general health and strength. The general appearance shows this. The face becomes less haggard and worn. The appetite improves, the worn and thin gain in weight. The energies also increase and the spirits rise.

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Readers may see and judge for themselves in the Free Book how Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure brings about these improvements—rapidly in the slighter cases, but no less surely for persons who have been troubled with Asthma, Bronchitis or Catarrh of long standing or of a more severe character.

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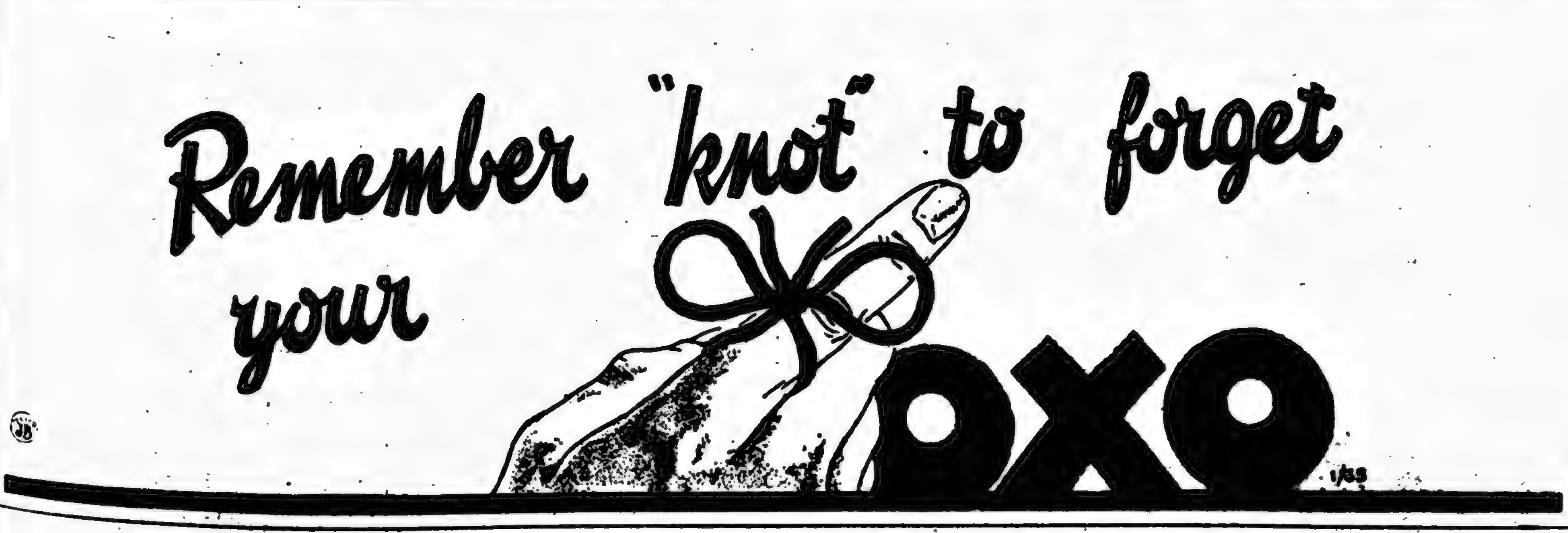
J.B., 28/10/33. ....

Post in an unsealed envelope for ½d.


Remember "knot" to forget your
OXO
1/35

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY MORNING.

If people realised the power for good health that lies in the habit of drinking water there would be much less illness. As a common-sense health measure every man and woman ought to drink a glass of hot water each morning before breakfast. If you are troubled with sick headaches, bad complexion, furred tongue or biliousness, or are subject to rheumatism, indigestion or constipation, you should stir in a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate. Any branch of Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites or any other good chemist can supply you with a large jar of 'Limestone' Phosphate for 2s. This simple addition to your morning glass of hot water will wash away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins. Daily cleansing with 'Limestone' Phosphate in hot water will keep your system free of uric acid and other impurities and will thus ensure physical and mental fitness.

4 YEARS OF DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES ENDED.

Deafness and dizziness and pain so bad, "I thought I should go crazy." Then a home-made mixture did what six doctors had failed to do. That is the romantic story of Mr. L. M., of Newmarket. "I am writing," he says, "to let you know what Parmint has done for me. I suffered from dizziness and head noises and deafness for four years. I went to six different Doctors and not one of them did me any good. My head was so bad I thought sometimes I should have gone crazy, and I haven't heard anyone speak for six months until this week I saw in the paper to go to the chemist and get Double Strength Parmint and mix it at home. Thank God I did! Now I have no head noises or deafness. I can hear any watch ticking holding it away from my ears. You can make what use you like of this letter because it is all true, and I am alive and well to answer any enquiries about it."

Why not try this simple, safe remedy yourself? Just go to your chemist and get one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). Add to it half a pint of hot water and 2 ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup or honey. Stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day, and you'll be amazed at the results.

WHAT A SAVING!

—when you make your cigarettes with A.G. Paper

30 cigarettes for only 8½d.—and better, fresher smokes. A.G. paper is so strong you can easily roll a perfect cigarette, and so thin and pure you get all the flavour of your favourite tobacco.

Make sure you get

AG

The Paper of nearly 50 years' reputation.

FITS ALL MACHINES

2 SPECIAL OFFERS

Turn to page 28 and Back Cover NOW—while you think of it!

A SCREEN SCHOOL Unscreened

IT all looks so easy—this splendid film acting — to impressionable young women and men as they sit in a crowded kinema - theatre watching the picture story unfold before them.

How glorious to be a film star! What a wonderful life! "I am sure that I could do it and make my fame and fortune if only I had the chance." That is the mental reaction and reasoning of countless young people who are enthusiastic film "fans."

All the innumerable would-be Jean Harlows and the budding Clark Gables are just dying to get "their chance." They do firmly believe in their own hearts that they could do much better than the crowned favourites if the opportunity came to them.

Now they are ready to adopt any avenue which seems to open a fair and easy way to the screen.

They forget the disappointments, the heart-aches which have been the fate of every "star" before he or she emerged from the embryo state. They overlook, too, the infinite hard work before even the smallest speaking part is given to the aspirant who goes to the film studio without any previous experience of the stage.

Really, it is astonishing how many believe that they are heaven-born screen artistes.

Now that rather natural human vanity is being turned to good account by a number of institutions in the country whose business it is to train recruits for the kinema studios.

Some of those film schools may be conducted on excellent lines and return value for the fees paid to them. But there are others which, quite obviously, cannot possibly accomplish what they promise to their students.

Non-stop company

Below we tell the history of one of these kinema academies, which is actually a kind of non-stop film company.

This concern is surely the most remarkable in the whole great moving picture industry of the country. For it flits from town to town.

It has its headquarters here, there and elsewhere, and its studios in another place. Yet, so far as the records show, it never produces any films for public exhibition, but it is "still running."

The name of this undertaking is the Bonnell Film Corporation, and the latest of its many offices are in Corporation and New Streets, Birmingham.

What the Bonnell Film Corporation actually does is to offer to train would-be actors and actresses for the films.

Advertisements are inserted in local newspapers on these lines:

> "Film Acting.—An important Film Corporation will entertain applications from Refined Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of qualifying for the legitimate screen."

The hook to those who answer these advertisements is well baited. Literature given to them has the implication that, if they entrust themselves to the tuition of the Corporation, their chances of film engagement and fortune are excellent.

There are many who fancy themselves as Clark Gables and Jean Harlows—and there are many others who find it profitable to foster the belief

For example, this is the kind of stuff served up by the company in its leaflets:

> "The unique advantages offered by the Bonnell Film Corporation are without parallel. The primary object being to open up channels whereby unchartered talent may enjoy the opportunity of advancing with surety and ease to the stepping-stone of their desires."

But what really happens is that the students of the Bonnell Film Corporation find that they have parted with their fees; are so much the poorer; have learned little of any practical value, and are as far away from any prospect of a film engagement as ever they were.

In every place where the company has worked — Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds, as well as Birmingham—the local police have received complaints from disappointed men and women.

Far from the name "Corporation" being justified, the concern is a one-man business, with William Cecil Watson, at an address in Heaton Road, Heaton Norris, Stockport, as the proprietor.

Bonnell Film Corporation is registered as a 5s. business name, but the particulars filed in London are chiefly those of its frequently changed headquarters.

Watson *is* the Bonnell Film Corporation. *He* directs its activities. He interviews prospective pupils. He carries out the supposed training and he pockets the fees.

Fade out!

Without any question Watson, at his interviews with clients, leads them to imagine that, after instruction by him, film engagements are practically assured, though he gives no definite undertaking of future work.

On occasions he has even had the impudence to suggest that he has the support of one of the most important British film producing companies.

One famous film company is, at the present time, anxious to know the authority under which Watson used its name in connection with his persuasions to film aspirants to embark on a tuition course.

Many poor people, unemployed and with little money to spare, have been disillusioned in ventures of this kind.

Experts in the film industry are unanimous in declaring that they would never seek recruits from such sources.

The sooner the Bonnell Film Corporation is wound up and William Cecil Watson retires into obscurity the better.

Problems Solved —for LIFE!

She borrowed threepence—and won a fortune: Mrs. L. Davies

"I DON'T think I'll send the JOHN BULL Crossword this week; I haven't sixpence handy," said the wife of a Southampton driver to her mother.

"Here's threepence," was the reply—and, with the aid of a few more pence from her husband, the single entry was posted off to Long Acre.

A few days later, when the incident had been forgotten, a telegram arrived for this woman, Mrs. L. Davies, of 80, Newlands Avenue, Shirley, Southampton. She tore open the envelope in a fright and read the astounding message—"You have won £8 a week for life and £1,000—or £3,300."

She had captured outright the greatest of all JOHN BULL's Crossword prizes for her correct solution of our 231st puzzle.

"I have chosen the £8 a week for life and £1,000 cash," Mrs. Davies told a JOHN BULL representative. "It will, indeed, be given a great welcome. I have only been married eighteen months and we shall now be able to have the things we have been wanting. One of the first is going to be a player-piano.

"I am also going to help one or two of my personal friends through the winter and the remainder of the £1,000 I shall put away to provide for that 'rainy day.'

"I have taken great interest in the JOHN BULL Crosswords," Mrs. Davies went on, "and I have been sending in solutions for six months. My husband is keen on *Bullets*, and when he began to take in *Bullets Bulletin* he handed the *Crossword Gazette* over to me. Every week I read carefully the compiler's notes. Then I sit down and reach a decision on each clue while my mind is still fresh on the subject.

"I believe JOHN BULL's puzzle is the best of all," she declared, "because it calls for reasoning which the compiler himself explains and there are real grounds for the choice of answers to the clues."

* * *

What this woman has done, any other reader can do. Use your reasoning powers on this week's puzzle on page 44, and a Life Pension, with a substantial cheque or a big Cash-plus-Hamper prize, may be yours.

YOUR CHILD'S CAREER IS IN YOUR HANDS.

Have you considered the important matter of your boy or girl's future? It is an anxious problem for many parents in view of prevailing conditions, yet it has a satisfactory solution in specialised training.

Clark's College, the leading business training centre, has a record of proved successes. Let their experts relieve your mind of all worry regarding your child's future by first of all determining his or her suitability for Business, the Civil Service or the Professions, and then providing a well-paid post when proficiency is attained.

Write to the Principal, Mr. Ernest G. V. Clark, at the address below. The helpful advice you will receive is free and non-obligatory, and is of vital importance to your child's future prosperity.

Personal Tuition or Postal Courses.

CLARK'S COLLEGE LTD., Dept. 15
126, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Holborn 5424.

YOURS FOR 12/6!

AND NOTE THESE ADVANTAGES

IMMEDIATE FREE DELIVERY
NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED
20 YEARS GUARANTEE
BRITISH MANUFACTURE

This beautiful CRANE Pianoforte, replete with all modern improvements. All metal frame, check action, full trichord, etc., (and, as you prefer—Rosewood, Walnut or Ebonised case) will be delivered Carriage Paid to your home upon receipt of **12/6.** (No Deposit Required). Purchase completed at 12/6 Monthly.

THE CRANE PIANO possesses a tone of marked purity and resonance and a delicate responsive touch, and is a pianoforte you will be proud to own.

GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS
Old Piano accepted in part payment and full value allowed.

Write for full particulars and Catalogue No. 240, illustrating Crane Pianos, Player-pianos, Organs, etc.

Crane & Sons LTD

Head Offices and Showrooms:
Hanover Street,
LIVERPOOL, 1.

MANCHESTER: 202/204, Deansgate
GLASGOW: 82/84, New City Road
BIRMINGHAM: Old Square
SHEFFIELD: 5 & 6, Lady's Bridge
SEACOMBE: 48/50, Brighton Street
LEEDS: 85, Cookridge Street
BELFAST: Donegall Square
CARDIFF: 8, City Road
BANGOR: 156, High Street
WREXHAM: Crane Building

MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

Highest Grade Sheffield Tools

ONLY are included in the New and Improved G.T.L. Tool Chest making it better value than ever.

ALL BRITISH!

With the NEW and IMPROVED G.T.L. TOOL CHEST and Home Repairing Outfit

EVERYONE—regardless of occupation or position—can turn the long dull winter evenings ahead to profitable account with the G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit. With it you can make all kinds of articles of Furniture and Fixtures both for your own home and to sell. Just as easily you can do all Home Repairs and save the expense of outside help.

Instead of spending money to fill your leisure hours, you will be saving money for a rainy day—you will enjoy your new hobby—and you will be giving added comfort to your family, just as thousands of others in all walks of life are now doing.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

A valuable FREE BOOK OF INSTRUCTION, containing over 200 working illustrations, is included in the G.T.L. Tool Chest. If you have never handled a tool, you CAN be sure of immediate success because this book tells you what to make and shows you step-by-step how to make it.

THE NEW & IMPROVED G.T.L. TOOL CHEST

The New G.T.L. Chest for 1933 has been vastly improved by the inclusion of additional Tools and improvements to existing ones. Now there are over fifty high quality articles, all the finest Sheffield Tools, neatly fitted in steel clips, and they come to you direct from the manufacturers after being carefully tested. Everything for every purpose is here, and the G.T.L. Tool Chest stands alone in its quality, completeness and arrangement.

POST THIS COUPON AT ONCE

A FEW SHILLINGS BRINGS YOU THE G.T.L. TOOL CHEST AT ONCE

A first payment of a few shillings and the G.T.L. Tool Chest is sent at once to your Home, CARRIAGE PAID. The balance can be paid by small monthly sums to suit your pocket; meanwhile the G.T.L. Tool Chest is making money for you.

FREE! To Readers of "John Bull." A beautiful Brochure describing the G.T.L. Tool Chest and how you can make money will be sent if you post the coupon.

COUPON

½d. Stamp is sufficient in an unsealed envelope.

To GUARANTEED TOOLS (1933) LIMITED,
9-10 WAITHMAN STREET, LUDGATE,
LONDON, E.C. 4.

Please send me by return, free of all cost and obligation, your beautiful illustrated booklet of the G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit, together with particulars of price and how I can obtain it at once for a small first payment.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
JB1/33 ____________________

£950 WON IN CROSSWORD COMPETITION NO. 232.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following twenty-two competitors, who share the £750 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £34 1s. 10d. will be sent.

M. W. Allen, 41, George Street, Barnton, Nr. Northwich; Miss M. L. Baker, 6, Regent Road, Wallasey, Ches.; Mrs. E. Blair, 56, Lansdowne Road, West Didsbury; J. Bowker, 22, Frederick Street, Blackburn; Mrs. M. Colpitts, 56, Beaconsfield Street, Blyth, Northld.; J. Corcoran, 8, James Street, Douglas, Isle of Man; M. G. Day, West Hill, Aspley Guise, Beds; J. Duxbury, 30, Hapton Street, Padiham, Lancs; M. Gavahan, Circular Road, Swinford, Mayo; J. J. Giles, 21, Bronlestyn Terrace, Aberdare; W. J. Grundale, 66, Morgan Street, Sunderland; Miss A. Haynes, 127, Gorsefield Road, Birkenhead; Miss K. Henderson, 7, King's Avenue, Crumpsall, Manchester; W. J. Jones, Corbrackey, Portadown, Ireland; H. W. Moore, 19, Dudley Road, Liverpool; J. Parr, Hadfield Avenue, Hoylake; E. Pearson, 44, Tweed Street, Berwick-on-Tweed; H. Wheat, 6, Hinks Street, Deptford, S.E.8; S. M. Spencer, 33, Liverpool Road, Warrington; T. Walker, Dennam, Spital Road, Spital, Wirral; J. Walsh, 26, Heys Lane, Darwen; J. R. Wright, 32, King's Road, Accrington.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, November 7, sending £1 Scrutiny *Fee*, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

RADIO GRAMOPHONE AWARD.—A 27-Guinea "Pye" Radio Gramophone was offered to the sharer of this week's *First Prize* whose lowest adjoining winning square was nearest correct. This Prize has been tied for by Miss M. L. Baker, Mrs. M. Colpitts, M. G. Day, J. Duxbury, W. J. Grundale, W. J. Jones, H. W. Moore, J. Parr, and E. Pearson. Accordingly, an additional 27 Guineas will be divided among them.

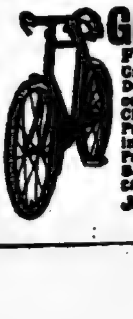
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 322 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive 6s. 3d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Three-in-One Prize, together with Prizes for runners-up, and Xmas Hampers, appears on Page 64. Try your skill now!

This Symbol

denotes JOHN BULL'S own guarantee, which is behind the Money Saving offers in the 'Shop Window' on pages 2 and 3. Make a habit of looking into JOHN BULL'S 'Shop Window' every week.



GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD

FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves "FLIGHT" Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, bright parts Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Price Complete £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for 5/2 now & 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile's Cycles

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

✶ FREE!

Test, free of charge, the wonderful properties of "Pepsodent Toothpaste," the new method which keeps the teeth white and brilliant and prevents dental decay. Write, mentioning "John Bull," and enclose 1½d. stamp to the Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 69), Park Royal Rd., London, N.W., and a free 10-day Tube will be sent by return. For convenience simply use the coupon on page 33.

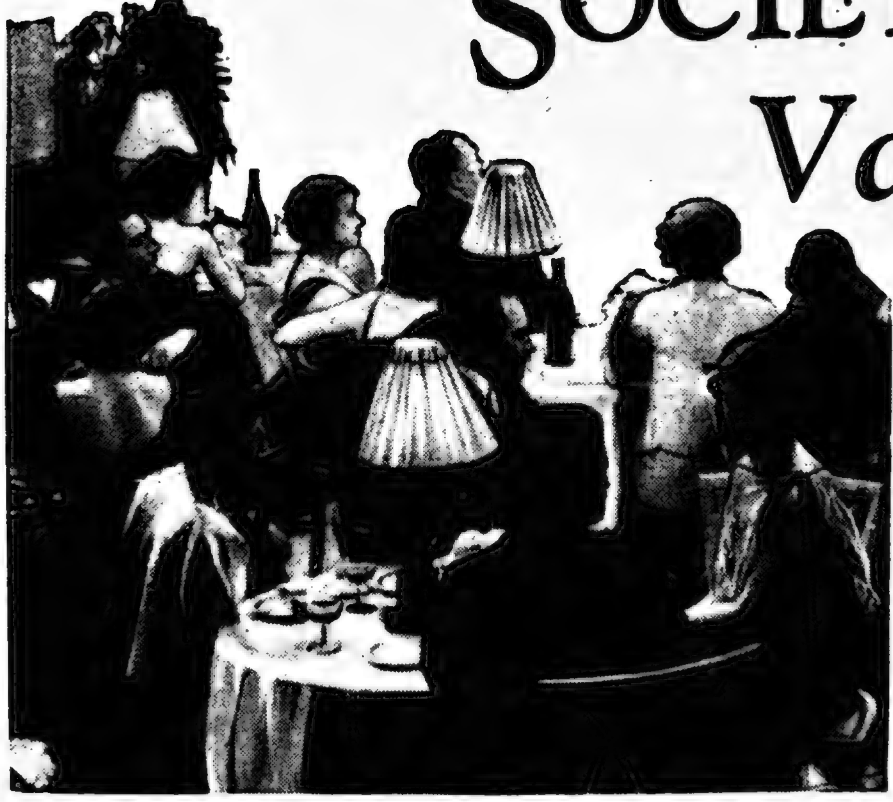
GRAVES RED FOX FURS

Magnificent Natural Red Fox Animal Tie with deep, full grown fur in rich colouring and exquisite lustre. Handsomely modelled and trimmed with large brush and 4 natural paws. Lined Art silk, complete with corded chain, snap and hook fastener. Approx. size 50in x 7in. Price 35/-, or 5/- monthly. Full Approval. Write for Catalogue of Fur Bargains—Wraps, Ties, Coats, Collars, Trimmings, &c., Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

SOCIETY'S Vanished GEMS

—Biggest Jewel Mystery Solved



Half-a-dozen women of leisure—and not a jewel to be seen. Why?

WHERE are the jewels that used to make radiant the lavish social functions of pre-war days—the tiaras that star-spangled the whole Opera on gala nights, the ropes of pearls that used to thrill the pavement watchers when the carriages arrived?

Although even the most ordinary theatrical first-night used to attract gems worth a prince's ransom in the old days, to-day you might go to the Lord Mayor's Banquet at the Guildhall and see less.

The world may be none the worse off for that; but the fact is intriguing.

Lady Blank's diamond corsage, for instance, which the gossip writers so often remind us was inherited from her mother. Where is that? And the lucky crescent that was worn by five generations of Lady Somebodies Why doesn't the *present* Lady Somebody ever wear it?

Officials of leading companies concerned with the insurance of jewellery can supply the answer better than anyone. It is because the owners of many of the world's most priceless gems can no longer afford to wear them.

Families famous for their ownership of jewels that have loomed big in history, that have been associated with good luck or bad, legend and real life drama, are to-day nothing more nor less than custodians of the gems they are supposed to own—caretakers, on behalf of future generations.

To wear their treasures in public even for a night would involve them in a bill for insurance that they couldn't afford to pay.

Sometimes, as on the occasion of a wedding in the family, the father of a bride will rake up enough money to insure them for one appearance only. For one day only they will see the light and flash on the neck of a bride as they have done throughout happier generations.

Sparkling in the dark

Then they vanish again into a steel safe—perhaps until another generation has passed, another bride come to wear them. The list of cancelled insurances for famous private collections of the kind described tells many such stories.

Living in a £1,000 villa on a housing estate in one of London's northern suburbs is a woman owning £40,000 worth of gems which she will probably never be able to see again—except within five feet or so of the safe in which they are housed.

She is the widow of an aristocrat who held high office in Ireland before the Free State came into being. Her total income to-day is perhaps a thousand pounds a year, out of which she is striving to give two sons and a daughter the best education she can afford.

Even to pay the premium of 12s. 6d. per hundred pounds of value which would enable her to make a sparing display of her jewels to her friends would cost her £250 a year. And if she wanted to make as free and lavish a display of her gems as possible, wearing them whenever the occasion called for it, the premium might well eat up her income.

Another example is of a necklace that has been written about and painted times out of number, one of the most priceless heirlooms ever handed down from family to family.

How strange that a calamity as distant as the Wall Street crash, which so wrecked the fortunes of that family that it had to leave its Mayfair home for a small West End flat, should drive that treasure which great Masters have painted into the gloom of a safe deposit!

Peeress's 10s. brooch

Yet there it is; and there it must stay during the lifetime of the present owner.

In more than one instance, during the last Royal Courts, insurance companies were called on to provide one-day cover for the prescribed jewels which *débutantes* must wear. Their owners could afford to do with them as they chose for one day only, from noon to noon.

The story is told, in insurance circles, of a peeress who was fond of wearing and drawing attention to a 10s. paste brooch given to her by her daughter. "It so sets off anything I wear," she would say. And yet that woman "owned" jewels worth scores of thousands of pounds which could never see the light of day.

The people who have inherited diamonds are the hardest hit when poverty or comparative poverty comes along. Diamonds can be cut up in such a way that they are not even recognisable to skilled members of the jewellery trade, and that fact makes insurance more difficult and expensive.

Far luckier the people whose jewel-wealth is in pearls, which cannot be cut or disguised in any way and therefore, being safer to wear, are easier to insure.

Staged robberies

Because diamonds are such a risk from the point of view of insurance companies, many enquiries are often made before a company will listen to a proposition concerning them.

In some cases a company will employ a secret service of its own—to make sure that insuring them is not a prelude to a staged theft.

And then, suddenly, the jewellery trade's own secret service gets busy. By methods of its own it learns that a company has made up its mind to issue a policy on a particular article of tremendous value. And almost at once leading firms will undertake to value the article and make a cast of it free of charge.

The insurance company concerned is all too willing, of course. And the owner of the property, glad to get a free valuation, having the settings looked over, and so on, is content to agree.

Not until the article is stolen or lost beyond all hope of recovery does the jewellery firm that has been so anxious to oblige see a chance of recouping itself for its service.

It gets on to the insurance company at once.

Can't afford the risk

"Under the terms of a policy granted in respect of a necklace which was stolen yesterday," it says, "either you have to replace the lost article or pay the owner £27,765. We, as you may remember, had the opportunity of making a cast of this article. On top of that we made careful note of all flaws and special features in the stones. We are thus able to make a proper replacement—and the cost will work out at £22,250, a saving to you of more than five thousand pounds!"

The insured person gets a replacement, of course, and not the money—and ought to be quite content, anyhow. The enterprising jeweller gets the job.

Owners of valuable jewels get the lesson of it all—"Never take the slightest risk with your gems unless they are insured up to the hilt."

But how can you if you can't afford the risk?

Nothing to do about it, therefore, except to let them hide their light in the dark, more valueless than coal because they may be more of a liability than an asset, things of great price which one cannot even show as one's own.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Hay and Corn Stakes

THE Liverpool Autumn Cup, Derby Cup and Manchester November Handicap end the big-race campaign of 1933. Once the weights are published, I hope to put JOHN BULL readers on the "goods."

In the meantime, the fight for the "Hay and Corn Stakes" is on, and competition will be keener than ever. The drought during August and September reduced the size of fields, and horses which would have been after their winter keep were not risked on the hard going.

There will be no more complaints of scarcity of runners.

At Alexandra Park this week-end Melliford, Elusive George and Hot Bun appear to be likely winners.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 26, to Wednesday, November 1.

P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O	A	Q	C	93	B	94	M
V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S	K	H	J	I	95	E	D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

Peaceful Nights
FREE FROM COUGH

WHY suffer another night of broken sleep? Whether your cough is bronchial, throaty or from the stomach, half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup will soothe the irritable membrane and instantly allay the coughing. This honey syrup moves phlegm like magic, clears the bronchial tubes, kills the cold germs, banishes 'tickle' and soothes and heals the throat and chest. Relief is immediate—whether you cough at night or during the day there is no quicker, surer or more pleasant remedy.

"Upon getting into bed one dose of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup enables me to sleep for several hours, whereas I used to seldom sleep for more than half an hour at a time. If I wake after a few hours a small dose keeps me from coughing for the rest of the night" says a grateful user.

'PINEATE' Brand HONEY SYRUP
From all chemists. 1/6 a bottle.

RHEUMATISM

"In less than ten minutes the pain was easier."
—Nurse L. Suffolk.

Countless rheumatic sufferers whose lives had been a tragedy have had reason to bless the day they heard of 'Thermogene.' In the past, rheumatism has meant days and nights of agony, weeks off work, and costly, unpleasant medicines which seemed to give very little relief. Many drugs that might give some relief to rheumatism are dangerous to the system in other ways. But there is a safe way—a natural way to obtain immediate relief—the 'Thermogene' way. The pain of rheumatism, as is well known, is due to congestion. The tissues are clogged with poisons. They irritate the nerves around, causing excruciating pain. Warmth would make the blood vessels expand, the blood would circulate and the pain would go. But how can you apply warmth to a rheumatic shoulder—or a rheumatic knee gently and continuously without going to bed? By 'Thermogene' brand of Medicated Wadding! Simply put it where the pain is. The active ingredients in 'Thermogene' act on the congested tissues round the painful joint. At once a delightful warmth is felt. Pain swiftly disappears. That is how 'Thermogene' has helped thousands of sufferers in every corner of the country. That is how 'Thermogene' will help you. Without the need to drink unpleasant and lowering drugs, or to leave off work for an hour. You can buy 'Thermogene' for 1/3, or triple quantity 3/-, at any Chemist (in Great Britain and Northern Ireland only).

Recurring Attacks of SKIN DISEASE Ended

MORE AMAZING ZAM-BUK Healing

Mrs. E. POYNTON.

"EVER since 1913 I have had recurring attacks of a disfiguring skin disease on my face," says Mrs. E. Poynton, of 29, Lovat St., Edge Hill, Liverpool.

"It was said to be erysipelas of a non-infectious kind caused by a sudden chill. Though I had doctors and hospital treatment, the trouble always returned. My cheeks, nose and eyes were red, painful and swollen and when the swellings burst, the watery discharge made my skin raw—it burnt and itched almost unbearably.

"During my last attack I happened to read about the wonderful powers of Zam-Buk. I applied Zam-Buk ointment every day. The tissues were thoroughly cleansed through this persistent use of Zam-Buk and the sore places were dried up and healed with new clear skin. I have never had the least skin trouble since Zam-Buk cured me."

Mrs E. Poynton

Zam-Buk cures because of the refined herbal oils which penetrate to the roots of the trouble. Splendid for piles, sore hands, eczema, ulcers, poisoned wounds, cuts, burns, scalds, etc. 1/3 or 3/- box. All chemists.

ZAM-BUK OINTMENT

HERE'S £2 FOR YOU

FOR JUST A SIMPLE SERVICE
EASY, PLEASANT, AND PROFITABLE.

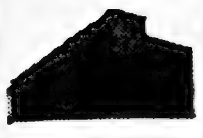
"WORLDWIDE" CLUBS
THE HOBBY THAT PAYS

Good commission and extra Profit-share paid to Organisers of 1/- a week "Worldwide" Clubs of 10 or 20 members. Any man or woman who knows a few people can run a "Worldwide" Club in their spare time—no samples to carry or selling to do. No experience or capital required—it is a pleasant hobby that will add pounds to your income. You also benefit your friends—they buy direct from our Warehouses—at Warehouse prices on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly, and save from 5/- to 10/- in the £. Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Furniture, Crockery, and Household Goods of every description. Send the Coupon for large Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of how to make this fine commission (Free).

To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES,
Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without obligation your Bargain Catalogue and particulars of how I can earn £2 and more in my spare time.

Name ....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address ....
J.B.25 ....
(Send in unsealed envelope. ½d. stamp only required.)

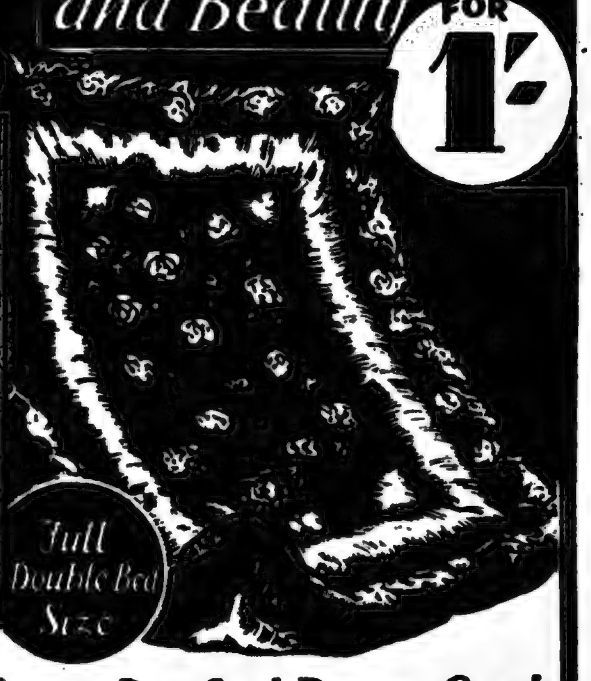


Associated Warehouses—J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd., the Great Mail Order House. Established 1875. Three generations of service to the Public, and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES,
CHARLES STREET :: MANCHESTER, 1

COMFORT, LUXURY
and Beauty FOR 1/-

A Sensational BARGAIN is once again offered by that Great Bargain House The GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES Ltd. ARDWICK MANCHESTER



This Magnificent Purified Down Quilt

made in our own factory - will be sent you on receipt of your first deposit of only 1/-. Pay the balance (20/-) by easy payments of 4/- per month, making 21/- in all.

These credit terms do not apply to Ireland, Channel Islands, etc. Only full cash with order can be accepted.

Each Quilt is extra well filled with purified feather down to Government Standard, in down proof Cambric Cover of Rich Floral Design and with self-toned panels to contrast.

Supplied in the following colours :—
Rose, Blue, Black and Gold, Black and Blue, or Black and Rose. (Please state which when ordering). The richness of this bargain Quilt will add elegance and beauty to your bedroom—a Quilt you will be proud to possess—proud to shew to your friends.

COLDER NIGHTS ARE COMING—GET THIS QUILT NOW.

AGENTS WANTED
to form 1/- Weekly Clubs for our Wonderful Bargains in Home [illegible]
High Commission and Bonus

FILL AND POST THIS COUPON
To The Great Universal Stores Ltd.
(Dept. 103) Ardwick, Manchester.
Please send to me Down Quilt as advertised. I enclose 1/- P.O. as deposit and promise to send the balance (20/-) by monthly instalments.
FULL NAME..........................
FULL ADDRESS..........................
Postal Orders should be made payable to us and crossed.

WRITE FOR MAMMOTH CATALOGUE POST FREE

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH
REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

When asking for "SHAVEX" ask for a "Shavex" Super Blade, the sharpest, longest lived and the most marvellous Blade that one could use to-day. Made of Chrome Steel by our secret process.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid, and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who when on a journey find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

FRIEND: Good lord, not dressed yet! I have been shaved and dressed this five minutes and that Conference can never wait. Heaven above, what are all those soap suds doing on your face? You surely don't use soap and brush now! Why every sensible fellow uses Shavex to-day. Even Kings and Princes use Shavex.

JIM: Have you got some Shavex, my face is quite sore.

FRIEND: Wait a tic, old chap, I will get you my tube, and in less than five minutes you will have had the finest shave you have ever had, and when you have shaved, rub Shavex in the skin, it's a skin food. It keeps you young, Old Boy. My wife says all my wrinkles have disappeared since I used Shavex.

JIM: Well, you certainly look young and your skin looks fine, and you look as fresh as a daisy.

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.
Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19**

DOGE CREAM
THE NEW MARVELLOUS
COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles of the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm, and youthful. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

IRENE: I cannot understand, Lilian, how you manage to keep such a beautiful complexion. You are without doubt the most beautiful woman I have ever seen; yet, my dear, you must be at least 45 years old. You are ten years older than myself, and you look ten years younger! You have not got a wrinkle.

LILIAN: My darling, don't flatter me. I am certainly 45, and my skin is kept perfect with Doge Cream. It is simply wonderful; it takes all wrinkles away. I could not believe a face cream could work such magic. It is Venetian and does not grow hair. It is not a vanishing cream, because they only dry up the skin. It is without doubt a marvellous beautifier.

IRENE: Oh, Lilian, why did you keep this secret? Why did you not tell me of it before? I will get some at once.

Per Pot - - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube - 9d.;

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF DOGE CREAM.
For a sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD., (Dept. Do. 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19**

CATARRH INSTANT RELIEF

Simply Marvellous! Catarrh abolished with the modern remedy "Nostroline". Safe for young and old. Acts instantly, clears head, stops nasal discharge, soothes irritation. Relieves Deafness and Head Noises. 1/3 all Chemists.

INSIST ON THE NAME
IT MUST BE 'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J. 45, Clifton, Bristol

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

Bargains for All

See pages 6 and 7

CURES GASTRIC ULCERS WITHOUT OPERATION.

Mr. Albert Cooper, of 8, Salcombe Avenue, Copnor, Portsmouth, suffered constantly from the worst kind of indigestion for four years. "I tried"—these are his own words—"all kinds of so-called cures but without success. Eventually I collapsed and was taken from a local cinema and arrived in hospital where a 'gastric ulcer' was diagnosed. I fully expected to be operated upon. Imagine my surprise when they started giving me Maclean's Powder.

"Only six weeks afterwards, I was discharged cured, and have since enjoyed perfect health in every way and can eat what I like, whereas before I used to hate the very sight of food, which always made me ill. No words of mine can speak too highly of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder."

Whatever kind of indigestion you suffer from, you ought to try this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at once. Any chemist can supply it, but be sure to ask for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

FREE!

The "Big Two" WRITING SET

IS FREE TO CLIENTS USING THE "CHALLENGER" FOOTBALL LISTS

FIXED PRICE AND LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR

NOTHING BARRED ALL THE 6 LEAGUES TO CHOOSE FROM NOTHING STARRED

RACING.—Commissions by letter accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price. NO LIMIT—win or place.

WINNINGS BY RETURN.

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD. 227 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

Please send me coloured illustrations and full particulars of your Free Offer of the "Big Two" Writing Set. J.B.

Name..

I am over 21 years of age.

Address..

Town .... County ....

A LOVELY SKIN starts within!

By preventing the body wastes from poisoning the blood, VEGETINE PILLS ensure that energy and vigour go tingling through your veins to electrify your whole system with life and vitality. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

VEGETINE BRAND PILLS 1/3

F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., Dept. B, 33, Banner Street, London, E.C. 1

The Celebrity I'd Like to Be

PERHAPS the man I'd like to be isn't very famous just now. But Mr. Arthur Henderson will be one day, if the deep sincerity and tenacity of purpose he has shown in the face of almost universal scepticism and the open hostility of vested interests achieve the success they deserve.

Think what a monument it would be to be for ever enshrined in the grateful hearts of future generations as the benevolent "Uncle" who succeeded, in the face of every conceivable discouragement, in inducing the nations to permanently forswear war as a means of settling their differences.—*Alfred Smith, Middlesex.*

"Our Little Duchess"

The Duchess of York, because she is so popular with all the world. Gentle and dainty in all her ways, and a loving and devoted mother, it is always a pleasure for her to talk to the poor as well as the rich.

Her sweet smile goes to the hearts of little children. She is "Our Little Duchess."—*E. L., Lincs.*

Happy Scientist

Sir Oliver Lodge must surely get more out of life than most men, with his great knowledge of matter and life and the forces and laws which control them.

His philosophical outlook has reached a state of beautiful harmony, a profound scientific understanding of life combined with implicit belief in the survival of the spirit after death and the reunion of those who have "passed over."

He has reached a healthy old age, learnt much from life and given much to it.—*A. S. W., Hull.*

Inspirer of Youth

Lord Baden-Powell. As founder of the Boy Scout movement he has inspired the youth, not only of this country, but of the world, with the ideal of manliness and citizenship which cannot but have an ennobling influence on generations yet unborn.

Lord Baden-Powell has done more for the cause of universal peace than has the League of Nations. He has united the youth of the world in a bond of brotherhood.

Here is a man who can feel that he has not lived in vain.—*C. S., London, N.*

The Wireless Wizard

My choice of person is not one who has power to command the destruction of human life, but one who has contributed such a vast amount towards the uplifting of it, and falls upon Marchese Marconi.

His name is not emblazoned on tablets and thrust upon the community in public places, but his genius has found a place in millions of homes. Wireless gives enjoyment to the crippled, education to the people, and provides a means of fostering friendship among the nations.

His fame will live for ever as having made one of the greatest discoveries of all times.—*G. M. D., Bristol.*

The Church's Head

The three greatest problems which now face Britain are war, slums and unemployment. These are also mine, but in my present social position I cannot do much to help abolish them.

As Archbishop of Canterbury, however, I would see that, backed by the Church, my bishops and myself pulled our weight in the House of Lords and made a definite stand as regards these most urgent questions.

When the Kingdom of God is established on earth there will be no extremes of wealth and poverty, no social or class distinctions, and national or racial strife will disappear.—*Kenneth Bernard, Liverpool.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, October 31.

My Reunion with a War-time Pal.

Winsome Walford

"Find your place." I never hear those words on the afternoon air but I long to be in Sir Walford Davies' shoes as he, with perfect sympathy and understanding, teaches the biggest class of children in the world

Fame's a transient thing, but I've no doubt that, fifty years hence, grey-haired men and women will lovingly finger instrument keys, and recall the loud-speaker voice of winsome Walford.

"Find your place." Who knows but what the kindly command may not fire our children to seek out their niche in worthy avenues of service, and be themselves famous?—*R. H., New Seaham.*

"Jack"—Gent.

Jack Hobbs. To be able to treasure memories of thrilling and exciting duels for the "Ashes," both in England and Australia, and to recall the pleasure of hitting up centuries which have made history. This, coupled with the expectation of reaching the 200th century in the afternoon of a brilliant career.

All this, together with the welcome on famous cricket-grounds the world over which is extended not only to one of the world's greatest batsmen, but to a typical English sportsman and gentleman.—*"Greensward," Stockport.*

"Our Gracie"

Eh, by gum, tha knows, I'd like to be "Our Gracie"—she's champion. The finest comedienne on stage or screen, with a voice and heart of gold.

Miss Gracie Fields, utterly devoid of "side," is loved by all with whom she comes in contact, and is known affectionately by all as "Our Gracie."

One word describes her professional life, perfection, and one her private life, kindness.

Her charity begins, but certainly does not end, at home. Her children's home at Peacehaven is more to Gracie than all her fat contracts.—*I. Keen, Hastings.*

Germany's Leader

At this moment I would like to be Hitler, or at least in his position. Instead of leading my fellow-countrymen to arm, I would persuade them that it is more heroic to disarm, completely.

Faced by such an example from a great nation, how could governments and nations do otherwise than destroy their military 'planes, their chemical horrors, and all the engines of hell which fear and mistrust force them to possess?

He has the choice to be immortally famous or eternally infamous.—*A. S. K., Newport.*

Worker for Britain

Sir William Morris, for then I should have a happy conscience, knowing I was doing practical work for the benefit of my country and my fellow-men.

I should be proud of having achieved success from small beginnings and of having built up a great industry, employing contented workers

I should have financial security, an alert mind to cope with difficult situations, and a patriotic satisfaction in the knowledge that I was helping my country back to prosperity and spreading the fame of British workmanship all over the world.—*R. D. White, Bristol.*

Doctor Friend

Sir Wilfred Grenfell, of Labrador. Although he had a lucrative medical practice, wealth and a host of friends, he renounced all to become the spiritual pastor, teacher, doctor and friend of the Eskimos and fishermen of the barren wastes of Labrador.

His sincerity of purpose, directed to the service of his fellow-man, is surely following the high ideal of Christianity.

Grenfell of Labrador is honoured everywhere, and the generous response to his mission appeals for funds shows how his mission is appreciated.—*"Quarry," Pendcryn.*

* * *

Noel Coward, the brilliant author of "Cavalcade," the performance of which held America spellbound and is now engrossing millions of British hearts.—*L. C. H., Glossop.*

Sir Harry Preston is everybody's friend. Everybody knows him for what he is, a prince of sportsmen, and, like all true sportsmen, he has a soft spot in his heart for those who are not so fortunate as himself.—*W. L., Brighton.*

Sir Herbert Barker, who, by his wonderful bonesetting powers, has given the joy of living a full and useful life to hundreds of people who would otherwise have spent their days in despair.—*W. E. Richard, London, E.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on October 28

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) PORTSMOUTH v. Derby.
(2) SUNDERLAND v. Leeds.
(3) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Wednesday.
(4) Aston Villa v. Arsenal.
(5) Chelsea v. Newcastle.
(6) HUDDERSFIELD v. W.B. Albion.
(7) Leicester v. EVERTON.
*(8) LIVERPOOL v Blackburn.
(9) Sheffield U. v. Manchester C.
(10) Stoke v. Birmingham.
**(11) TOTTENHAM v. Middlesbrough.

SECOND DIVISION.

*(1) WEST HAM v. Lincoln.
**(2) GRIMSBY v. Swansea.
(3) MANCHESTER UNITED v. Hull.
(4) Forest v Millwall.
(5) Oldham v. Bradford City.
**(6) PLYMOUTH v. Bury.
(7) Preston v. Port Vale.
(8) BOLTON v Fulham.
(9) BRADFORD v. Notts County.
(10) BRENTFORD v. Southampton.
(11) Burnley . Blackpool.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Watford v. Northampton.
(2) BOSCOMBE v. Q.P. Rangers.
*(3) COVENTRY v. Aldershot.
(4) BRISTOL R. v. Swindon.
*(5) CARDIFF v. Newport.
(6) CHARLTON v. Torquay.
*(7) C. PALACE v. C. Orient.
(8) EXETER v. Norwich.
(9) GILLINGHAM v. Bristol C.
(10) READING v. Luton.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Brighton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Wrexham v. BARROW.
(2) Gateshead v Halifax.
(3) HARTLEPOOLS v Doncaster.
(4) MANSFIELD v. Chester.
**(5) ROCHDALE v. Rotherham.
(6) SOUTHPORT v. Carlisle.
*(7) TRANMERE v Walsall.
(8) ACCRINGTON v. Crewe.
*(9) BARNSLEY v. York.
**(10) CHESTERFIELD v. N. Brighton.
*(11) Darlington v STOCKPORT.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Kilmarnock v. RANGERS.
(2) Q. of South v. St. Johnstone.
(3) Airdrie v. DUNDEE.
(4) ST. MIRREN v. Third Lanark.
*(5) CELTIC v. Hibernian.
(6) Cowdenbeath v. Ayr.
(7) Hamilton v. ABERDEEN.
(8) HEARTS v. Falkirk.
(9) Partick v. MOTHERWELL.
(10) QUEEN'S PARK v. Clyde.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example-Code.—Div. I.—7 (*A*); Div. II.—2 (*H*); Southern Section—5 (*H*); Northern Section—10 (*H*); Scottish League—5 (*H*) would indicate Everton, Grimsby, Cardiff, Chesterfield, and Celtic.

BREATHLESS & DISTRESSED

The anæmic girl suffers in many ways, not her least distressing trouble being breathlessness. The smallest effort, even only to go upstairs, seems too much for her. Often she has to rest half-way, panting for breath, with her heart palpitating, and feeling ready to faint.

Another thing which distinguishes the anæmic girl is the pallor of her face and lips; then again, she usually has a poor appetite, gets backaches and headaches and feels listless and languid.

Remember this, you pale anæmic girls, only one thing can banish anæmia—new rich blood. The one medicine which can be relied upon to provide this is Dr. Williams brand pink pills. That is the reason why so many girls and women swear by them, for these pills actually create new blood.

You can readily prove this by looking into your mirror after you have been taking Dr. Williams brand pink pills for a little while; the new blood will show in your pink cheeks and in the lining membranes of your eyelids. So banish your anæmia by taking a course of these pills now.

You can now buy the world-famous Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (large size 3s. 0d.). This remarkable blood enricher and nerve tonic is thus brought within the reach of all sufferers.

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (53.B.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME...

ADDRESS...

....

ECZEMA ON CHILD A TERRIBLE SIGHT

Irritation Dreadful. Healed by Cuticura.

"My little son suffered with dry eczema for two years. It started in little red patches that were dry and scaled over, and spread nearly all over his body, arms and legs. It was a terrible sight. The irritation was dreadful and I had a job to keep him from scratching it in his sleep. It did cause sleepless nights.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I purchased more and I am pleased to say my little boy is now completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Glass, 67, Waterloo Crescent, Feltham, Middx., Eng.

Give Cuticura Soap and Ointment the care of your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C. 1. Try Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure; there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

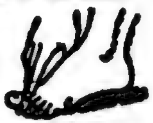
For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. Of all chemists. Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

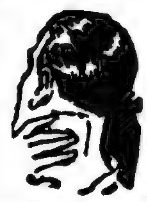
ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

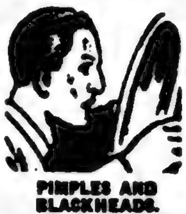


CORNS
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.



BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.



PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

Picture of a Man

with plenteous

NERVE POWER

Nerve Exhaustion results from Starvation of the nerve cells, notably of the brain. These centres of nerve activity, the basis of health and vigour, do not, through under-nourishment, receive sufficient new vital energy from the nervous system, the reason being that by a vicious circle, the sufferer does not absorb from his daily food all the concentrated nutrient necessary for the Nerve cells to adequately live and thrive. In this condition, so often due to worry, anxiety, sleeplessness, overwork, etc., ordinary "tonics" are useless. Nothing has been proved to be more effective for restoring this lost Nutrition than the brand of concentrated nerve food advocated by Dr. Muller, which is far and away the best in its class. No cooking or preparation is required, you simply eat four or five pieces a day any time, but preferably after meals. Keep this practice up for a few weeks and you will not know yourself as the same person. Dr. Muller's preparation is identical with the natural nutrient the nerve cells live upon. It is a marvellous reconstructive in mental and physical exhaustion and revitalizes the brain and nerve centres in a natural way.

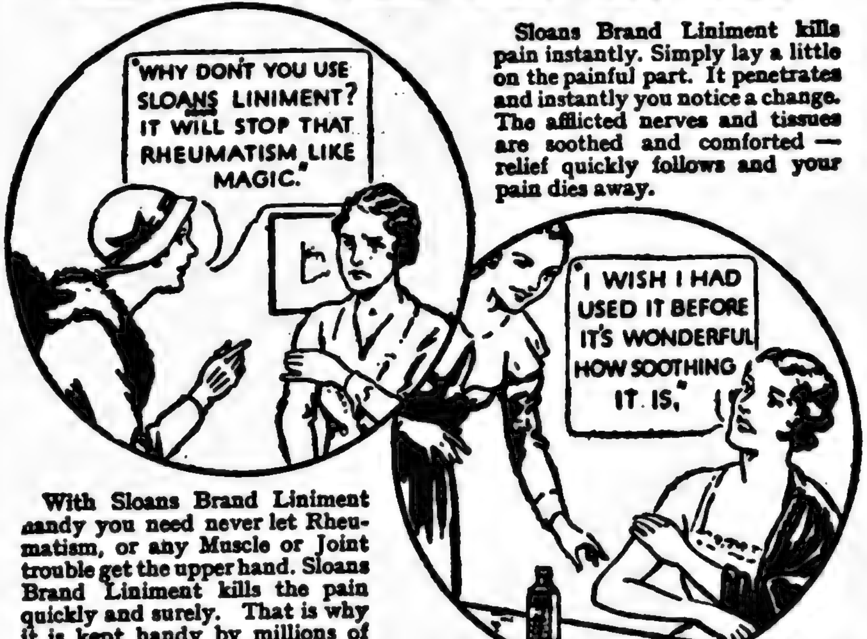
If you send your name and address, a sample box, sufficient for seven days, will be sent post free, together with a copy of "The Way to Health," of which 390,000 copies have been circulated. Write 105 M, The Muller Laboratories, 37, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

THE DR. MULLER NUTRIENT BRAND OF CONCENTRATED NERVE FOOD IS SOLD BY ALL GOOD CHEMISTS.

RHEUMATISM

Get Rid Of Your Pain This Way.

Sloans Brand Liniment kills pain instantly. Simply lay a little on the painful part. It penetrates and instantly you notice a change. The afflicted nerves and tissues are soothed and comforted—relief quickly follows and your pain dies away.


"WHY DON'T YOU USE SLOANS LINIMENT? IT WILL STOP THAT RHEUMATISM LIKE MAGIC."
"I WISH I HAD USED IT BEFORE IT'S WONDERFUL HOW SOOTHING IT IS."

With Sloans Brand Liniment handy you need never let Rheumatism, or any Muscle or Joint trouble get the upper hand. Sloans Brand Liniment kills the pain quickly and surely. That is why it is kept handy by millions of people all over the world. Get a bottle to-day—see for yourself how quickly Sloans Brand Liniment kills pain.

Use Sloans Brand Liniment for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Sprains, Bruises, all Muscular Aches and Pains. Economical in use. One bottle goes a long way. At Chemists and Stores, now 1/9 per bottle.

MADE IN ENGLAND

SLOANS BRAND Liniment NOW 1/9

Will YOU be lucky in love?

Does the future hold riches and happiness in store for you? If you would make a successful marriage, remember that a man hates a shiny nose. He dislikes still more a girl who is always dabbing on powder. Poudre Tokalon stays on all day because it is scientifically blended with Mousse of Cream. Prevents the least trace of shine even in wind and rain, and all through a long evening's dancing in the hottest ballroom. If you would be lucky in love, get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. It gives that marvellous complexion beauty which every man adores. 6d. and 1/- a box.

"JOHN BULL'S" ENORMOUS XMAS X-WORD PRIZES

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
and £350 CASH
and £50 CHEQUE THIS XMAS
FINE NEW 3-IN-1 FIRST
OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £850
BONUS £2 of Crossword "Season" Ticket for all winners registered for "John Bull's" free weekly Crossword Gazette by closing date—use Registration Coupon from "Bullets" announcement.
ADDED ATTRACTION
GIANT XMAS HAMPER
WITH EACH AWARD
£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP
£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6d. ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE
EACH HUGE HAMPER WILL ARRIVE JUST BEFORE XMAS AND CONTAIN 10 SEASONABLE LUXURIES
PLUMP XMAS FOWL
SAUSAGES · XMAS PUDDING
CAKE · FRUIT · CHOCOLATES
CIGARETTES · CRACKERS
BISCUITS · FINE OLD PORT
PORT

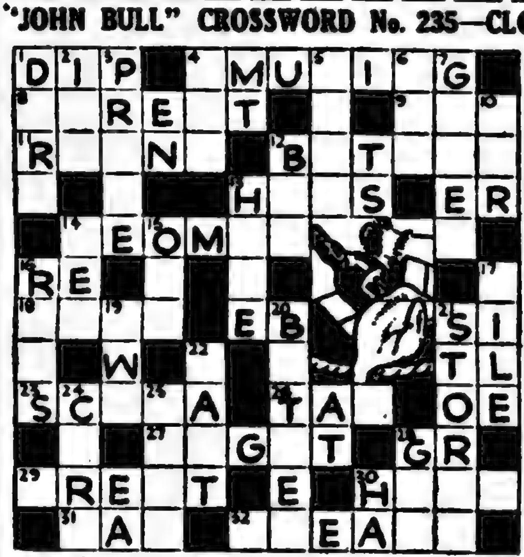
THERE is a limit to most people's expenditure on Christmas fare—but none to the amount "John Bull" is prepared to devote to the distribution of Giant Crossword Hampers for December 25.

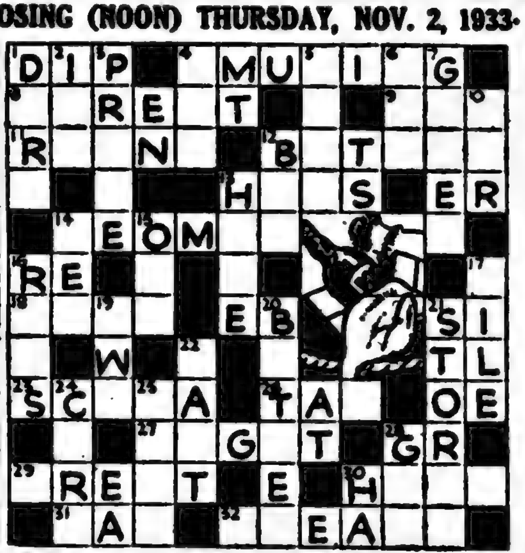
Last Christmas 755 competitors enjoyed the thrill of opening one of these huge and exciting packages and the satisfaction of enjoying the ten seasonable luxuries each Hamper contained. The same joy will be yours if you win a cash prize, big or small, in the current competition. These Hampers, you see, are an added attraction supporting this week's fine Cash and Pension First Prize of £2 a Week for Life, a cheque for £350 now and a further £50 at Christmas and the handsome Runners-up awards.

See that you solve the Common-sense Clues of the interesting Puzzle below in time for your entry to reach this office by noon, Thursday, November 2.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week, £350 Cash and a cheque for £50 this Christmas (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Giant Hamper will be added to every winner's prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 9, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 16.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 235—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1933.


JB·235


JB·235

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value......No......... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED..

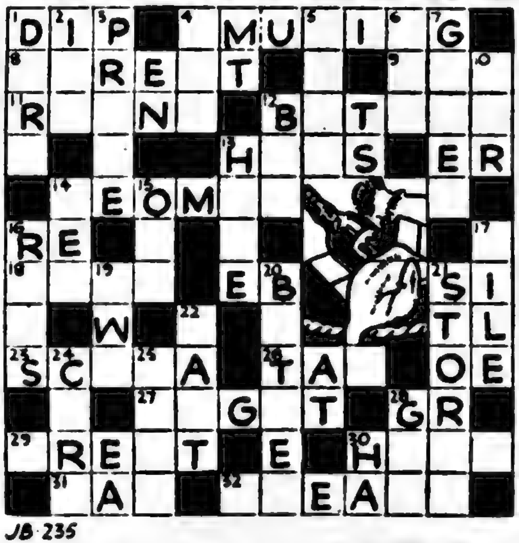
ADDRESS..

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 235—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1933.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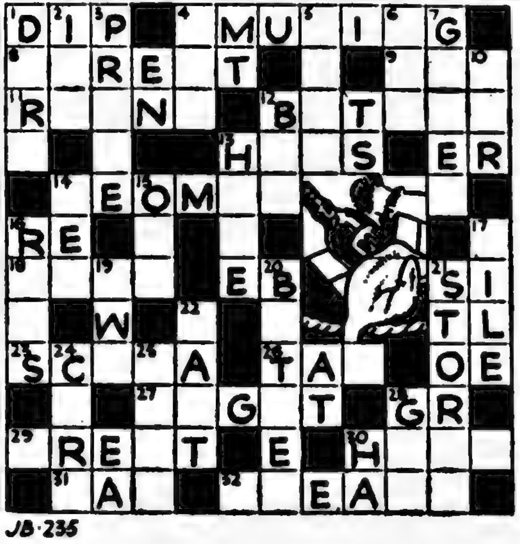

JB·235

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value......No......... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED..

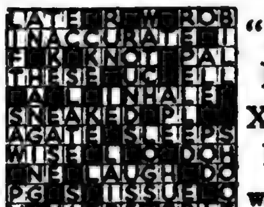
ADDRESS..

....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

SOLUTION OF "JOHN BULL" X-WORD No. 233.


JB 233

Winners in 232 on page 38. Result of 233 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 233 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this Crossword as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Immerse in water
4. Describes good comedian
8. Take into custody
9. Metal in its rough state
11. Horses are controlled by these
12. Some beer has this kind of flavour
13. Things she admires at milliner's
14. Man of small estate
18. Subdued with terror
23. A playlet
26. Chancellor puts tax upon
27. Time most tobacconists close
29. Is some people's opinion of radio
30. Dog should be taught to do this when told
31. Is put on roads
32. They help her to keep her youth

DOWN

1. Helps Cupid to make a hit
2. Wrath
3. What keen boy takes in school
4. Donkey
5. Starts with a cut
6. Negative
7. From this you get into a hole
10. Make a mistake
12. Prohibit
13. Often distorts vision
14. Tree often seen in a churchyard
15. Describes folk who get extra attention
16. Are often found in a marine store
17. Helps in escape from prison
19. Female sheep
20. Caution saves life of
21. Large shops
22. You have to do this if you're an angler
24. Sort of horse that's often backed
25. Close to
28. Precious stone

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, November 2, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 16, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, November 28, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

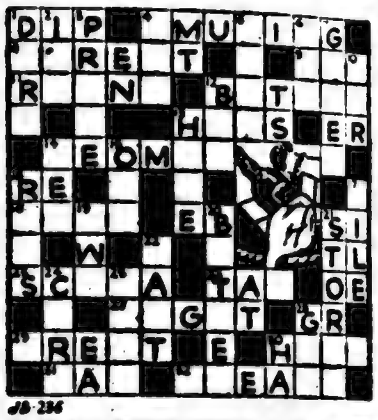
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.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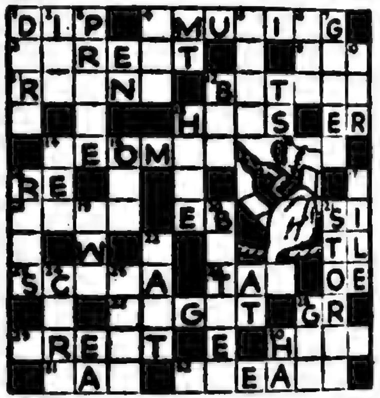
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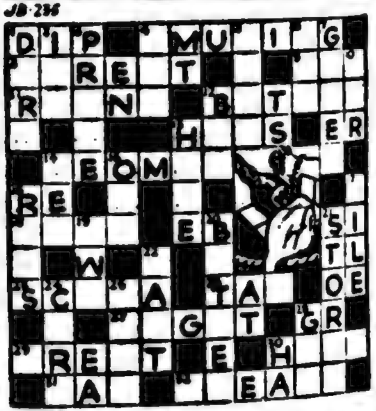
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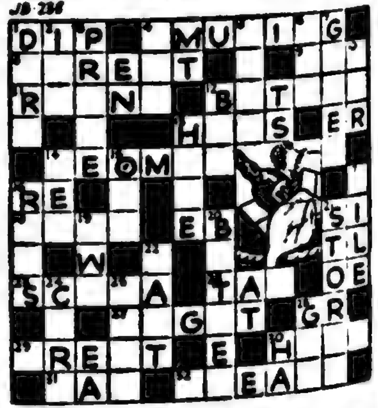

JB·236

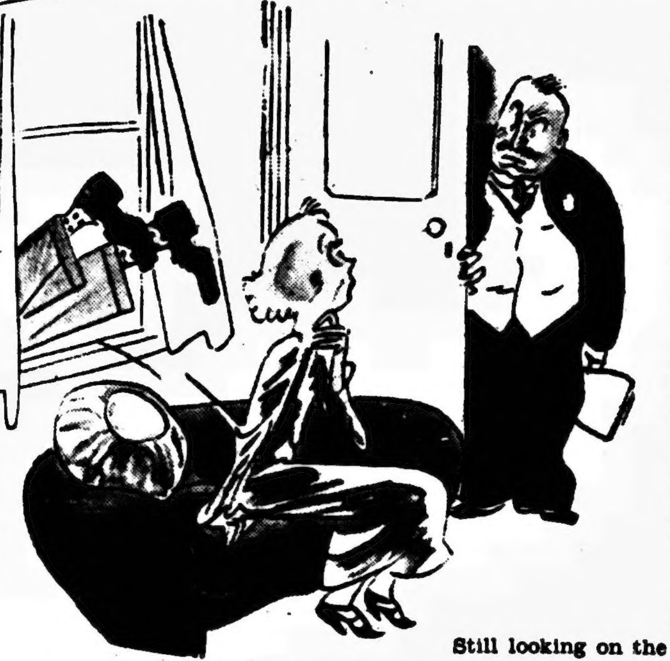
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between shares' Newsagents.

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING
See Rule 1.

Address Entry
"JOHN BULL"
CROSSWORD No. 235, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
(Comp.).

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



Gladys P. (Plaistow).—"I have found at love flies out of the window hen . . ." . . . Father walks in by he door.

SAM (Esher).—"Cold feet keep me awake at night." Your own?

Kate (Derby).—"What is your pet saying?" Our pet doesn't speak.

Housewife (Chelsea).—"Where can I find a capable cook?" Ask policeman.

S. P. (Maidstone).—"I am rather ramped for space just now." How long re you in for?

S. W. (Bognor Regis).—"Trade is n a maze." It's ertainly been turning a lot of corners,

D. G. (Abingdon).—"No game leaves ne so cold as hess." What about raughts?

P. E. (Exmouth).—"My wife invari-bly waits up until return home at ight." Hard luck!

U. B. (Pampisford).—"What makes a erson a pessimist?" Having to ive with an op-imist.

S. Y. (Deal).—"I found four puppies n a public dustbin the other day." We xpect the mother saw the notice, "For tter."

Worried (Frome).—"I have discovered hat one of my legs is longer than the ther." Perhaps someone's been pulling

B. G. R. (Axminster).—"Burglars broke nto my house last night and cleaned up he whole place." Well, they've saved you aving the charlady this week, anyway.

Bertie (Ryde).—"My father wanted me o go to Oxford, while my mother favoured ambridge—but fate stepped in ——" nd you went to Borstal?

T. H. (Dundee).—"When modern girls uarrel the upset is over and done with n a few minutes." They very soon kiss nd make up.

M. J. (Jersey).—"I could tell everybody ll you know in under a minute." Then e could tell all we both know in the ame length of time.

Business Man (Edinburgh).—"I give ach of my typists a packet of toffee every ay." It is almost impossible, of course, o eat toffee and chatter at the same time.

B. M. (Barnet).—"A kitten in North ondon drinks beer." We suppose that fter drinking a saucer of it the little nimal swaggers to the front gate and naps at passing Alsatians.

Scientist (Putney).—"I have proved hat powder-puffs carry microbes." That not a very impressive discovery. Now you found that microbes carried pow-er-puffs, that would be interesting.

Alice (Newcastle).—"I am very much nnoyed because my boy gave me a tube f lipstick during my holidays." Evi-ently he believes in getting full return or his money.

D. L. (Hull).—"I am not such a big fool as I was." Dieting?

E. K. (Derby).—"Strong hearts speak fearlessly." Weak hearts murmur.

D. G. (Brighton).—"I have never heard of a perfect man." You should marry a widow!

S. F. (Holborn).—"A barmaid too often sees a man at his worst." Either closing one eye or two.

Mrs. J. K. (Oxford).—"Do you know many supporters of trousers for women?" Only braces and a belt.

Spinster (Tottenham).—"I am past thirty-five, but I hope to get married yet." Still looking on the bride side?

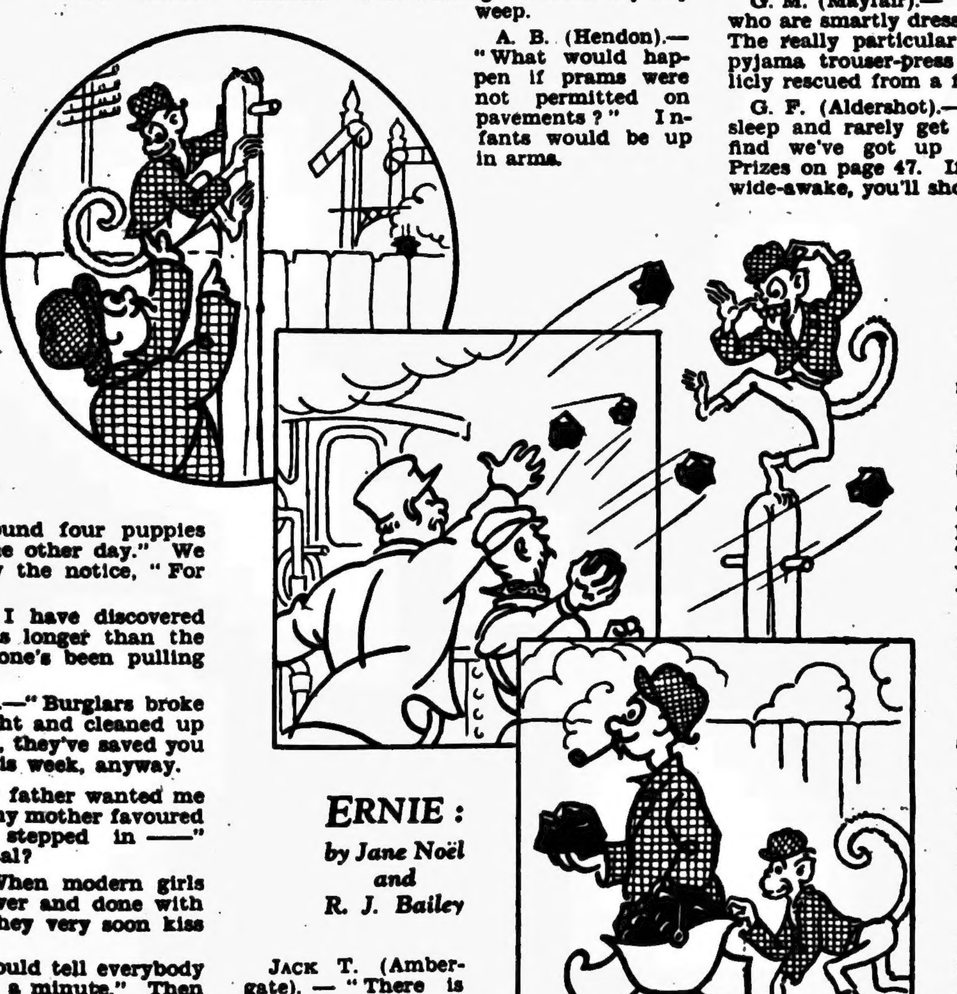
L. N. (Bury).—"To-day is the anniversary of the start of my writing career." We trust no one wished you "Many happy returns."

S. A. (Preston).—"I am twenty-two and a seventy-year-old man is anxious to marry me. Dad is furious and calls it disgraceful." We call it kidnapping.

A. T. (Chelsea).—"Who can answer the question of whether the bird or the egg came first?" Some actors. They have had them both.

Grower (Norwich).—"Thousands of tons of foreign onions have been dumped in this country during the last few months." That's enough to make anybody weep.

A. B. (Hendon).—"What would happen if prams were not permitted on pavements?" Infants would be up in arms.



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

Jack T. (Ambergate).—"There is nothing like a gargle for a sore throat." Or a dry one.

S. L. (Streatham).—"I wonder why a skeleton is always grinning." Perhaps it is thinking of the poor misguided muts who are still struggling for an existence.

Y. N. D. (Dudley).—"There is sufficient nicotine in one cigar to kill thirty rabbits." Don't worry. It is unlikely that thirty rabbits will try to smoke one cigar.

Mollie (Surbiton).—"I was really trained as a pastrycook, but I am actually engaged as a telephone girl." Still, you're able to roll the "r's" all right, of course.

A. E. B. (Handsworth).—"Most men when they marry think they have acquired an angel." In some cases they find they have done even better—she turns out to be a good cook.

G. N. (Kensington).—"Every girl aims at slim outlines." A figure 1—not an 8.

A. B. (Over).—"A policewoman has married a superintendent." Perhaps she was tired of saluting him.

J. B. (Grantchester).—"I was once mistaken for a wireless lecturer." And how long were you in hospital?

Smoker (Ryde).—"Mechanical lighters appear to be going out." But that has been the trouble from the start.

Student (Cardiff).—"I believe we are really descended from monkeys." Your family affairs are no concern of ours.

Jack H. (Torrington).—"Who started this nudist business?" Probably some husband fed up with dress bills.

Professor (Cambridge).—"I gave Shakespeare lessons." Goodness, you must be getting on in years!

Y. L. (Lowestoft).—"A man should give his wife credit for everything he can." Yes, but she usually insists on having cash.

B. A. E. (Bacup).—"Why does a man sing in his bath?" Usually it is because he takes the precaution of bolting the door.

H. G. (Sheffield).—"When our first baby arrives my wife intends to call it Gerald. I prefer either Robert or Arthur. What shall we call it?" Ada, probably.

Chorus Girl (Charing Cross, W.C.).—"How could I get on to Broadway?" Take the liner to New York, and then consult a policeman.

H. L. (Reigate).—"A three-year-old Cardiff boy has mastered the alphabet." He'll need it for some Welsh names—and all at once.

J. E. F. (Bristol).—"I have just completed a week's close and extensive research." Looking up someone named Smith in the telephone book?

G. M. (Mayfair).—"There are some men who are smartly dressed on all occasions." The really particular man always uses a pyjama trouser-press in case he is publicly rescued from a fire.

G. F. (Aldershot).—"I count myself to sleep and rarely get up to 500." You'll find we've got up to 1,250 Christmas Prizes on page 47. If you count yourself wide-awake, you'll shoot some *Bullets* this week.

Sport (Liverpool).—"And at football I have registered some really magnificent shots." With a camera?

Clergyman (Putney).—"The path of the modern girl is beset with gins and snares." And gins and its.

M. M. (Ayr).—"Our family motto has always been 'Never give up.'" We note that you write from Scotland.

A. M. (Macclesfield).—"Who cares whether I die penniless or with a million?" The death duties assessor.

K. B. (Meldreth).—"So the Russians have beaten the altitude record." And nobody knows what they'll be up to next.

Charlie (Dulwich).—"The physical instructor tells me that my chest expansion is extraordinary." Just had a rise?

H. R. O. (Plymouth).—"I have always found that good looks are a handicap to a girl." You mean if she hasn't got any.

Married Woman (Stanford-le-Hope).—"Was there ever a man who didn't grumble about the money his wife spent on clothes?" Well, there was Adam.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Uric Acid

"Every Picture Tells a Story."

DO YOU become rheumatic when damp weather sets in? Many people do! Damp and cold overstrain the kidneys, and when they weaken excess uric acid soon begins to collect in the system. Doans Backache Kidney Pills should be used to strengthen the kidneys at the very first sign of backache, urinary disorders, interrupted sleep, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica. They have benefited thousands, why not you?

"Crippling Lumbago after a Cold"

On 17th February, 1912, Mrs. E. Parker, 63, Curzon Street, Reading, Berks, said: "After a severe chill on my kidneys I was practically crippled with lumbago for nearly twelve months. The pains in my back were simply terrible—they made me quite helpless, and robbed me of my sleep. The excretions contained gravel and caused a scalding pain.

"One lucky day for me I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They relieved the pain from the first, and later I made a complete recovery."

On 29th August, 1933, Mrs. Parker said: "My health has been excellent ever since Doans Pills rid me of serious kidney complaints. (Signed) E. Parker."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon Doans BRAND Backache Kidney Pills

CATARRH SO BAD COULD HARDLY BREATHE

Karsote kills Catarrh quickly—no matter how chronic or obstinate. And the reason is because Karsote is a new scientific inhalant, containing 22 different antiseptic oils and balms, which rout out and kill the Catarrh-causing germs at back of nose, throat and in the lungs, so that with the cause gone, the trouble cannot exist. Mr. G. H., of Bradford, writes: "Until trying Karsote I had Catarrh so badly that sometimes I was hardly able to breathe. A friend told me about it, and after using Karsote for a week, it has rid me of the Catarrh." If you, too, suffer from Catarrh, you will realise just what such relief means. So why not try Karsote (Brand) Inhalant yourself? From any chemist. Three sizes, 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6.

"That's for a 'PLUS' Reader!"

"LISTEN, Mary—this is extraordinary! You remember that JOHN BULL agreed, very generously, to pay £200 for our belongings destroyed in the fire. Well, they have sent us a cheque for £220—£20 more than my benefit. Isn't there a mistake somewhere?"

"No, dear. That's your special bonus for being a 'Plus' reader. Don't you remember—JOHN BULL now adds 10 per cent. to all benefits paid, when registered readers—like us—have been taking the paper for three months or more? We are what JOHN BULL calls 'Plus readers."

"Of course—that's splendid! With this extra windfall we can buy the new bedroom suite you wanted."

Are *you* a "Plus" reader? Have you signed the simple forms which ensure not only complete protection from the start, but also 10 per cent addition to benefits when you have been a registered reader for three months or more?

JOHN BULL's Special Bonus has come as a delightful surprise to so many of our readers. These expressions of approval, taken at random, show how popular is JOHN BULL's liberal concession:

"Your cheque was much more than we expected; we had not noticed that we had been registered for three months and were 'Plus' readers."

"The amount of your cheque was a great surprise, thanks to your 10 per cent. bonus"

"We would have been quite satisfied with the £5 5s. as specified in our Certificate To add 10 per cent. is generous indeed. Thank you, JOHN BULL!"

THE ONLY PAPER

JOHN BULL is the only paper to add this "Plus" benefit of an extra 10 per cent bonus when you have been a registered reader for three months or more—the *only* paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

A few strokes of the pen on the forms below will throw up a wall of protection round your home. Sign *now* for safety.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..

Address ....

....

.... Date..........................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 28/10/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age..........................

Address ....

....

....

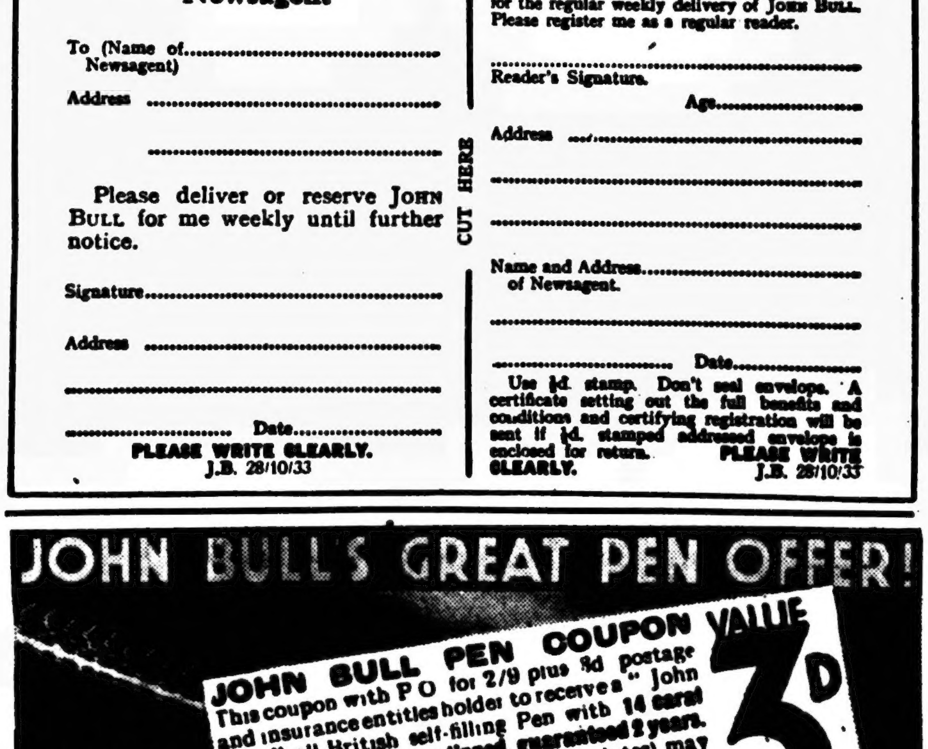
Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

....

.... Date..........................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 28/10/33



JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

VALUE 3D

This coupon with P O for 2/9 plus 3d postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment each counting as 3d off the price You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d postage and insurance State if fine, medium or broad nib Pocket clip 3d extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2

Everyone Laughed At Mother..

BUT NOW SHE's WON £750!

TWO little girls in the mining village of Dalton Parva, near Rotherham, used to laugh at their mother whenever she dropped her sewing or left her cooking to scribble *Bullets* on odd bits of paper.

Even her husband, the village schoolmaster, used to look on with amused tolerance as she sat by the fire in the evenings, juggling with words

Yes, they all used to laugh at mother and her *Bullets*. But now they are laughing *with* her. That hard-working housewife has swept the *Bullets* boards in our 910th Contest, and captured the First Prize of £750 cash and a 27-Guinea Radio-gramophone.

When a JOHN BULL man called with congratulations, Mrs. Thompson told him how she came to make her neat and telling *Bullet*, WEARY WOMAN—"TENDS TO WEARY" MAN.

When first confronted with that particular list of *Examples*, Mrs. Thompson admitted she said to herself, "My, that's a difficult lot!"

"Then," she went on, "I remembered that someone was going to write a First Prize *Bullet* with one of them, and that set me wondering which *Example* it would be. I thought that WEARY WOMAN was just the sort to produce a simple, homely *Bullet* that would get to the top."

The winner went on to explain how she has gradually acquired the ability to write a good *Bullet*.

"At first," she said, "I thought you must hit on a complete phrase all at once. Then I ordered *Bullets Bulletin*, and soon gave up believing in brainwaves after reading how many First Prize *Bullets* were gradually worked up from a rough idea suggested by the *Example*. When I open my *Bulletin* I always read 'The Verdict of the Court first."

Mrs. Thompson's prize could hardly have been won at a better time. "Our old wireless has broken down," she told the JOHN BULL man "and in a lonely place like this it will be a joy to have a really good radio gramophone."

"As for the money," she continued, "my husband has been one of the many to suffer from pay cuts, so it will come as a blessing just now.

"One of my little girls wants a pony and it's my husband's birthday next week—he says he won't be contented with less than a motor-car! There are all sorts of things we all need—and what a wonderful Christmas we will have!"

She is not the only "Bulleteer," however, for whom a wonderful Christmas is in store. As many as 1,250 are to receive a plump Surrey fowl or a Christmas surprise parcel as the result of this week's increased offer

Get to work on the *Examples* on the opposite page, remembering, like Mrs. Thompson, that *somebody* must win that £300 First, and that the huge number of 11,273 efforts will secure prizes in this contest.

FREE HELP YOU NEED

If the free weekly guidance of *Bullets Bulletin* had not been available, success might never have come to the housewife whose story is told above.

She refers to one feature only of its bright and helpful columns—but the whole paper is crammed with practical hints to would-be winners in *Bullets*, Crosswords and *Passing Show's Couplets* Contest, too

We urge you to reserve your regular supply at once, for these winter weeks of huge *Bullets* opportunities make it doubly valuable

OVER £1,300 CASH, RADIO GRAMOPHONES AND RECORDS WON.

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000, RADIO-GRAMOPHONE AND 25 RECORDS: COMPETITION NO. 911:

Mr. E. FEARNSIDE, 97, Kershaw Street, Thornbury, Bradford.

Example:—PRICE OF PLEASURE

Bullet:—CHEAP, IF "DEAREST" REASONABLE.

SECOND PRIZE, £100, RADIOGRAM AND RECORDS:

Mr. E. W. HAWKINS, Homestead, Oreston, Plymouth.

Example:—Found Himself

Bullet:—In "Stew," Venturesome "Rabbit."

THIRD PRIZE, £50, RADIOGRAM AND RECORDS:

The Rev. R. C. WILLIAMS, Killflynn Rectory, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry.

Example:—Pain And Suffering

Bullet:—"Grind" Body—"Temper" Soul.

(Entered on "Season Ticket" Coupon.)

£25, RADIOGRAM AND RECORDS:

Mrs. M. HARDMAN, 11, Brookthorpe Road, Walshaw, Bury.

Example:—Paid For

Bullet:—Sins—More Sense Since.

5 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. A. DIXON, Kent Green, Scholar Green, Stoke-on-Trent.
What Science Has Done—Almost Civilised My Dentist!

E. S. HALL, Holly Lodge, Fulbourne, Cambs.
Fit For A King—She'd Make A Shed.

O. A. HUGHES, 10 Council Houses, Sawtry, Peterborough.
All Over The Village—"Skeleton" Went, Gaining "Body."

Mrs. A. OSBORNE, 49, MacEwen Drive, Inverness.
Right And Wrong—Need "Interpreter" At Geneva.

Miss M. NORTH, 194, Osmaston Park Road, Derby.
Her Partner—"Waltzed" Her To "Destiny."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. S. BELL, 5, Wrey Avenue, Barnstaple.
Right and Wrong—Let's Fortify *That* "Frontier"!

J. P. CHARLTON, Riverdale, 11, St. Catherine's Road, Lincoln.
Voice Of Thunder—"You Needn't Tip-toe, George!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. E. DIMMOCK, 5, Briar Road, Sheffield.
Down — Down — Down — Crack! "Phew!" Grandpa's Seated!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

F. HILTON, "The Arcade," High Street, Cheadle, Stockport.
Be Careful And—Crash Within Ambulance's Boundary!

G. KEMP, 21, Chassum Street, Manningham, Bradford.
All Over The Village—Mrs. Brown's Shock Felt.

E. A. PARRY, 166, Grafton Road, Dagenham, Essex.
Man From The Yard—Reconstructed Theft—Finished Whisky!

C. PRICE, 11, Mount Pleasant, Kidsgrove, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.
Man From Yard—Annoyed—The Body Moved.

F. WEATHERHEAD, 83, Royal Avenue, Belfast.
Down—Down—Down—Darby—Joan's "Sun Setting"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

F. WEATHERHEAD, 83, Royal Avenue, Belfast.
At Hubby's Office—A "Fright" *Calmed* Wife.

R. WILKINSON, 101, Alma Street, Newport, Mon
Sorry He Spoke—Addressed Boss "Your Worship."

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

HUGE ADDITIONS TO XMAS PRIZES

1,250

MUST BE WON—ENTER BY SAT. NOV. 4

450 PLUMP SURREY XMAS FOWLS —TO ARRIVE JUST BEFORE DEC. 25

"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE

£300

£50 10 OF £5: 10 OF £2:10 2,000 RED SEAL TARGET PRIZES; 8,000 TARGET PRIZES £25

800 XMAS SURPRISE PARCELS EACH VALUE 10/6 —TO ARRIVE JUST BEFORE DEC. 25

Second Huge Instalment of "Bullets" Xmas Prizes!

CHRISTMAS is speedily approaching—and for 1,250 entrants in this week's huge *Bullets* Contest it is going to be a JOHN BULL Christmas this year.

When the entries for this week's increased offer have been judged, as many as 450 senders of good *Bullets* will be advised that a plump Surrey Fowl will be delivered at their homes just before Christmas. And no fewer than 800 other winners will learn of the coming of a Christmas Surprise Parcel, with seasonable contents value 10s. 6d.

But there are more than these 1,250 reasons why you should enter some *Bullets* in this Contest. For the best effort entered, JOHN BULL will write a £300 cheque—and a few words on one of the coupons may well bring you the famous *Bullets* telegram on Friday, November 17—or one of the other substantial cash awards a few days later.

But you can only secure a share of these Cash and Christmas prizes if your entry is in by Saturday, November 4.

THE WAY TO WIN

AMONGST the *Examples* given you are sure to find several which make you pause and begin thinking. Note down the rough ideas which occur to you, for any one of them may develop into a £300 *Bullet*.

To make a *Bullet*, you have now to polish these rough ideas in turn into TWO, THREE or FOUR well-chosen words, remembering that unusual phrasing and neat welding to the *Example* are points to be watched.

For instance, choosing the *Example* ARMAMENTS, you might first jot down the words *Provide Security, But Costly*. Then, seeking a more original way of expressing the idea behind these words, you could readily evolve the finished *Bullet*, ARMAMENTS—"SAFEGUARDS" ENDANGERING TAX-PAYER'S "POSITION."

For further help, examine carefully the efforts which have won big prizes this week and you will soon grasp the essentials of a good *Bullet*.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

CHANCE FOR BRITAIN
TO WIN
BORN POLITICIAN
AT THE TOP
SEIZING HIS OPPORTUNITY
TO THE POOR
LAST HOPE
OUR LAND
AFTER THE CRASH
MISCHIEF AFOOT
HER POSTSCRIPT
HEARTLESS
DING-DONG STRUGGLE
AT OUR WHIST DRIVE
SOON FINISHED
PEARL WITHOUT PRICE
LOST AND FOUND
YOUTH'S DREAM
LIVING IN LUXURY
NARROW PATH
THE WORST
NIGHT OF TERROR
WHEN THE FOG'S OVER
SOMETHING ATTEMPTED
BLUNDERS
NOTHING TO HER.
HE MEANT WELL, BUT
IN A TANGLE
NERVOUSLY
NOW SHE'S GONE
MORE TROUBLE
MUST BE DONE
COAL
IN SAFE HANDS
NEW ORDER
TO END THE ARGUMENT

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Complete Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 39, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed (& Co.). Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. *Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.*

The original cheque for [illegible] awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 910 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. [illegible], Doncaster Road, Dalton Brook, Rotherham.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

(914) Closing SAT., Nov. 4

P.O. No. ______________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ______________________

Address ______________________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

(914) Closing SAT., Nov. 4

P.O. No. ______________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ______________________

Address ______________________

"*Bullets*" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

(914) Closing SAT., Nov. 4

P.O. No. ______________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ______________________

Address ______________________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

(914) Closing SAT., Nov. 4

P.O. No. ______________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ______________________

Address ______________________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 914 usually purchase "John Bull."

[illegible] Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 914, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

1,500 XMAS PRIZES COMING NEXT WEEK!

You'd Never Believe It Was The Same Woman

MARVELLOUS RESULTS OF Harlene Hair-Drill

FREE

Offer to All who are

LOSING THEIR HAIR

These two photographs show the same woman. Compare them!

On the ***left*** *her hair is poor, skimpy, unhealthy. She looks old, unattractive. Her whole appearance is ruined.*

On the ***right*** *her hair is healthy, thick, gleaming, wavy and luxuriant! She looks a different, more beautiful—and younger woman!*

"HARLENE KEEPS MY HAIR IN SPLENDID CONDITION."

Dear Sirs,

I feel compelled to write and tell you how grateful I am for your wonderful Hair Tonic.

I am a student of Dramatic Art, and as my leisure moments are very rare, I have found it impossible to give my hair the attention it requires. However, thanks to "Harlene," I am able to keep it in splendid condition, as can be seen by the enclosed photograph.

Sincerely yours,
Vivienne Burgess.
Elocutionist (Gold and Silver Medal).

(1) 'HARLENE' HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, Brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

(2) 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets, 3d. each).

(3) 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. In Liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

Let "Harlene-Hair-Drill" perform the same transformation for YOU. Test its marvellous results FREE. Send the Coupon below AT ONCE for sample supplies of any 3 of the "Harlene" Preparations below.

WENT BALD IN A MONTH

HARLENE GROWS HAIR IN 3 WEEKS

You'd never believe it was the same man

34, Hilcot Street,
Haggerston, London, E.8.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from using your "Harlene." In the spring my hair started to fall and within a month I was completely bald. I bought a bottle of "Harlene" and was surprised to find that **within 3 weeks hair was beginning to grow.**

After the use of about 5 bottles my hair was as plentiful as before it started to fall. I think this most remarkable as the period is now only 5 months of using "Harlene." You are at liberty to make any use you think fit of this letter. I also enclose 2 photographs showing when bald and after using "Harlene."

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) E. J. Clark.

PRIZE WINNER for Most BEAUTIFUL HAIR

35, Barnett Road, BRIGHTON.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and thank you for the great help I have received from "Harlene."

I am a brunette, and it makes my hair gleam and shine and keeps it beautifully glossy and wavy.

I entered the Ladies' Hair Beauty Contest during the Brighton-Bristol Alliance Week and gained 1st Prize—which success proves more than words the value of your splendid Hair Tonic.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Miss M. A. DAVIES.

(4) 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion

Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££s on Waving Bills. 1/3 per bottle. **POPULAR SIZE 7½d.**

(5) 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

(6) 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour-restorative. From chemists, 3/- and 5/- bottle. **POPULAR SIZE 1/9.**

NOTE.—Should any of our products fail to give entire satisfaction, the price will be refunded within one month of purchase under our guarantee.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon (postage 1½d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any three "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.* EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (*H* 937), 20/26, *Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.*

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